October 31, 1936

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Collier's

WEEKLY

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Nobody Loves a Referee By Herb Dana

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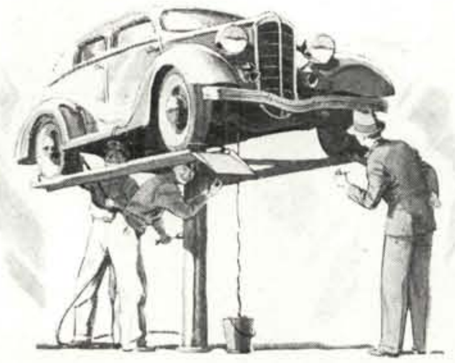

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Associate Editors

Next Week

GAIL WILLIAMS was twenty-four when she met Peter Harris; he was forty-one. Peter had a wife and a daughter who was about to be married. Gail fell in love with him.

Both were expert fliers; both were filled with impatient scorn at the snail's pace of the workaday world. Their lives were built on speed, upheld by wings, and they were drawn together invincibly by the identity of their dreams. The stormy and adventurous story of their love is told by Faith Baldwin in her new serial, "The Heart Has Wings."

WAY up north on the edge of the Arctic Circle, Brintnell and LaBine had set down their plane in Great Slave Lake. They were looking for gold and they found it—gobs of it in the rock. But their picks turned up something else, something more precious than gold — pitchblende. Out of pitchblende comes radium. There in the frozen wastes of Canada is a large deposit of the priceless stuff. It is already being worked at full blast, with planes carrying out the concentrates to head of rail hundreds of miles away. There are gold mines, too, in full swing and increasing in number. Leslie Roberts takes you to see this new and scientifically managed gold rush.

"EVENTUALLY," said Peter Steinholm, "I shall make a machine that will think—without being distracted by any of the stimuli that bother men." He made it, a machine that could think and move. It looked like a monstrous caricature of a man—"The Man Without a Soul." Quentin Reynolds tells the weird story of its brief career.

SWALLOWING pins and nails and penny whistles is an occasional and irritating pastime of children. Sometimes these objects lodge in the lungs or bronchus and then the precise and useful little science of bronchoscopy takes a hand. It has saved hundreds of lives. "Take a Look Inside," is the bronchoscopist's motto. Hannah Lees shows him at work.

IN THE recurring tides of the Chinese war Sara Goddard and the medical mission where she worked were caught and held. It was lucky for both that Dr. Johnny Scott had previously been fired: he turned up in the nick of time as a Chinese colonel. In "Flowering Jade," Sidney Herschel Small furnishes the particulars.

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN writes the Short Short Story. Owen P. White, Charles Bonner, Kyle Crichton, Alan LeMay, Frank J. Taylor, Barbara Blake and others complete the issue.

This Week

●

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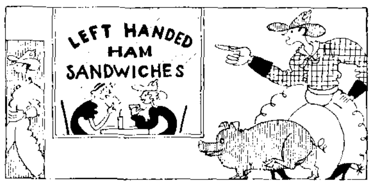
Any Week

MR. ANDREW WELSH of Fort Wayne, Indiana, has forebodings. Here are the facts: He has a son who will in a couple of years enter college. For what should he equip himself? "My feeling is," says Mr. Welsh, "that within the next few years this world of ours is going to undergo radical changes. The old order is definitely out. In the dear dead days a young man fitted himself to enter his father's business, to study law or to take an arts course which fitted him for nothing in particular except to be a gentleman if possible. To give your son advice then was simple. But what about today and the future?"

ALL of which leaves us in our customary state of spectacular frustration. Of course Mr. Welsh's young man might do what so many of us have been doing for generations and even centuries — take his chances and make what he may out of what comes his way. A facetious friend to whom we showed Mr. Welsh's letter said: "Well, he might take a WPA course or study for a place in the CCC." But like Mrs. Cornelius J. Padden of Syracuse, New York, we are pretty serious-minded and feel that "the people blunder blindly into solutions of problems which the politicians do not even grasp. The election of any politician to any post, high or low," goes on Mrs. Padden, "is an incidental gesture and something we do as a matter of custom. We find and fulfill our own destinies and the office-seekers follow us, hoping we'll pay them to be our figureheads."

WE ARE more at our ease discussing what Mr. Jack Youthman of Chester, Pennsylvania, pops up with. "About the colleges selling the broadcasting of the football games to business firms," says he. "How long is it going to be before the broadcasting firm is going to say to the big colleges, 'If you want to get our dough let us take over the team'? Or," concludes Mr. Youthman, "are they already doing that?"



EQUALLY important is the news that in Texas at least wise sandwich shoppe proprietors are advertising left-handed ham sandwiches. We get that from Mr. F. C. Rockwell of Del Rio. "Our government," writes Mr. Rockwell, "has, after considerable experimentation and research, decided that most hogs are right-handed. Thus the pig scratches himself with his right foot. All this one-sided scratching renders the right ham very tough. Who knows? Perhaps the day will come when many of us will be working for the government teaching all hogs to scratch on the same side. But then the left ham will be always found on the tables of the rich while dubs like you and me will have to chew the same old tough side."

PEACE, another favorite topic of ours, is the subject Mr. W. W. Parkman of Yuma, Arizona, selects. "When anyone tells me that we'll soon be fighting, I come back by saying that I wouldn't fight five minutes for the whole country. And I don't think he would either. We have a warm climate down here and fighting is awful sweaty work and we're much too busy to take the time off to go somewhere else to fight somebody we don't know."

AND that gives the long-sought-for opportunity to tell you what Mr. Will Lee Karn of Savannah, Georgia, told us some time ago. Mr. Karn knows a man who, eighteen years ago in the Forest Argonne, France, captured a German soldier. They became quite friendly. After the war the American visited his erstwhile prisoner, met the latter's sister and married her. For ten years the former German warrior lived with his sister and her American husband, working only very infrequently. Finally the American threw him out, complaining that he hadn't intended to take him prisoner for life. The sister, becoming quite indignant, departed with her brother, saying that the American was ungrateful because her brother might have shot him instead of surrendering.

THAT, it seems to us, is a theme for some unsuccessful writer. Perhaps Miss Berry Louise of St. Augustine, Florida, might try her art on it. Miss Louise says that she has written "threescore short splendid stories without success." But she adds: "I'm still convinced, after reading the stuff that does get published, that I am much, much better than they are and that successful writing must require more than ability to write."

SHE probably lacks confidence.

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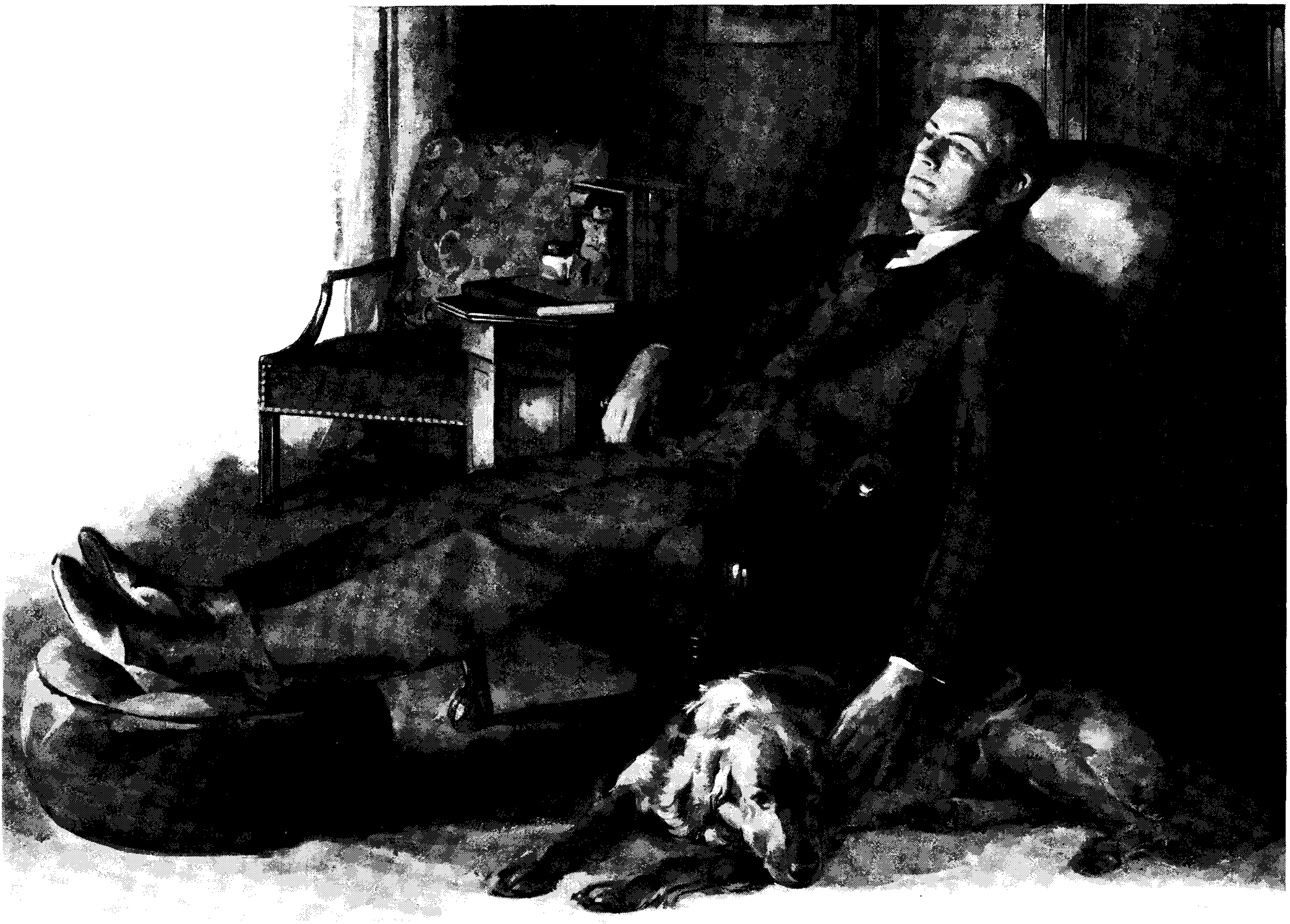
Can you RELAX?



PERHAPS, at this moment, you are frowning or hunching your shoulders, clenching your hands or holding your neck stiffly. Do you notice any physical strain? Now let the muscles go limp for just three minutes and notice how much "smoother" you feel.

When the muscles relax, the nerves to and from those muscles are relieved of tension and get much needed rest. If you are nervous and high-strung, the chances are that some of your muscles are tightened and are wasting your nervous energy.

In this high-speed age, "nervousness" is becoming more and more common. Too many people work, play, travel—even sleep—under tension. They pay little attention to fatigue until they near exhaustion.

You may not realize what a severe toll tightened nerves will take. Long continued high tension is often associated with high blood pressure, heart symptoms, intestinal disorders, insomnia or nervous irritability. One of the first signs of nerve tension is irritability, most likely to occur during the years when you strive with all your might to reach your goal.

Some persons can relax naturally, but for the majority it is an ability to be acquired only by practice. If you are one who cannot relax easily, try lying down regularly each day and train yourself in relaxing groups of muscles—those of the hand, arm, or face—until you can relax the entire body. When not called upon to work, every one of your muscles should be thoroughly relaxed.

Muscular and nervous tension can in many cases be overcome by a hobby or some healthful game, or by sufficient rest or massage. Warm baths may be helpful. But if, despite your best efforts, you are unable to relax, see your doctor. Most likely he will soon find the cause of your difficulty and start you on the road to better health.

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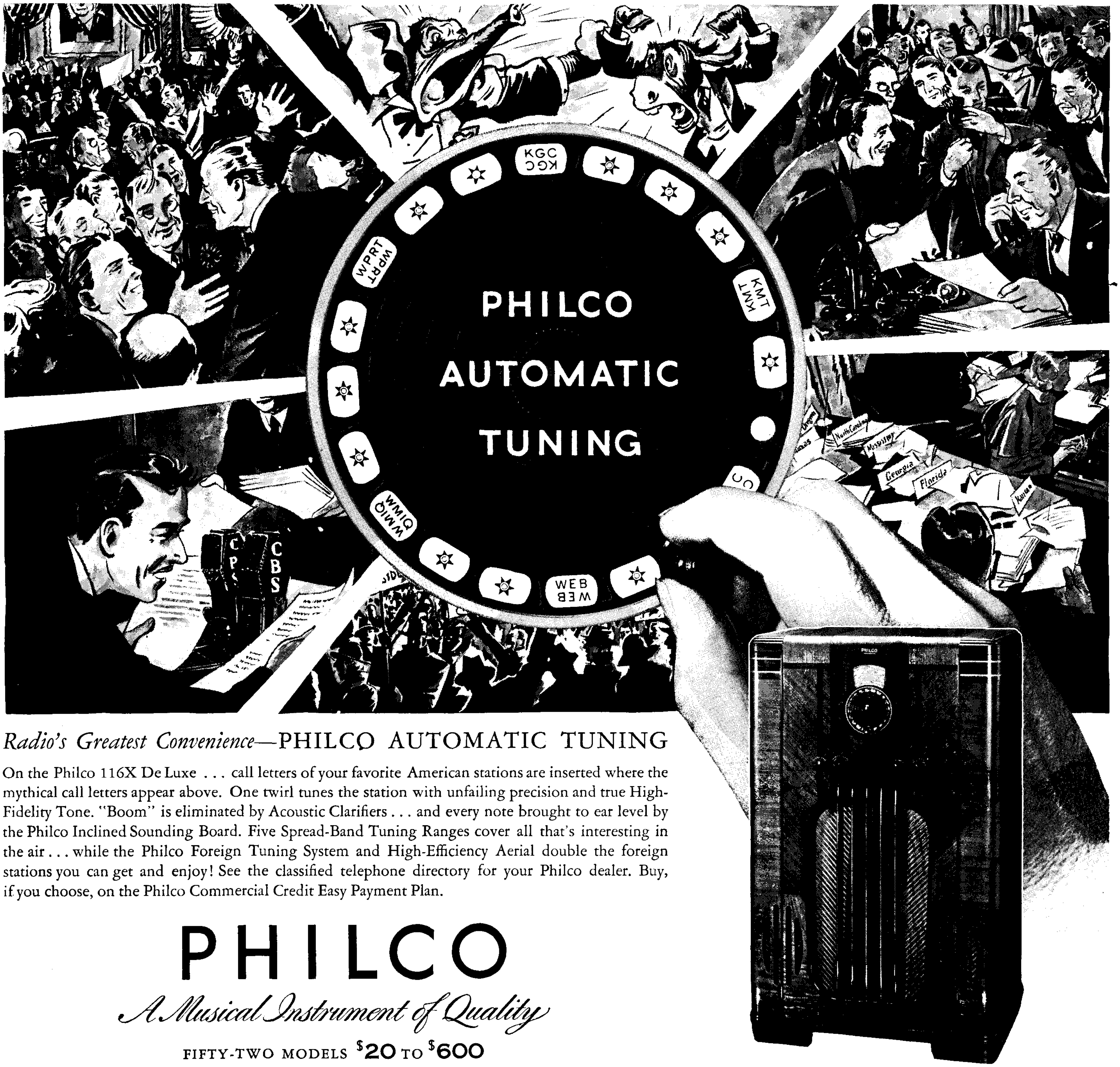

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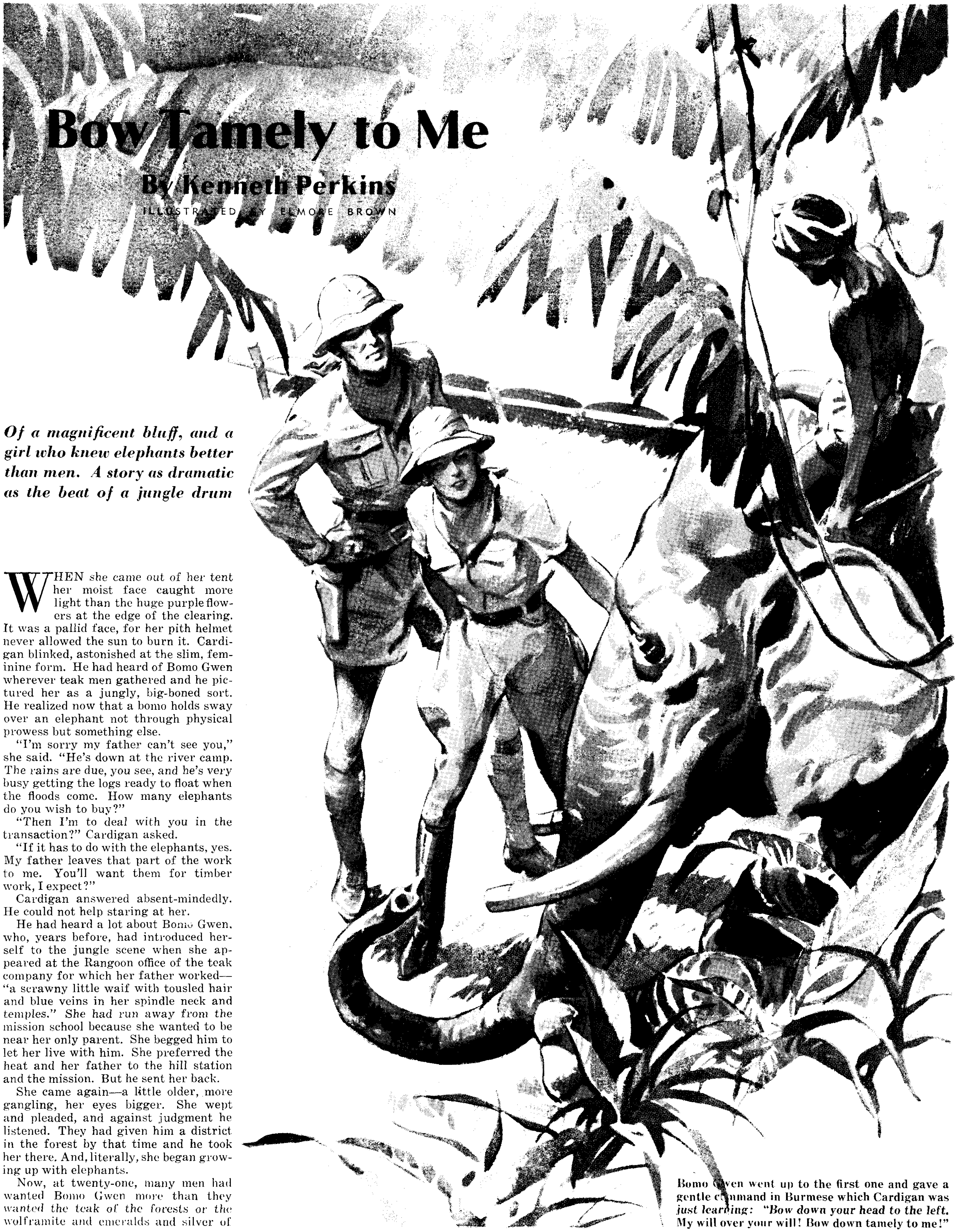
Collier's The National Weekly for October 31, 1936

Bow Tamely to Me

By Kenneth Perkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



Bomo Gwen went up to the first one and gave a gentle command in Burmese which Cardigan was *just learning: "Bow down your head to the left.* My will over your will! Bow down tamely to me!"

Of a magnificent bluff, and a girl who knew elephants better than men. A story as dramatic as the beat of a jungle drum

WHEN she came out of her tent her moist face caught more light than the huge purple flowers at the edge of the clearing. It was a pallid face, for her pith helmet never allowed the sun to burn it. Cardigan blinked, astonished at the slim, feminine form. He had heard of Bomo Gwen wherever teak men gathered and he pictured her as a jungly, big-boned sort. He realized now that a bomo holds sway over an elephant not through physical prowess but something else.

"I'm sorry my father can't see you," she said. "He's down at the river camp. The rains are due, you see, and he's very busy getting the logs ready to float when the floods come. How many elephants do you wish to buy?"

"Then I'm to deal with you in the transaction?" Cardigan asked.

"If it has to do with the elephants, yes. My father leaves that part of the work to me. You'll want them for timber work, I expect?"

Cardigan answered absent-mindedly. He could not help staring at her.

He had heard a lot about Bomo Gwen, who, years before, had introduced herself to the jungle scene when she appeared at the Rangoon office of the teak company for which her father worked—"a scrawny little waif with tousled hair and blue veins in her spindle neck and temples." She had run away from the mission school because she wanted to be near her only parent. She begged him to let her live with him. She preferred the heat and her father to the hill station and the mission. But he sent her back.

She came again—a little older, more gangling, her eyes bigger. She wept and pleaded, and against judgment he listened. They had given him a district in the forest by that time and he took her there. And, literally, she began growing up with elephants.

Now, at twenty-one, many men had wanted Bomo Gwen more than they wanted the teak of the forests or the wolframite and emeralds and silver of the mountains. She listened to only one. But this one was kept off by her father, who told her she knew rogue elephants but he knew rogues among men. Jim Brechnok was the man's name and Cardigan had heard of him. He was a bad one.

Cardigan collected his scattered wits.

"Would a dozen, trained for timber work, be too large a consignment?"

The girl gave an order and several riders who had been weaving breast straps and mending drag saddles got up and prowled off into the high grass.

Bomo Gwen suggested that they have tiffin before they talk of business, but Cardigan explained he must get out of the hills before the rains broke and the rivers were racing with teak logs. He was in an obvious hurry.

SHE led him to the center of the clearing as the first rider came out of the grass, mounted on a bull tusker. The tall grass was beginning to hum with the tonk-tonk of wooden bells as the beasts were herded up. Three or four were already swinging and shuffling slowly into the open. Bomo Gwen went up to the first one and gave a gentle command in Burmese which Cardigan was just learning:

"Bow down your head to the left. My will over your will! Bow down tamely to me!"

The brute lumbered to his knees like a foundering ship. For the moment, in watching the girl's quick grace of movement, Cardigan forgot what he was here for.

"You see his mouth is black," she said, giving the trunk a pat so that it twisted up like a conch shell. "His tusks curve out and his ears meet over his forehead. He's almost big enough for a ceremonial elephant, but the rajah I bargained with had certain superstitions."

Cardigan was watching her shoulders and the wisps of jet curling out from under her helmet. An elephant's tusks and the color of his mouth seemed inconsequential at the moment. But he said affably, "I recognize the points you mention. He's a fine specimen."

"Except the points are all bad ones," Bomo Gwen said, staring. She stared hard at him. He had clear eyes with a healthy glint in them, but they were not shrewd. His mouth, which she had thought grim and set, was gaping at her. Evidently he was not a seasoned trader. He was only a boy.

"Here is one broken to the saddle this year," she said as the second elephant lumbered up and bowed before her. Cardigan noticed that the bell on this one was not of wood but metal, and that it clanged in perfect consonance with her voice.

"His lower lip is rather too close to the upper lip, perhaps," she said, "and the folds and tip of his ear turn inward. Also he has twenty toes, white and all closely set—as you can see."

"I confess they escaped me," Cardigan said, his forehead wet.

"Did you really come here to buy elephants?"

"Well, now! I say—"

"There's no use blinking things. You're here for something else."

Cardigan laughed. "The fact is I wasn't listening to anything you said. I suppose any man that comes out of the jungle and sees a white woman for the first time in weeks—I mean one like you, of course—has the same experience. He feels your spell at first sight—"

"You seem to be changing the subject."

"Not exactly."

"I thought the question was, just why are you here?"

"And I'm answering it. I've heard about you. I never had the experience since I was a boy in Eton—falling in love with the heroine of a romance, with someone you've never seen. But that's what's happened to me. I wanted to see you and talk to you for a long time."

THE glitter of her eyes softened for only a moment. She noticed that he had not been out of Eton very long. His face had the healthy glow of youth and of England, not the pallor of this Burmese sun. He grew tense under her scrutiny—a movement which somehow revealed the strength and lines of his figure, as it will in an animal that scents danger. He seemed alert, distracted.

Abruptly she sent her bomos and elephants away—all except one old, tuskless bull who stood puffing circles in the dust and thumping on the ground, as elephants will, to get attention. The girl watched him a moment, then picked up a straw from the ground.

"This old fellow doesn't seem to believe what you're telling me," she said, smiling. "He's like a watchdog I had once who knew when a stranger didn't act quite normal."

"Can you expect any man to be normal when first seeing you?"

"A dog can tell if a man is glancing over his shoulder at every sound," the girl persisted. "So can this big fellow. I expect he noticed that you didn't let a groom take your pony and feed it bread and plantains, but tethered it yourself. It didn't seem like the rules. Perhaps he saw that you didn't come into the clearing by the main road. Or else, perhaps, it's a must period that's coming over him. That would make him nervous."

She stuck the straw into a small hole in the elephant's cheek, took it out, examined it, then threw it away.

"No, it's not must. He's curious about you." She was facing Cardigan squarely now, her eyes a hard green. "If you came here to make love to me," she reminded him, "I think you'd have accepted my invitation to tiffin."

HIS eyes flicked over to a tuckered-out hill pony he had noticed when he first arrived. "Why, you see—I thought perhaps you had a guest. I didn't want to meet him, since I had no business here."

"That horse you're looking at was ridden by a man my father sent from the river camp," she explained quickly.

"I see. I made the mistake of thinking it had been ridden by your—by the man you're engaged to."

"Oh, you've heard about him?"

"Everyone's heard about Jim Brechnok."

"He's been up in the Chin Hills range hunting emeralds. I haven't seen him for a year."

"But he's back—and with a lot of emeralds."

"Where did you hear that?" she asked guardedly.

"At Chinpur."

She asked in the same voice and without a change in her eyes, "What were you doing there?"

"I was sent there by the Deputy Conservator of Forests to make an arrest."

"You're a forest officer?"

"Ask the elephant. He seems to know what I am."

She looked helpless. "Then you didn't come here—just to see me?"

"Not at first."

She went to pieces, the marble beauty of her face turning human, melting.

"Jim Brechnok told me everything," she cried breathlessly. "Some thieves attacked them in a dhak bungalow at Chinpur. They stole the bag of emeralds Jim and his partner had chopped out up there in the Chin Hills. They shot Jim's partner. Jim said the natives suspected him and he was frightened. He's trying to get down to Mandalay."

"Perhaps he told you why he's afraid of the natives?"

"It's simple enough. His partner was an Indian he met at Oxford—a begum's son."

"And a good mineralogist," Cardigan added. "It makes it awkward. Government officials have to lean the other way when an Englishman's accused of murdering a native."

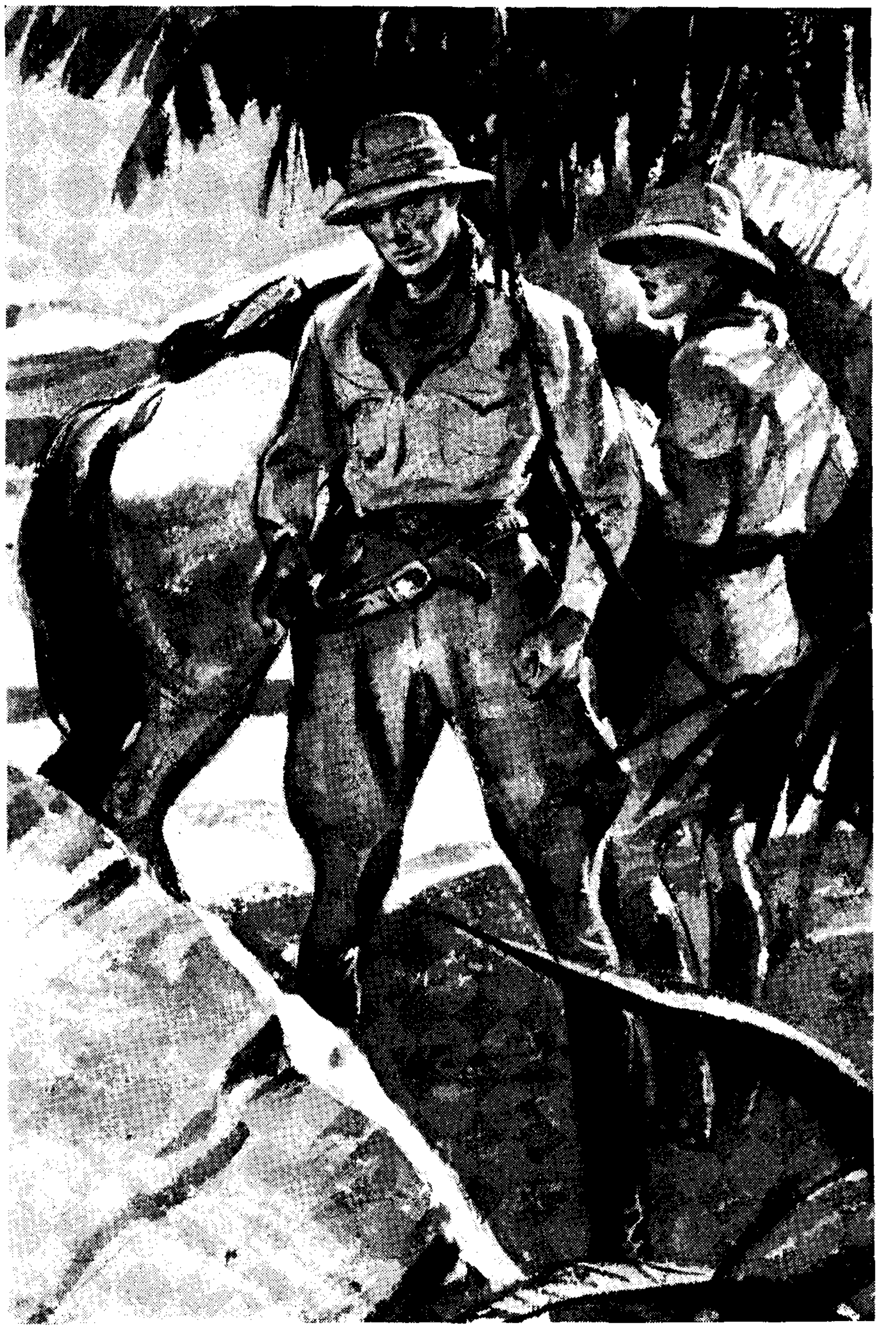
"That's just why Jim Brechnok's not going to be caught. He's not going to be a pawn in your game. He's going to get out."

"I'm taking him to Rangoon."

"I don't think you are."

She said it with such deadly calm that Cardigan gulped. She seemed very frail and helpless. And yet he imagined she had little difficulty dissuading men from their purpose.

(Continued on page 28)



"Put your hands up, Brechnok!" Cardigan had crept behind a rock and thrust his gun through a crevice. At the side of the fugitive was a frail, white-faced wraith—Bomo Gwen

The Champion Complex

Look at his record. Tony Manero had no right to win the National Open. Then why did he do it? "I had a hunch," says Tony. And that, according to Mr. Keeler, is a championship complex in action

By O. B. Keeler

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

TONY MANERO had no right to win the National Open Golf Championship at Baltusrol a few months back. No right at all. He had no more right to win that than Max Schmeling had to beat Joe Louis. None of us had picked Tony to win. Oh, we knew that he was a fine golfer, an excellent golfer, but Gene Sarazen seemed very hot and Paul Runyan was burning up the fairways and Horton Smith was . . . No, Tony had no right to win. When you do your "experting" before a fight or a golf tournament you look at the record. If you are smart you will pick the man with the best record. If you are smarter you will play a hunch. But none of us had any hunches. We looked at the record, and on his record we couldn't pick Tony Manero, much as we liked him.

Tony had been competing in the Open for ten years without any approximation of success. Here's what he had done:

1926. Clarence Mainero. Finished in 57th place. Score: 322.

1927. Withdrew.

1928. Finished in 41st place. Score: 311.

1929. In 67th place after first two rounds, with score of 160. Did not qualify to finish the competition.

1930. Did not play.

1931. Finished in 19th place. Score: 302.

1932. Finished in 45th place. Score: 310.

1933. Finished in 29th place. Score: 304.

1934. Did not play.

1935. Finished in 40th place. Score: 318.

1936. Finished in 1st place. Score: 282.

I showed this record to Tony and asked him if it was correct.

"No," he said bluntly, pointing to the first entry, which read "Clarence Mainero."

"That's just a typographical error," I soothed.

"That's no typographical error; that's my brother-in-law," Tony laughed. "Mainero was my wife's name."

Lovely Agnes Manero looked up and nodded. Then she smiled at Tony and some hidden message passed between them and then they both laughed.

"Tell me about it," I suggested and Tony did.

Boy Meets Girl

"It was this way," said Tony Manero. "I was a young sprout, just turned twenty-one, working in the shop at the Fairview Country Club at Elmsford, and trying to qualify in our section for the Open Championship of 1926. We played those qualifying rounds at Baltusrol, by the way. I wasn't so hot and got into a tie for last place with this Clarence Mainero, whom I'd never seen before, and the DeMaine boys, Art and Nick, and a chap named O'Connor. And Clarence won the play-off. . . . Some way," added Tony reflectively, "I didn't think at the time that I would ever come to love the fellow or anything about him.

"Anyway," Tony resumed, "although this Clarence, with nearly the same name as mine, was over next door at Greenwich, I'd never run across him. And I didn't see him again for more than three years.

"Next time it was in California, in the winter tournament season of 1929, where I began to have a spot of luck here and there. I won at Pasadena and at Catalina. And at one tournament I found myself in the same car with this Clarence, and we got talking, and he said we didn't live very far apart when we were at home, and you know how sort of friendly you get with home folks when you meet them in a foreign land, and he said why didn't I come over and see them sometime. He said his mother could cook spaghetti like nobody's business, and he had three sisters."

Tony paused and looked at Leonora—I mean Agnes; she looks exactly as Leonora ought to look in Il Trovatore and practically never does.

"And to think," said Tony remorsefully, "I was thinking about the spaghetti!"

Tony sighed, and Agnes sighed. It was a neat little duet of sighs, not at all unhappy.

Well, after Tony got home from California, it seems there was a large party at Lawrence's Inn, at Mamaroneck.

"All of a sudden," said Tony, "this Clarence came up, and he said, 'Come over here—I want you to meet my sister Agnes.' . . . Ah, me! . . . We danced all that night together!"

"I was seventeen then," said Agnes cheerfully.

In the next couple of years Tony Manero's fortune was mingled. He and Agnes were married in October,

(Continued on page 58)

Tony Manero, who won the 1936 National Open with a record score, gives his wife, Agnes, some pointers

In 1870 Horticulturist William Saunders experimented with twelve orange trees from Brazil. One of the earliest propagated from the original introduction is shown below, a symbol of the origin of the fifty-million-dollar navel orange industry. The soybean (right) was introduced from the Orient. It is the basis of another great industry, with a crop value of forty million dollars

IFOR THOMAS

IFOR THOMAS

IFOR THOMAS

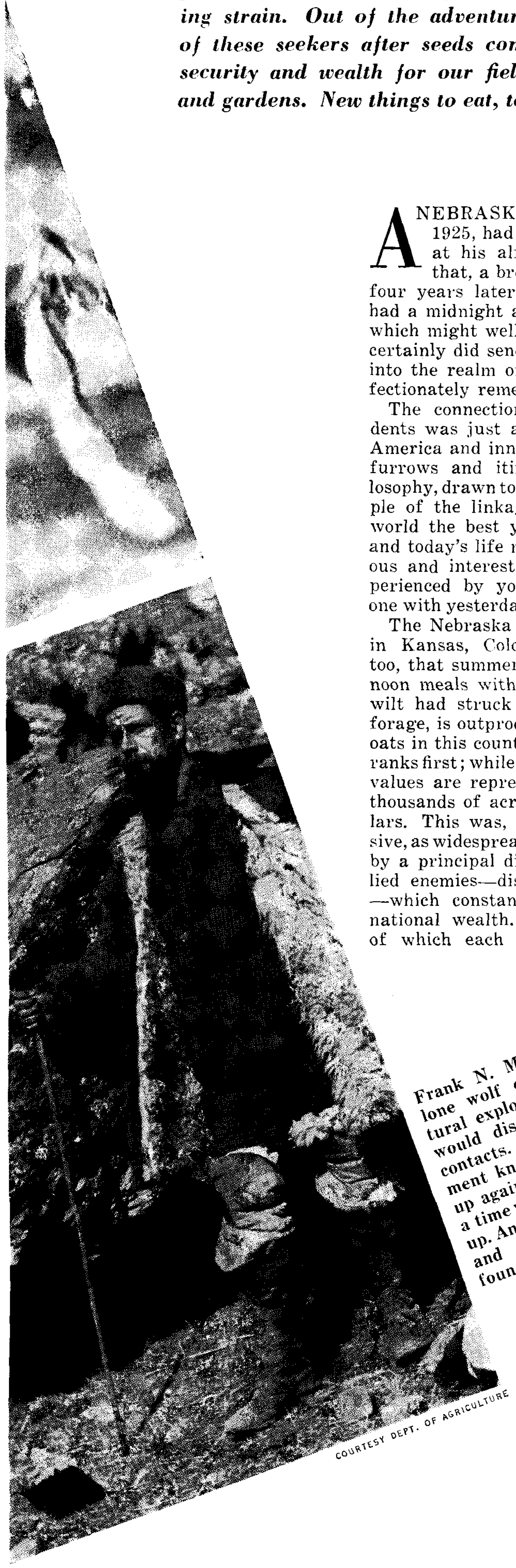
COURTESY DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

Right: Two navel oranges growing on the tree shown above. At the extreme right: H. L. Westover (left) and C. R. Enlow (right) return to the Department of Agriculture after searching Russian Turkestan and Turkey for plants to control soil erosion

Roots of Wealth

By W. B. Courtney

The grass withereth—call the Department of Agriculture. They will dispatch a plant hunter to Africa or Tibet or Chinese Turkestan, who will presently bring back a blight-resistant strain. Out of the adventures of these seekers after seeds come security and wealth for our fields and gardens. New things to eat, too



Frank N. Meyer was the lone wolf of the agricultural explorers. Alone, he would disappear from all contacts. But the Department knew he would turn up again. But there came a time when he did not turn up. An investigation started and Meyer's body was found in the Yangtze River

COURTESY DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

A NEBRASKA farmer, one day in 1925, had a funk when he looked at his alfalfa, and, because of that, a bronzed Yankee scientist, four years later, in far-off Turkestan had a midnight adventure with bandits which might well have cost his life and certainly did send ten more of his hairs into the realm of permanent losses affectionately remembered.

The connection between these incidents was just as direct as that; mid-America and innermost Asia, turner of furrows and itinerant doctor of philosophy, drawn together in another example of the linkage that makes today's world the best you will ever live in—and today's life more romantic, glamorous and interesting than anything experienced by your ancestors who are one with yesterday's seven million years.

The Nebraska farmer was not alone; in Kansas, Colorado, and Wisconsin, too, that summer, men went in to their noon meals with long faces. Bacterial wilt had struck the alfalfa which, as forage, is outproduced only by corn and oats in this country; and which, as hay, ranks first; while its economic and social values are represented by hundreds of thousands of acres and millions of dollars. This was, clearly, a major offensive, as widespread as it was unexpected, by a principal division of the great allied enemies—disease, insects, drought—which constantly maraud upon our national wealth. The defensive army, of which each farmer is a sentinel, yelped alarms that presently resounded on Capitol Hill in Washington. Congress ordered mobilization and the General Staff put on their rubbers and umbrellas and came over from the Department of Agriculture. It was all quite as exciting, if not so apparent and tumultuous, as a war of machine guns and battleships. In some implications, in the actual financial losses that defeat might entail, the situation could not have been worse, indeed, if hostile soldiers had crossed our frontiers.

Against crop diseases, as against human raiders, you fight at once and with the deadliest weapons at hand; but your ultimate hope remains the building of defenses so effective that you will be immune from this enemy forever thereafter. Sprays and cultures were hurled at the alfalfa wilt, therefore; little success was had, and both sides dug in. Eugenics, the hope of mankind for a race too fit as well as too intelligent to tolerate the stupidities of bloodshed, is matched in agriculture; scientists, by control of genes, expect to be enabled to grow things resistant to everything you can think of except politicians. Accordingly, the Department of Agriculture organized an expedition to go into the field and bring home the means of lasting victory.

The Long Trek Through Asia

H. L. Westover and W. E. Whitehouse were designated to lead it. There was nothing hit or miss about this; no faring heroically into the Great Unknown Wilderness, with a box of quinine and a microscope and a resolve to die for the dear old Division of Plant Industry. The gains of agricultural science are no longer accidents, but the results of aims and objectives and careful plans. The world map was studied. Russia, Turkestan and Persia were selected—with special emphasis on Turkestan; because a bit of alfalfa from those wide regions, studied at the Manhattan, Kansas, Experimental Station, had promised wilt-resistant qualities.

In 1929 Westover and Whitehouse began their long trek down to the bitter mountains and baked plains of Asia. Afoot, on horseback, by camel and mule and train, by oxcart and by airplane, they journeyed, months in and out, thousands of miles. They jolted with a little hired car into back-world settlements, where few if any automobiles had ever been seen before; they came into villages where foreign devils were quite as rare as the actual fork-tailed variety. They slept in windowless and verminous hovels, with the doors bolted at night to keep out bandits or wild animals, or both. They got lost in a desert, ate sheeps' eyes and other strange foods, and—of course, they got dysentery. If you have never had dysentery in the tropics you cannot imagine how that disease lifts you up by the neck and shakes every ounce of the desire to live from your body.

On one trip Westover was so ill he had to be helped to mount his horse, and secured thereon; then he rode thirty miles through glinting heat; and that night, when he had fallen into the mess of straw and rags pointed to him for a bed, Westover surmised that something near by obviously had long since departed this life. He found himself wondering if death could be so gentle. Have I, he reflected deliriously, without knowing it, passed over to the Land of my Forefathers? When someone fetched a lantern, however, it turned out to be a wildcat.

Westover and Whitehouse sent home many hundred varieties of seeds; 1,200 lots from Turkestan alone. Here was more than enough ammunition to make the defeat of the alfalfa wilt seem inevitable; although when you deal with growing things you do not reckon your triumphs, or setbacks, overnight. You are infinitely patient, and you scheme your battles in terms of seasons and years. The soldiers of science are not omnipotent; they do not always get their seed. The chestnut blight, for an unhappy example, has defied years of exploration and experimentation. But the alfalfa wilt is on the run, now; and one of the most important and valuable crops of the United States is saved from possible extinction.

Westover and Whitehouse separated presently; Westover pushed farther around Turkestan, and the Kirghiz steppes, with an eye for hardy grasses; and Whitehouse tackled Persia.

Persia is the chief producer of pistachios; it is the home of the apricot and peach and has other things which might profitably be studied with a view to development of desirable varieties in this country. So there was Doctor Whitehouse one day, walking across the main square in Teheran, surveying dubiously the world's rattiest collection of horses, carriages, taxis, and drivers. "Anyone here speak English?" he kept shouting wistfully.

One lad, tattered and forlorn, drifted forward, and proved to be Mac, an Armenian. Mac had driven for the British expeditionary forces in Mesopotamia fourteen years before—an experience that had left him with a small 1914 model truck, a serviceable if not too elegant vocabulary of Tommy Atkins English, and snobbishness. One night Whitehouse and Mac alone came to a rise in a lonely and desolate valley. Far ahead, in the clear moonlight, was a low-spot turn in the road. "There," said Mac, halting the truck, "is where the bandits are!"

Mac roared past the danger spot with every indication of genuine fear; and Whitehouse, staring into the shadows, felt goose-pimply. There was a mass beside the road they could not quite make out nor stopped to look. With his truck hitting on both cylinders, Mac swept into the next village and sought the inn. The host made a fuss over him, and they jabbered with an excitement that caught Doctor Whitehouse's attention. Presently Mac came to him; Whitehouse noticed that his olive Armenian skin was green in the lantern glow.

"That dark place—" said Mac, "that shadow—you see, Mr. Whitehouse. I tell you, I tell you!—just before we came along, half the hour, bandits wreck the truck and stab two men and steal—"

Luring Songs of Purple Horizons

The Outlanders Club heard that tale and chuckled. For each club member has a turn, and the names that fall over its tables are of a sort to wing the heart of every true son of wander; they bear the luring songs of purple horizons in the far away and long ago. You hear Tashkent and Samarkand, Tenerife, Poona, Srinagar, Lahore and Gondar, Djibouti and Simla and Beni Suef, Harbin and Port Moresby, spoken of as nonchalantly as Nashville, Tennessee, Rotarians speak of Memphis. This is one of the world's exclusive clubs, without dues or regular meetings, but qualifications that only a baker's dozen of Americans can fulfill. It is made of, chiefly, the agriculture explorers of the Division of Foreign Plant Introduction, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, of the Department of Agriculture—to be completely official. When they foregather, from loose ends and far corners of the earth, they stay after work hours in the Department; and the man newly home is pumped, and then reminiscing becomes general over petty misadventures. There is little talk of the serious perils and illnesses, or of achievements. The plant explorers, the

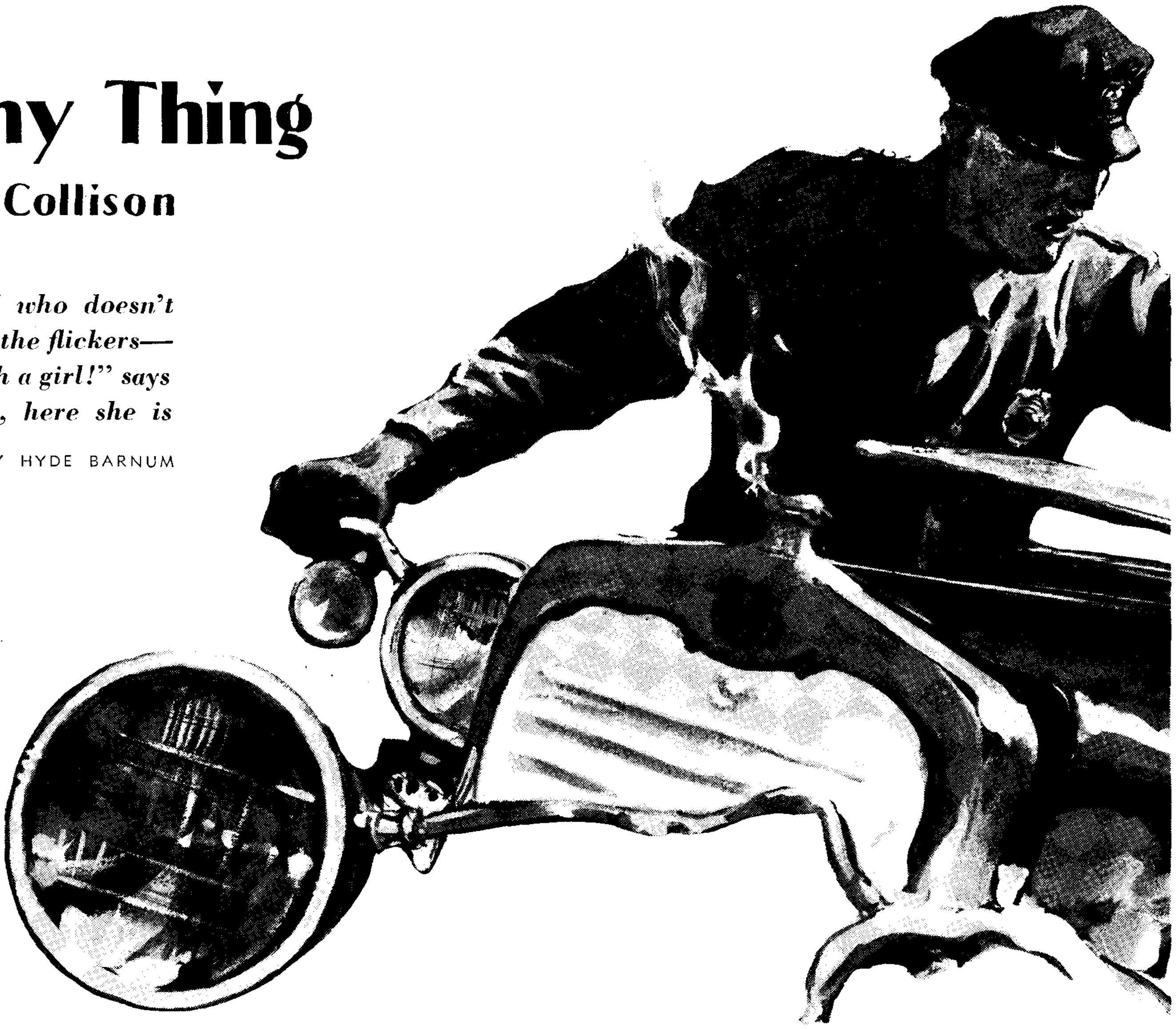
(Continued on page 56)

It's a Funny Thing

By Wilson Collison

A glamorous girl who doesn't long to break into the flickers—"Try and find such a girl!" says Hollywood. Well, here she is

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



IT'S a funny thing. I mean it's a funny thing about the way things happen in Hollywood and around it. You know, Hollywood's a town in southern California. It's a part of Los Angeles but nobody ever wants to think it's a part of Los Angeles. This is the cinema capital, this Hollywood, I mean. There's Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. The two- and three-story buildings that make the burg look like a cow town. Only everybody in pictures looks on it as a mecca, a glittering port of dreams. It turns out to be a mirage in the Hollywood hills to the ones that don't click.

It's a funny thing. I mean that it's a funny thing a swell-looking girl with red hair would come to the cinema capital and meet a lifeguard on the beach at Santa Monica Bay and there'd be a story in it. Because thousands of girls with all colors of hair come to Hollywood and near-by pastures and you never get a story out of any one of them. They just want to get in pictures, so when you bump into a dame like the redhead with the top looks, and you find out she wouldn't want to be in pictures, you say so what?

I don't want to get into the story. Maybe I'll be in a little. I'm just an observer. A sight-seer like the ones you see riding around in Tanner busses. With the guide yelling out the spots where the stars' homes are. Only he never says anything about mortgages and foreclosures. What I mean is, if it's a story it's about this redhead and big Bill Lane.

I got to tell you about Bill so you won't be disappointed in him. Twenty years ago I guess they thought lifeguards had romantic appeal. Now they think they're nothing more than sunburned fish that pull goofy swimmers out of rip tides and undertows here along the Santa Monica shore. Bill is a big guy. Six feet two and weighs proportionately. If they still recognize an Adonis, Bill is it. Bill had a college education once. But he twists his mouth and says, "Yeah, well? I came to California too and I'm just a lifeguard and I don't care who knows it."

The way I met Bill was as funny as the way I met the red-haired dream. You couldn't live in Hollywood unless you knew it was funny. You'd go crazy and try to cut your own throat with an electric razor. If you didn't laugh. Bill saved my life, so I owed him something. I was putting up a fight with a stiff undertow off the beach in Santa Monica Bay. So just when I was going down and thinking to myself it wouldn't matter if they didn't take up my option at International, along comes this big guy Bill and takes me in. One of those hot Sundays with maybe a half million people strewn along the beaches from Redondo to Malibu.

After it was all over and I got myself together I said to Bill, "Thanks, pal. I want to talk to you." But he was going out after a fat woman. I climbed up into his cubby roundhouse elevated on a post. I left a note with my name and phone number. Bill had nights off. One night off about a week later he phoned me. I happened to be in my steaming apartment on the outskirts of Beverly Hills reading a lousy story we started shooting in a couple of days. I asked Bill to come in if he had a car. He said he had a nineteen-twenty-nine something and it ran. So he'd come in just for fun and have a drink with me. I was surprised to hear from him.

BILL came. When I let him into the living room I didn't recognize him. He had on a white suit and no hat. I'm telling you, I mean he was just about the best-looking thing I'd ever seen and I've been in pictures for years.

We shook hands. Bill sat on a davenport. We talked some. He gave me a lot of advice about swimming.

I said, "Boy, you ought to be in pictures."

He lit a cigarette, tossed me a sarcastic grin, said, "I was in pictures. I had a test a year ago. I got a small part and sat on a sound stage for seven days waiting to say, 'No matter what happens to me, think of yourself.' It wasn't active enough. I quit. I've got to be active."

Well, I mean that knocked me for a goal. I said, "Let's run down to Levy's and get some drinks and a bite."

"Okay," said Bill. "I like that place. I want to talk to you too, Mr. Stoneberg."

"How did you know I was Stoneberg?"

"Didn't you leave your name?"

"Sure. I forgot."

"One of the boys recognized you and said you were a producer at International. I've got something to talk to you about."

"Sure," I said. "I mean it's all right. I like you. You saved me to make better pictures."

We got in my cousin Max's car, a big one, and pulled away from the curb. Bill gave me a funny look.

"What's a guy with all your dough doing on a public beach?" he asked suspiciously.

"Look," I told him. "I mean it's like this: I make pictures. I got to get natural life into them. I got to mingle with the mob. Did you see that box-office slam I made called Roadside Girl? I got the idea for the best sequence by eating hot dogs at a stand on Roosevelt Highway. It's life you got to get in pictures. Vitality. With some Peter Pan."

"Yeah, I guess so," said Bill. "I don't go to pictures. They're too awful."

"That's what I mean," I said. "The reason I like you, you don't like pictures."

We went to Levy's on Vine Street. A lot of people spoke to me. Everybody was staring at Bill. He seemed unconscious and kind of bored. It's a funny thing. I mean that a fellow can be so handsome and not feel it. If Bill had ever got started Gable would have belonged to yesterday.

Bill drank Orange Blossoms. With my indigestion picked up in Hollywood I stuck to Scotch and soda.

Bill said, "Mr. Stoneberg—"

"Call me Max. I like you. I forgot your name."

"Bill Lane."

"Sure. I mean I just couldn't think of it. I meet so many people. Names, names, you understand. Names."

"Max," said Bill, "I don't want to bother you."

"It's a joy."

"IT'S like this, Max." Bill leaned across the table. There was a bright light in his dark eyes. I was thinking: Somebody ought to get him in pictures. He's a natural for romance. "Like this, Max: a few days ago I met a girl on the beach. She got caught in an undertow and I brought her in. She's the prettiest thing I've ever seen. Red hair and what a figure! She's down and out. She came from the Middle West—"

"Look, Bill," I said. "I know. I mean you mustn't be taken in. We got millions of girls out here like that."

"This one is different. She's beautiful. If she got a chance in pictures she'd be a star. I feel sorry for her. She had an old broken-down car and said she came to the beach to forget everything. I got a hunch she wanted to drown."

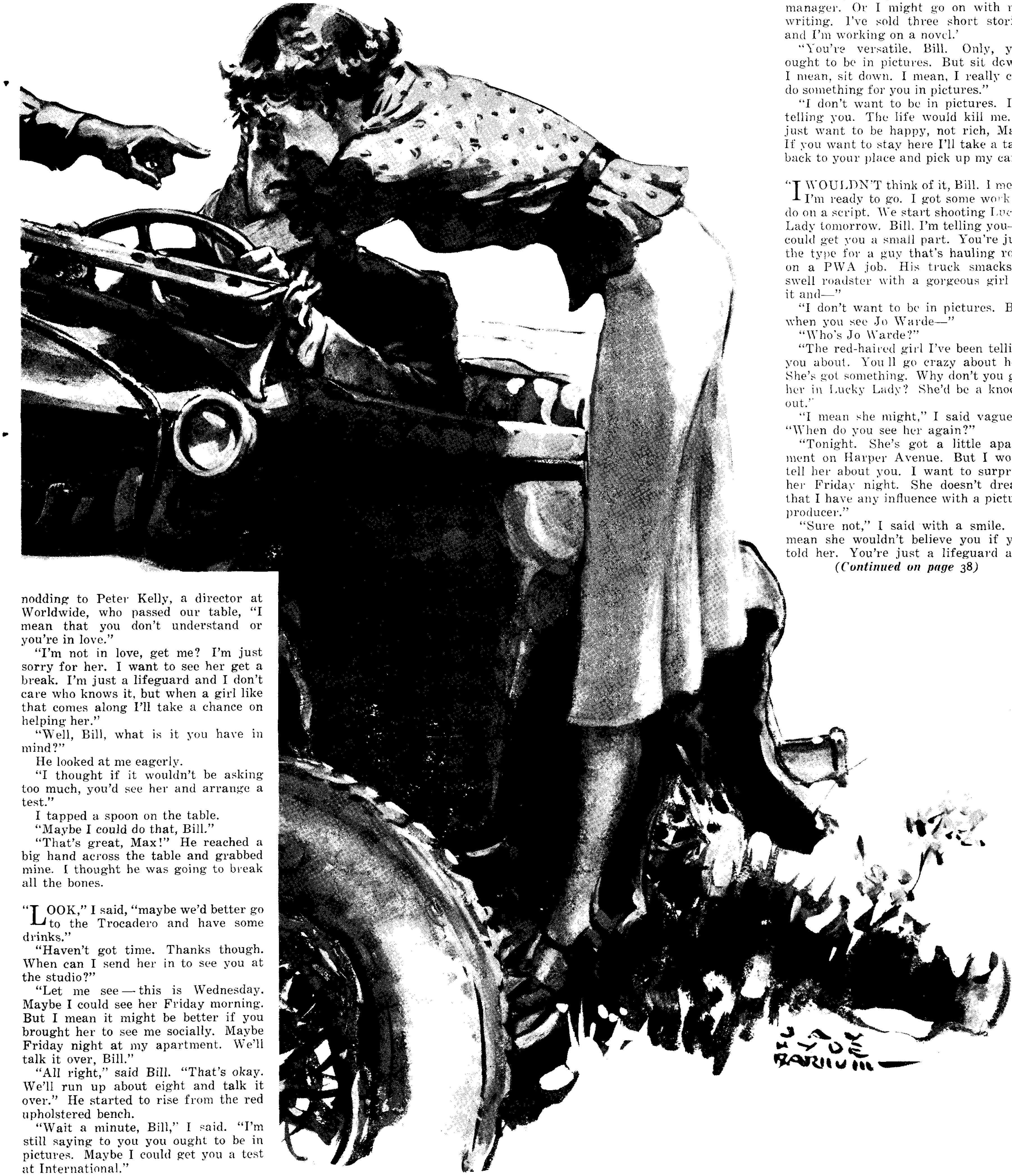
"Look, Bill—I mean they work up those stories. It's a racket out here."

Bill shrugged his wide shoulders and glared at me.

"This one is different. I know human nature. I see it all the time. I see thousands of people on the beach. I know the real ones from the phonies."

"Bill," I said, lighting a cigar and

Letta Wynne Thorne leaped onto Bill's battered and steaming car. She fell on him, arms around him



nodding to Peter Kelly, a director at Worldwide, who passed our table, "I mean that you don't understand or you're in love."

"I'm not in love, get me? I'm just sorry for her. I want to see her get a break. I'm just a lifeguard and I don't care who knows it, but when a girl like that comes along I'll take a chance on helping her."

"Well, Bill, what is it you have in mind?"

He looked at me eagerly.

"I thought if it wouldn't be asking too much, you'd see her and arrange a test."

I tapped a spoon on the table.

"Maybe I could do that, Bill."

"That's great, Max!" He reached a big hand across the table and grabbed mine. I thought he was going to break all the bones.

"LOOK," I said, "maybe we'd better go to the Trocadero and have some drinks."

"Haven't got time. Thanks though. When can I send her in to see you at the studio?"

"Let me see — this is Wednesday. Maybe I could see her Friday morning. But I mean it might be better if you brought her to see me socially. Maybe Friday night at my apartment. We'll talk it over, Bill."

"All right," said Bill. "That's okay. We'll run up about eight and talk it over." He started to rise from the red upholstered bench.

"Wait a minute, Bill," I said. "I'm still saying to you you ought to be in pictures. Maybe I could get you a test at International."

Bill looked down at me with a grin, a cigarette dangling from his mouth.

"I don't want to be in pictures."

"I mean you can't be a lifeguard all your life, Bill. There's winter coming and you can't save people in the winter."

"Don't worry about that, Max. I'm a fighter too. I fight during the winter season at the Olympic. In a couple of years I'm going east and make a stab at the championship if I can get a good manager. Or I might go on with my writing. I've sold three short stories and I'm working on a novel."

"You're versatile, Bill. Only, you ought to be in pictures. But sit down. I mean, sit down. I mean, I really can do something for you in pictures."

"I don't want to be in pictures. I'm telling you. The life would kill me. I just want to be happy, not rich, Max. If you want to stay here I'll take a taxi back to your place and pick up my car."

"I WOULDN'T think of it, Bill. I mean I'm ready to go. I got some work to do on a script. We start shooting Lucky Lady tomorrow. Bill. I'm telling you—I could get you a small part. You're just the type for a guy that's hauling rock on a PWA job. His truck smacks a swell roadster with a gorgeous girl in it and—"

"I don't want to be in pictures. But when you see Jo Warde—"

"Who's Jo Warde?"

"The red-haired girl I've been telling you about. You'll go crazy about her. She's got something. Why don't you get her in Lucky Lady? She'd be a knockout."

"I mean she might," I said vaguely. "When do you see her again?"

"Tonight. She's got a little apartment on Harper Avenue. But I won't tell her about you. I want to surprise her Friday night. She doesn't dream that I have any influence with a picture producer."

"Sure not," I said with a smile. "I mean she wouldn't believe you if you told her. You're just a lifeguard and

(Continued on page 38)

Collier's for October 31, 1936

Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WITH his fiancée, Marise Lowry, and her father—stubborn old Justin Lowry, who is backing him financially in the development of a number of rubber, hemp and copra plantations—John Barrett sails from the island of Malangai to Tunganan, in the Celebes Sea. Just before returning, Barrett, while alone, is approached by a girl. "I think," the girl says, "that if you could spare a cup of coffee and a little quinine . . ." Barrett is dumfounded. There is no possible way for any person to arrive on the island without his knowing it. She intimates that she is penniless, in need of help; it is obvious that she is ill. To all his questions she returns cryptic answers, and he is unable to discover even her name. Nevertheless, when Justin Lowry's yacht, "Seasweep," *returns to Malangai, she is on board* as Barrett's guest.

Her reception by the Lowrys has been a frosty one. When they go ashore at Malangai, however, Barrett gives her a room. And there, that very night, he receives the shock of his life. In answer to a scream Barrett runs to the mysterious girl's room (he has discovered that her name is Mrs. Tonai Merriam), and she throws open her door and staggers into his arms. The room is lighted. He goes in and sees Henry Shane, his assistant, lying in the window embrasure. Shane is dead. *And the window is latched from within!*

II

I EXAMINED Henry Shane to make sure that there wasn't anything that could be done for him. There wasn't. He had been stabbed in the left side, toward the front, probably with a knife, though perhaps with a kris. I looked at the latched window again. I felt pretty sick, not so much because Shane was dead—he hadn't been worth much to anybody, even himself—but because the window was shut, and indisputably latched within.

Mrs. Holderness was coming into the room, looking goggle-eyed with apprehension. But she said with a subdued crispness, "Is there anything I can do?"

"Where did Mrs. Merriam go?" I asked.

"I took her into my room, and she fainted on the bed."

"Come away," I said. As we went back into the hall I shut the door behind me. Justin Lowry and Marise were there, their eyes startled and questioning.

"Henry Shane has been stabbed to death," I told them. "Mr. Lowry, somebody has to see that no one goes into this room, and I suggest—"

Lowry did not hesitate for so much as a second; he turned and ran down the hall at an ambling trot. This move took me by surprise, so that I was still staring after him when he disappeared into his room. I hesitated. There was a bare possibility that somebody besides Mrs. Merriam and Henry Shane had been in that room where Shane had died, and if this was true that third person might return. I could hardly leave Marise and Mrs. Holderness to watch the door.

But before I had to make any decision, Justin Lowry reappeared. He had armed himself with a double-barreled shotgun which he used for birds. He didn't know what was going on here, but he was going to be prepared for the worst—a direct, practical man, whose very promptness of decision sometimes made him look very silly. But I don't suppose he realized that, nor cared about it if he did.

"Go find Mrs. Merriam," he ordered me. "I'll stay here."

I went into Mrs. Holderness' room—or rather into her suite. She had two rooms which I had designed for Marise—a little sitting room, and a bedroom adjoining.

Mrs. Merriam was in a little huddle on the davenport in the sitting room, but as I spoke to her she sat up as suddenly as if she had been struck. Her face was whiter than I would have supposed her tan could permit, and her eyes were tremendous.

"In God's name, Mrs. Merriam, what's happened here?"

"I—I don't know!"

I said sharply, "I take it that Shane was annoying you."

Naturally I supposed that she would take advantage of her very evident state of shock to stave off questioning. But I was anxious to get an immediate statement before she had time to think it over, and meant to insist upon it. Later I was glad that I did.

"No," said Mrs. Merriam. "He didn't annoy me."

"You mean to say," I demanded incredulously, "that he wasn't bothering you in any way?"

"You mean the man who came into my room?"

"His name was Shane—didn't you know that?"

"I never saw him before in my life. No, he didn't do anything to bother me. He just came to the door and knocked, and when I opened it he came in, quickly. Then he just stood there, pulling at his thumbs and looking at the floor. I don't know what he wanted."

I stared at her. "Then in heaven's name what happened?"

"Somebody outside the window tapped on the shutter, and this man went to the window. I heard somebody speak, just a murmur, and this man leaned over the ledge, as if to hear better. Then he suddenly jerked forward and collapsed."

It was the flimsiest thing I had ever heard. "You mean to tell me that somebody called Shane to the window, and then stabbed him from outside?"

She said in a shaky voice, "That *must* have been it."

"Nobody," I pointed out, "could have called Shane to the window, because nobody would have known he was there. Those shell-pane shutters are not transparent. A person outside would have seen that the room was lighted, but nothing else."

"The shutter was open. I had been looking out at the rain."

"It is not open now."

"The man—Shane, you say his name was?—he managed to half raise himself, and got the shutter closed, and fastened it."

"Then collapsed again, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Merriam," I asked her, "was there anybody else in the room?"

"Nobody. Just me."

I stared at her a moment longer, then went to the door. Mrs. Holderness was standing just outside. I won't say that she was there in the hope of hearing what went on; after all, she had no particular place to go, until further instructed. Marise was talking to her father, who was planted defiantly, shotgun on arm, in front of the door of the room where Shane lay. I beckoned to her, and she came.

"MRS. HOLDERNESS," I said, "I want you to go in and search Mrs. Merriam. You are looking for a knife. Marise, I want you to help her."

"Suppose she resists?"

"Don't fool with her. Ask for help. But see to it that your search is thorough."

"You mean," said Mrs. Holderness uneasily, "take her clothes off?"

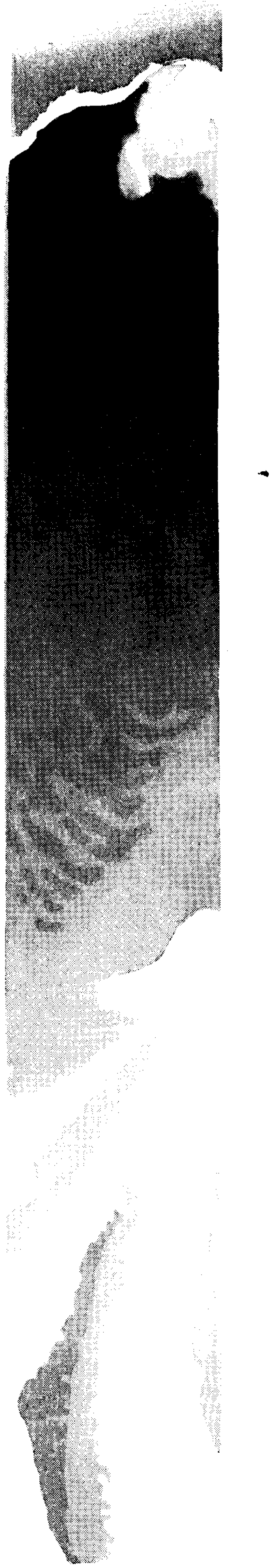
"Strip her to the skin," I said. "If you don't find what you are looking for, search your rooms thoroughly. I suppose I ought to do that myself, but I don't imagine you want me rummaging through your things."

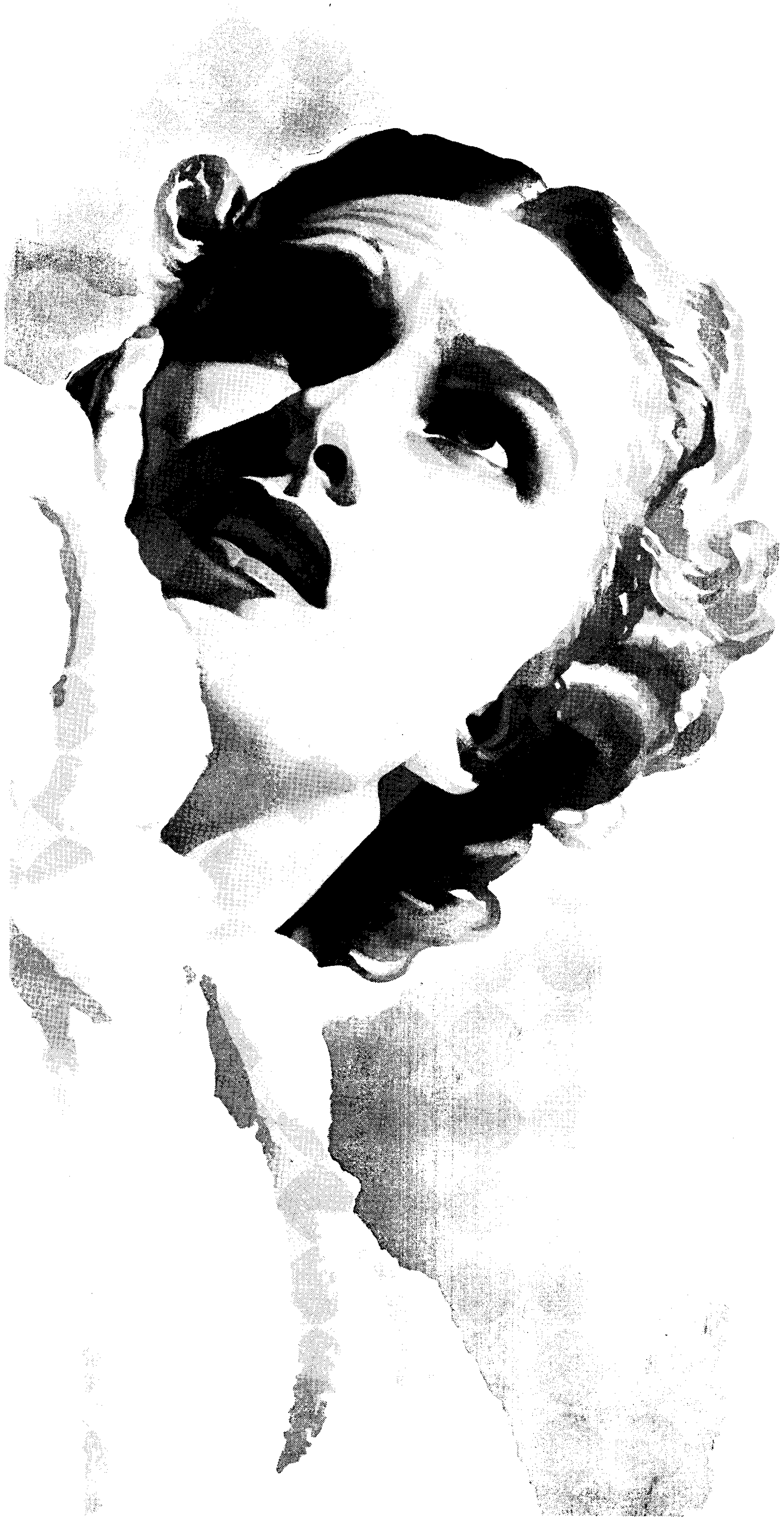
"I certainly do not," Mrs. Holderness said. She looked a little scared; but she shut her lips in a straight line and marched into her room determinedly. Marise followed her without comment. The room had to be searched. I wasn't going to have the constabulary arrive to find that I had let the weapon be lost. Justin Lowry came in and watched me, shotgun over his arm, as I systematically took that room apart.

It should have been an easy job; for Mrs. Merriam, of course, had no baggage. I pulled the empty drawers out of a big chest, and turned over the chest and a big armoire to make sure that no kris knife could be stuck flat anywhere about them. I tore apart the bed, and hunted inch by inch for a slit in the mattress. I thoroughly searched the shower, and looked behind a couple of pictures that hung on the wall. All simple enough, but singularly baffling, because there wasn't any weapon there.

I went and knocked on Mrs. Holderness' door.

"She hadn't a thing," Mrs. Holderness told me. "She hardly could have had. Everything in the world she has on is a light white wool robe belonging to me,





The girl herself interrupted me. "I'll answer. I didn't do anything. I screamed my head off, and then I ran out of the room"

and a pair of mules. We sent her clothes to the—the *lavandera*."

"Search your rooms, anyway," I insisted.

"We are. And we're making a good job of it, too. But I can tell you already that we are not going to find anything—I can see at a glance that nothing has been disturbed. John, this girl is telling the truth."

She evidently saw that I didn't believe her, because she turned cross with me. "You're a big fool, John Barrett, that you didn't get everybody out in the compound with guns to find out who was prowling around there.

I shrugged. It wouldn't have done any good to go rushing around the compound in the black rain, whether there had been anybody there or not. The compound was just a big square space outside the house, closed in by nothing but a twelve-foot hedge of hibiscus. It was full of clumps of bamboo, and a prowler could have dodged around in it all night, or escaped through the hedge at will. However, I thought now that I knew where the weapon was.

I WENT now and routed out Charley Vaughn; his quarters were upstairs, where I had put on a couple of rooms—the radio room and another—based on the north bastian. Vaughn was only a semiprofessional mariner; the son of a wealthy yachtsman who had gone broke. As a Lowry friend of the family—a presentable fellow who had a ticket and a little knowledge of navigation—he had been doled out the Seasweep berth. Thus he rated a room in the house like the others. He always had to have a lot of sleep, so, what with the noise of the rain, hadn't noticed the disturbance below.

He looked worried and confused when I explained to him what had happened; his big mild face was scandalized and annoyed.

"Hell of a note," was his judgment.

"Evidently she must have thrown the knife out the window. It ought to be somewhere out there in the mud. I'm going to find it, and I want you to help me."

He grunted and pulled on heavy sea boots, slicker, and clamped a sou'wester on his head. As an afterthought he handed me a slicker too, and I shucked into it.

In the portal, as we went out, I kicked off my shoes, preferring to walk barefoot in the mud; and picked up a cane from among the many (kept as snake preventers) by the door. We went out, and began to hunt along the east wall of the house, working systematically with big electric torches. We began at the window of Mrs. Merriam's room, carefully examining the ledge and the streaming grit below. You couldn't see through the numberless little shellpanes of the hurricane shutter, but at the bottom there was a blurred shadow, where Shane still lay. I flashed my light at Vaughn's face—he was looking pretty sick.

After that, we searched along the foot of the wall in each direction, then gradually outward for as far as we judged a knife could be thrown. This did not take us as long as it sounds, for there were some big clumps of bamboo near the window, with big masses of iron-hard stems. These shadowed off the greater part of the compound, and we could tell when we were out of range of the window by its light. Yet we searched at least half an hour there.

Once there was a long volley of blue lightning, and I stood up to look at the house. It struck me that it didn't look at all as I had meant it to look. It didn't look comfortable, and welcoming; it looked desolate, forbidding and severe, and the square bastians at the corners looked gaunt, of an unnecessary sheer height. I had never realized before what a mass of stone that was. Better, I thought now, if I had been satisfied with the flimsiest sort of bungalow such as other planters built, rather than this great mass of antique stone, barren-looking and ugly in spite of everything I had been able to do. Four years of work had simply raised another monument to a white man's stubbornness, doggedly forcing into existence one more thing that had never been meant to be.

(Continued on page 52)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GABRIEL MOULIN

Nobody Loves a Referee

To qualify as a football referee you have to know all the rules and be fast on your feet. And when the players or fans don't agree with one of your decisions the news leaks out like a vocal geyser. But, still, Herb Dana likes his job

By Herb Dana as told to Frank J. Taylor

Herb Dana is one referee who makes a quick decision, sticks to it, and keeps the game rolling along

Herb Dana makes a spectacular dash for the ball during a big game between Stanford and California. He blows a fast whistle

BOO-OO-OO-OO! Who hired that referee? Throw him out!"

Until you've heard sixty thousand football fans boo and yell as one that you're a bum, you haven't heard anything. My baptism under fire took place in the Pasadena Rose Bowl during the first big whistle job I handled on the Coast. Talk about the players being nervous and excited! I was as jittery as any player on either team, and I was supposed to boss the game. I tried to be calm, but I simply couldn't get the ants out of my pants. So I pulled on my striped shirt and white pants an hour early and sat down in the end zone watching the stadium fill up. I wanted to get the feel of the crowd. It was the only way to keep from blowing sky-high.

In that hard-fought game between Georgia Tech and California I had to make some decisions unpopular with the crowd which was strongly California in sympathy. At one tense moment, a Georgia Tech ball carrier hit the line and was stopped dead. Just as I blew the whistle the ball popped out of his arms, hit the ground and was scooped up by Bennie Lom of California, who ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown. That put me in a fine pickle. If I allowed the touchdown, it would be unfair to Georgia Tech. If I ruled the ball dead, it would deny California a touchdown. As it turned out, the Rose Bowl victory and the national championship hinged on my decision. The crowd waited in breathless suspense while I went down the field, took the ball from Lom, brought it back and gave it to Georgia Tech.

Then they let me have it—boos, catcalls, bronx cheers and all. I felt as though I were being torn limb from limb. But I stuck by the decision.

At the end of the game, which California lost 7 to 8, bearing out the fans' idea that I was on the Georgia Tech pay roll, I pulled on my sweat shirt and headed for the showers, convinced that it was curtains for Old Man Dana. I figured I had booted my first big whistle job. I saw the California coach, Nibs Price, weaving through the crowd, his eye on me. I was sure I was in for it on account of that decision. Some coaches take the game pretty hard. Price grabbed me by the arm. I turned around, expecting to catch the devil.

"Nice going, Dana," he said, pumping my hand.

You could have knocked me over with a feather. It was so unexpected I just looked at him. He must have read my mind.

"Right or wrong, if an official will only make a decision and stick to it, I'm for him," he added.

Keep the Game Rolling

I thought of the sixty thousand spectators who had been razzing the hide off me only ten minutes before.

"To hell with them," I said to myself. "If the players and the coaches know what the score is, then everything's okay."

That's about the smartest conclusion I've reached in fifteen years of officiating. I blow a fast whistle, make a quick decision, stick to it, and keep the game rolling along. Maybe that sounds easy. It isn't. And until you've felt the heat of 120,000 eyes burning down on you and heard sixty thousand angry voices booing you in unison, you can't appreciate the pressure that the referee is under during a big game.

But even if he is a bum, the referee has some compensation. Being close enough to the players to hear the off-the-record asides, he gets in on a lot of football that no one else sees.

The fans up in the stands think the tense moments are when one team is about to score or when a brilliant play has turned the tide of battle. But down on the field the tension is greatest in the three minutes before the opening kickoff. Football squads are like high-strung thoroughbreds. They are champing at the bit and raring to go. The tension thermometer hits high when the captains walk up in front of the cameramen on the fifty-yard line and call the toss to decide who kicks off. That's when the atmosphere is so thick you can cut it with a knife, and when you wish you could do something to relieve the strain for the boys. Then's when you do feel like a bum.

Captain Tay Brown of Southern California and Paul Host of Notre Dame were facing each other on the fifty-yard line. There's been high feeling between those two colleges for years. The captains were patiently waiting for the cameras to finish clicking.

"How you feeling, Paul?" asked Tay Brown.

"Nervous as an old woman," grinned the Notre Dame captain.

"Take it easy," said Tay. "It won't be long now."

"Tay, we'll spot you a man for the kickoff," said Host. "Put Orv Mohler in there and let him start the game with you. We're sure sorry he can't play today."

This game with Notre Dame would have been the climax to a brilliant career for Orv Mohler, the Southern California quarterback who had been injured in practice during the previous week. This fine gesture by the Notre Dame captain enabled Mohler to participate in the first play of the last game of his career with the Trojans.

Turn on the Pressure

When the coin was flipped, Southern California won the toss. Before I could recover the coin or ask the winner which goal he wanted or whether he elected to kick off or receive, Brown said, like a flash, "We'll kick."

In other words, the game was on and Brown's one idea was to boot the ball down the other fellow's alley at the start and put the pressure on him. It was the old army game of waiting for the breaks. Most teams choose to do that because it eases the tension for them.

It's too bad that the football fans are so far from the players that they miss the close-ups which make the game so fascinating to the insiders. To me, that's half of football.

In that Georgia Tech-California game I noted that the captains of the two teams, Irv Phillips of California and Ed

(*Continued on page 36*)

The Hoodoo Bonus

By Roark Bradford

More excitement down at Little Bee Bend plantation, where the womenfolks like their men rich

ZURLINE filled the washtub with water, dragged it to the middle of the room, stripped and stepped into the tub.

"Maybe I better git dat toby," she decided. "Miss Modom didn't said—" She climbed out, picked up a small tobacco sack that was filled with a concoction of soot, sand and salt, tied it about her neck with a string and once more stepped into the water. She faced toward the rising sun and began to intone:

"Oh, Fletch, you must come back to yo' true love. You aims to come back. You wants to come back. You can't he'p f'm comin' back. Come on back wavin' dem bonuses in yo' sweet right hand."

Zurline carefully followed the directions given her by Modom Aw-Bear, the hoodoo lady of Willow Chute Bayou. Directions which, Zurline hoped, would charm her former husband and bring him back to her.

She was not especially interested in Fletch himself. He had been one of her several husbands with nothing in particular to recommend him above the others. At the time she married him he had, she supposed, something extraordinary over the other men on Little Bee Bend plantation. Otherwise, she would never have taken up with him. Had it been because he was handsome? Or because he had had a fine crop that year?

She disremembered. Looking back, she couldn't think of anything that had raised Fletch above any other man on the place. Except, of course, Fletch had been a soldier in Uncle Sam's war.

That was it! Fletch sure had been a fighting soldier. He killed about a million men, only they were German men. "Kind er furriners," Zurline recalled. "Like de dagoes." Now she remembered that that was what had made her love Fletch so good. He was a big man who had been all the way across the deep blue sea, to a town named Baw-doo.

"Ah, Lawd," she grinned, "Fletch is a man outn de books! Fightin' right square in Uncle Sam's war! And now Uncle Sam done hauled off and gived him a big pair er bonuses!" She didn't understand exactly what bonuses were, but she had heard a man could take them to Shreveport and sell them for money. A heap of money, too. Seven hundred dollars, maybe!

"Fletch, come back. You got to come back. You can't he'p f'm comin' back!"

Zurline's prayers were interrupted by the sound of a voice lifted in song:

"Hit take a rockin' chair to rock,
Hit take a rubber ball to roll,
Hit take a heavy-hittin' man
To satisfy my soul;
Cause I'm on my way to Texas,
Aw, sweet jelly roll!"

"You, Play Mamma!" Zurline yelled. "You stop dat singin' a reel in front er my house when I'm prayin'."

"Scuse me," Play Mamma apologized. "I didn't know you ever done any prayin', Zurline."

"Hit ain't no good to sing reels, nohow," Zurline declared, "whether I'm doin' any prayin' or not."

"I wasn't singin' no reels," Play Mamma explained. "I was jest singin' cause I had a certain man on my mind."

"You always got some man on yo' mind."

Play Mamma laughed. "Not only on my mind, too," she giggled. "And dat ain't all. I'm fixin' to git me a sho 'nuff man, now. I jest been over to Miss Modom's house and got me a Three-S toby outn de world! Lawd, did she put some stuff on dat toby!"

ZURLINE looked suspiciously at Play Mamma. She recalled, vaguely, that Fletch and Play Mamma had, at one time, been friendly. "Did Miss Modom tell you to git in de washtub and pray twarge de risin' sun?" Zurline inquired.

"Nawp," said Play Mamma. "None er dat kind er ju-ju foolishness. She told me to burn a lamp behime de door at him. Dis is a hard man to bring back, on account er certain things he got."

"A pair er bonuses?" Zurline suggested warily.

"I means," Play Mamma stated, "a pair er bonuses straight f'm Uncle Sam, for fightin' in de war."

"Fletch?"

"You said hit," laughed Play Mamma. "Fletch is de war-fightin'est man I knows. And dey tells me he gittin' hisse'f a pair er bonuses wuth seven hund'ed dollars, cash money."

"And Miss Modom," Zurline continued, "gived you a toby to bring him back to you?"

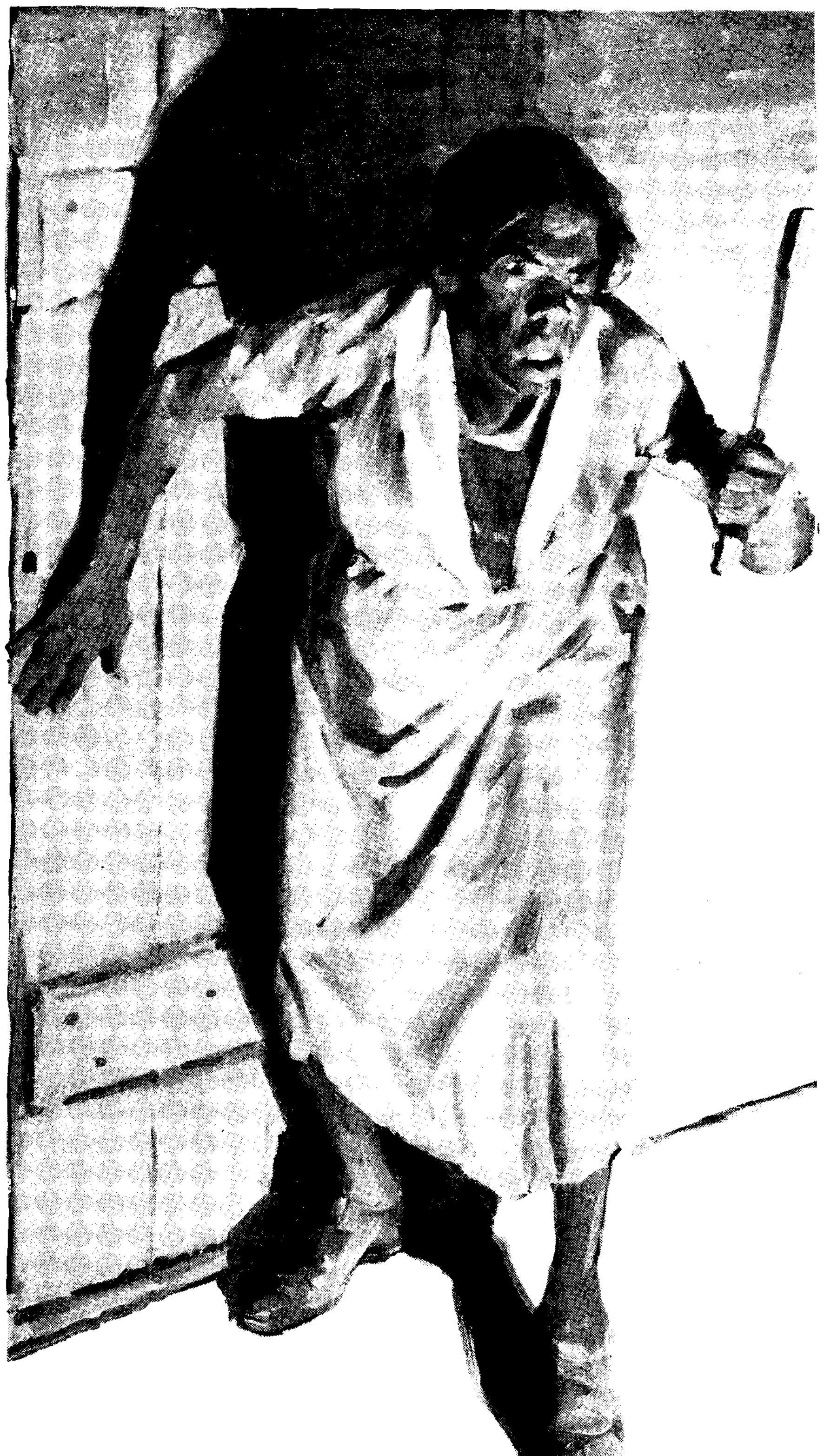
"She charged me fo' bits," Play Mamma said. "Miss Modom ain't never gived nobody nothin'."

Zurline was worried. She was beginning to suspect there was something irregular about it. Could it be that Modom Aw-Bear was selling tobies to two women for the same man?

"And she told you to burn a lamp behind the door?"

"Sho," Play Mamma admitted readily. "Hit's powerful hard to pull a man like Fletch back and ain't nothin' but a lamp kin do hit."

Zurline went back to her praying but her mind wouldn't settle down to it as it should. She tried hard for a while but the thought of a lamp burning for Fletch behind Play Mamma's door kept crossing her mind. Anybody knew a lamp had more stuff on it than praying toward the rising sun.



She saw that Play Mamma was standing in a washtub mumbling prayers, while Mamie T was making passes over the lamps with her three-S toby. Modom Aw-Bear was in the center of the room, rolling on the floor, talking with the spirits

She got out of the tub, lit her own kerosene lamp and set it behind the door, mumbling: "Come back, Fletch. Come on back to yo' true love."

Once more she returned to the tub and continued her prayers. "Dis lamp and de tub bofe ought to pull him," she decided.

SOMETIME later, when she was dressed and on her front porch, a sudden thought struck her. It almost gave her a headache.

"I bet," she said to herself, "dat ev'y lady on de place is tryin' to git Fletch hoodooed back wid his bonuses!"

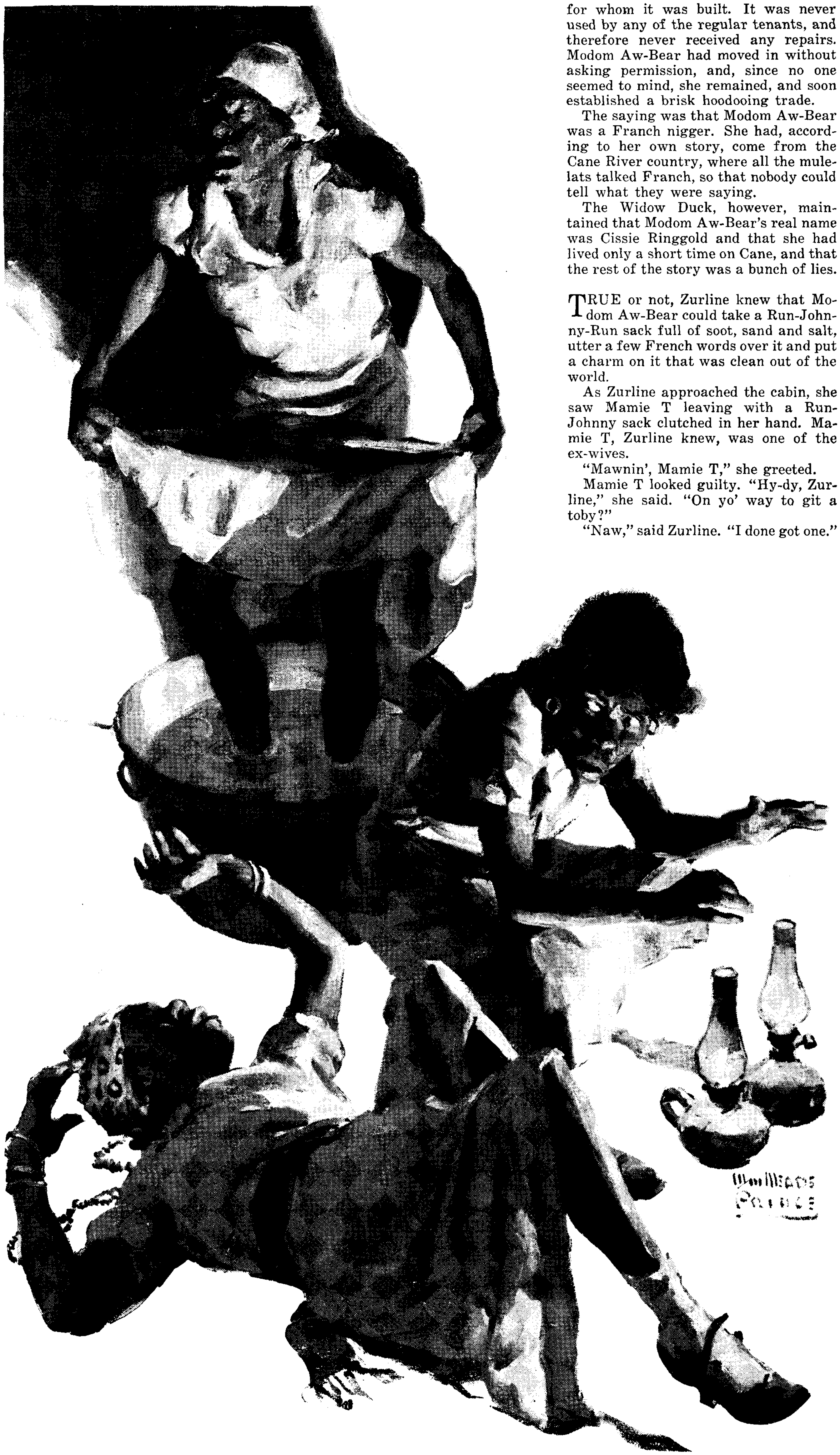
The idea disturbed her so that she could do nothing for a long while but just sit and worry about it. Then, unable to remain inactive while her former husband was being literally snatched from her by other and less worthy women, she started out to the hoodoo lady's house again.

On the way over, she tried to recall the number of wives Fletch had been married up to since he got home from the war, almost twenty years ago.

"Fletch wa'n't ve'y much of a man, once you hyared all er his lies about de fightin'," Zurline remembered. "And de ladies sent him on about his business, mighty fast." She walked on contemplating the parade of ex-wives who, right this minute, might be trying to hoodoo Fletch and his bonus.

"I was de fust gal to marry him," she said grimly. "Dat ought to be a *shade in my favors.*" She smiled with pride as she recalled that, a mere twenty years ago, she was considered the most marriageable young woman on the whole plantation. "Been a heap er water run under my bridges since dat day," she said sadly.

Modom Aw-Bear's house sat on the edge of a cypress brake, just beyond the pasture. It was a tumble-down log cabin so old that nobody remembered when or



for whom it was built. It was never used by any of the regular tenants, and therefore never received any repairs. Modom Aw-Bear had moved in without asking permission, and, since no one seemed to mind, she remained, and soon established a brisk hoodooing trade.

The saying was that Modom Aw-Bear was a Franch nigger. She had, according to her own story, come from the Cane River country, where all the mulelats talked Franch, so that nobody could tell what they were saying.

The Widow Duck, however, maintained that Modom Aw-Bear's real name was Cissie Ringgold and that she had lived only a short time on Cane, and that the rest of the story was a bunch of lies.

TRUE or not, Zurline knew that Modom Aw-Bear could take a Run-Johnny-Run sack full of soot, sand and salt, utter a few French words over it and put a charm on it that was clean out of the world.

As Zurline approached the cabin, she saw Mamie T leaving with a Run-Johnny sack clutched in her hand. Mamie T, Zurline knew, was one of the ex-wives.

"Mawnin', Mamie T," she greeted.

Mamie T looked guilty. "Hy-dy, Zurline," she said. "On yo' way to git a toby?"

"Naw," said Zurline. "I done got one."

"Somethin' ailin' you?" Mamie T suggested.

"Not no mo'," Zurline replied. "I had a little trouble about my husband stayin' away so long, but he back now."

"I didn't know you had a husband, ev'y since Reub runned off and left you."

Zurline laughed brazenly. "Reub wa'n't my sho 'nuff husband, hardly," she said. "Fletch was de onliest true husband I ever did love. So I jest—"

"Fletch!" Mamie T exclaimed. "You mean you tryin' to pull Fletch back?"

"Done done hit." Zurline lied blandly. "Me and Modom Aw-Bear pulled him back. Hit was easy. She jest gived me a toby and told me to stand in a tub and pray twarge de risin' sun."

"She told you to do dat?" Mamie T demanded angrily. "Dat jest what she told me to do, too. She gived me a toby—"

"She ain't never gived you nothin'," Zurline corrected. "You jest gived her fo' bits for dem Three-S's. But go 'haid and stand in de tub. I knows de bath ain't gonter harm you."

Mamie T tossed her head and walked away. Zurline grinned after her. She felt better now. At least, she had plenty of company. Knowing what she knew, she could enjoy it.

Zurline walked into Modom Aw-Bear's house. The room was half dark and there were strange odors—smells of herbs and lack of sunshine. It was the first time in many visits that Zurline had noticed the condition of the atmosphere. Before, she had been harassed, always, by some problem, and hopeful of getting it solved. Now her mind was clear.

"Whew!" she exclaimed. "Miss Modom, whyn't you clean dis room up? Hit ain't hardly fittin' for a goat."

"You?" Modom Aw-Bear exclaimed. "W'y you not pray in de tob, *hein?* I geeve you fine tobee and you not—"

"You ain't gived me nothin', Miss Modom," Zurline stated flatly. "I paid fo' bits for dat toby. Same as Play Mamma and Mamie T, and I don't know who-all else. Dat's jest what I want to tawk to you about."

She made a gesture to the folds of her dress which may have been accidental. Modom Aw-Bear decided it meant a razor threat.

"Me, I like you," said the hoodoo lady in a placating tone. "So I geeve you one fine tobee. But Flatch he hard to pull back wid de bonuses, so w'en Play Mamma and Mamie T beg for tobee I geeve also to dem, so dey help pull Flatch back. And den—"

"Den what?"

"*Allors*, w'en he come back, you gat heem!"

MODOM AW-BEAR, at that moment, went into a trance. After a few preliminary groans, she began to describe how, at that very minute, she could see Fletch with her second sight. Fletch, she revealed, was walking down Texas Street in Shreveport with his bonus money in one hand and a suitcase in the other. She couldn't tell, from that distance, but it seemed to her that Fletch was Fort Worth bound! Women? No, just one woman. A bright-colored woman. Young, and dressed up in a red dress and high-heel shoes.

With groans and sighs and head-shakings Modom Aw-Bear came back to the present. "W'at you say?" she asked stupidly. "You say sometheeng?"

"Was Fletch sho 'nuff fixin' to leave?" Zurline asked.

"Flatch?" repeated Modom Aw-Bear. "I don't know w'at he feexin' to do, me. I don' see heem since one mont', maybe two."

Zurline was reconverted. Modom Aw-Bear had seen Fletch with her second

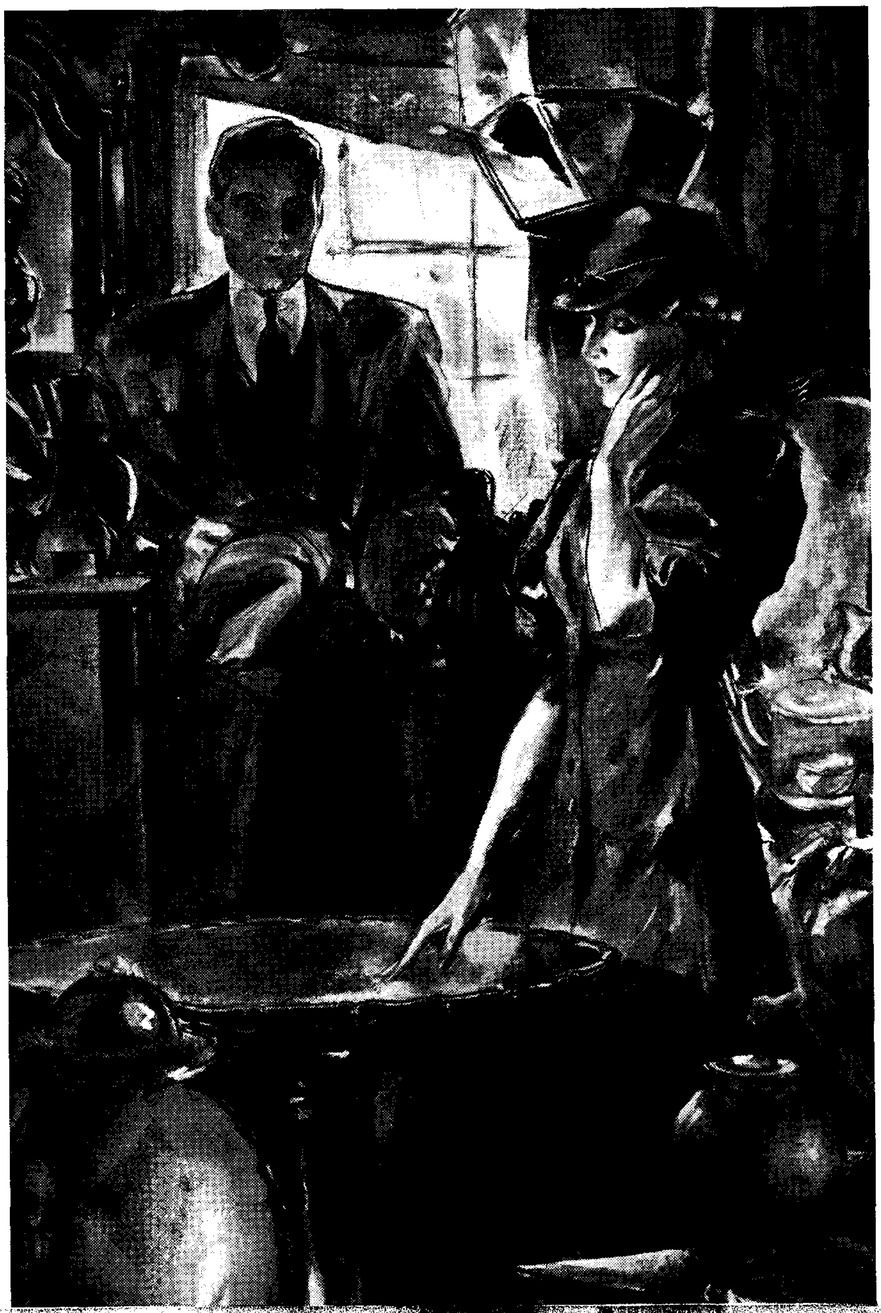
(*Continued on page 32*)

Place of Honor

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



THE HEART HAS WINGS
By Faith Baldwin
■
an exciting novel of aviation and romance beginning in next week's Collier's

She did not look up, but said wistfully, thinking him the taciturn German shop owner, "It's lovely, Mr. Schmidt—but I can't afford it"

IN THE spring of nineteen hundred and twenty Elizabeth Andrews and George Ormiston fell in love with each other and a piecrust table. These important events took place in a small, dingy secondhand store in Brooklyn.

George, one year out of college, worked in a broker's office, and Elizabeth, two years out of High, had a position in a decorator's shop on Madison Avenue. It was Saturday. Each had free time, each lived in the Heights district of Brooklyn, and at four in the afternoon each approached the secondhand shop.

Elizabeth reached there first. She was looking at the piecrust table when George came in the shop, bending his tall head, as the doorway was low, and narrowing his blue eyes, as the light was poor. But not so poor that he did not see her instantly, small and delightfully fashioned, running her pretty hand over the satin-smooth surface of the piecrust table.

George strolled over and stood by her. She did not look up, but said wistfully, thinking him the taciturn German shop owner, "It's lovely, Mr. Schmidt—but I can't afford it."

George was an impulsive young man. He said, "I wish I could afford it for you." And that began it.

Less than two months later they were engaged and George gave Elizabeth the piecrust table, which she would far rather have had than a ring.

THEY were married almost immediately. Each had a job and went on working at it. They lived in Elizabeth's apartment and were supremely happy. And the piecrust table had the place of honor.

But nothing they had looked right with it. Such furniture as Elizabeth had been able to buy, and George to supplement, was ordinary and uninteresting. Therefore, as time went on they spent their free hours looking for objects worthy of the companionship of the piecrust table, and studying; and little by little they became experts in period, design and decoration.

In nineteen thirty Elizabeth resigned as assistant to the Madison Avenue decorator, George forsook Wall Street, which wasn't holding up any too well anyway, and they took their savings, borrowed some money from George's cousin James, and bought six acres of land, a salt-box house and an old barn in Connecticut.

They restored the house with loving care over a period of time, and scoured the countryside for period furniture, buying shrewdly and well. They went to auctions and were fortunate.

In nineteen thirty-two they opened the barn as a salesroom and sent out announcements.

Meantime the salt-box house was being furnished. Very slowly, to be sure. But always the piecrust table held the place of honor and although people often stopped to admire it they were told it was not for sale.

By nineteen thirty-six Elizabeth and George owned the salt-box house, the red barn and the six acres, free and clear. They had money in the bank and had extended their operations to hooked rugs, early American glass, lusterware and prints. They were not rich but they were comfortable and happy.

Every now and then they held an auction in the little red barn and people came to it from all over. George conducted the auction and did very well indeed.

It was fun, and there was always something new, a wild-goose chase after a reputed Phyfe lyre table in Massachusetts which turned out to be more lyre than Phyfe, or the time they went all the way to Virginia to look for a set of Sheraton side tables and came back with three four-poster beds and a sideboard designed by the Brothers Adam instead.

WHEN in the summer of thirty-six Sir Thomas Alder, the owner of the famous London firm, came to New York, where he contemplated opening a gallery, someone told him about the Ormistons, so one day his large, rented car drove up and he introduced himself, very charmingly, to his colleagues.

He was conducted through the barn, and he admired, and praised, was very pleasant. But it wasn't until he went, as luncheon guest, to the salt-box house that his gray eyes sharpened and his hand went to his smartly waxed mustache. For it was furnished from cellar to attic in the most perfect taste. Here period met and blended, and aside from the necessary modernization of heating plant and plumbing, the salt-box house was magnificently antique.

Three days later Sir Thomas returned to offer the Ormistons a staggering sum for the contents of the house to form the nucleus of his New York galleries. Naturally, he would ship from England, but with the Ormiston collection as a basis . . .

George and Elizabeth looked at each other. She said, sighing, "It's taken us sixteen years!" And then added, hopefully, "But we could begin all over again. . . . George, it would be fun!" And George nodded. And then they spoke simultaneously. They said, "*But you can't have the piecrust table!*"

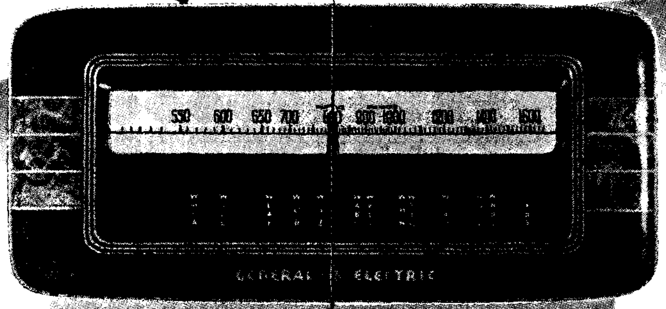
"Which one?" asked Sir Thomas, beaming.

They showed it to him. Elizabeth said breathlessly, "If it hadn't been for this we wouldn't have met each other, we wouldn't have bought the salt-box house, we wouldn't have met you, Sir Thomas."

Sir Thomas picked up the piecrust table. He regarded it closely. He said, and smiled, "It's a bargain. You may keep the piecrust table with which to start your housekeeping. You see, long ago when I was plain Thomas Alder, apprenticed to my father, an expert cabinetmaker, I very reprehensibly created some fine reproductions. But being an egotistical young man I always put my mark upon them." He showed them the mark, almost unnoticeable, and added, smiling, "There was a great dealer demand for them: I sold them for a pound apiece. Your piecrust table," said Sir Thomas, "is fifty years old, a nice piece of carpentry—and a fake."

Elizabeth and George looked at each other and it seemed to them the most marvelous thing in the world that, founded on falsity, they had built an edifice of authenticity and truth.

G-E *Focused Tone*



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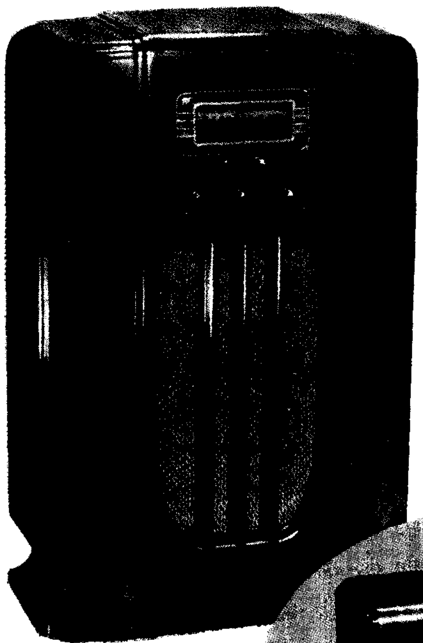
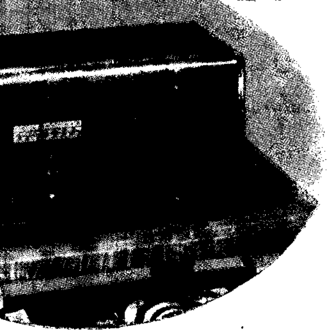
The new G-E brings you every radio service on the air—Foreign Broadcasts over ALL short-wave bands; Domestic Short-wave stations; Domestic Programs—heard with new tone perfection; Police Calls; and Amateur Stations—day and night.





The new General Electric comes in 26 handsome models—priced from $22.50 to $750 (Eastern list)—slightly higher west and south.

CBS
Off-Focus Tone
G-E Focused-Tone
Off-Focus Tone

KATE SMITH—One of radio's most popular celebrities.

—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

The new G-E Radio *automatically* shifts itself into hair-line tuning every time. And at the same instant the Colorama Dial changes from red to green to tell you your program is in perfect Focused Tone.

—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off focus.

GENERAL ELECTRIC *Radio*

You'll always be glad you bought a *G-E*

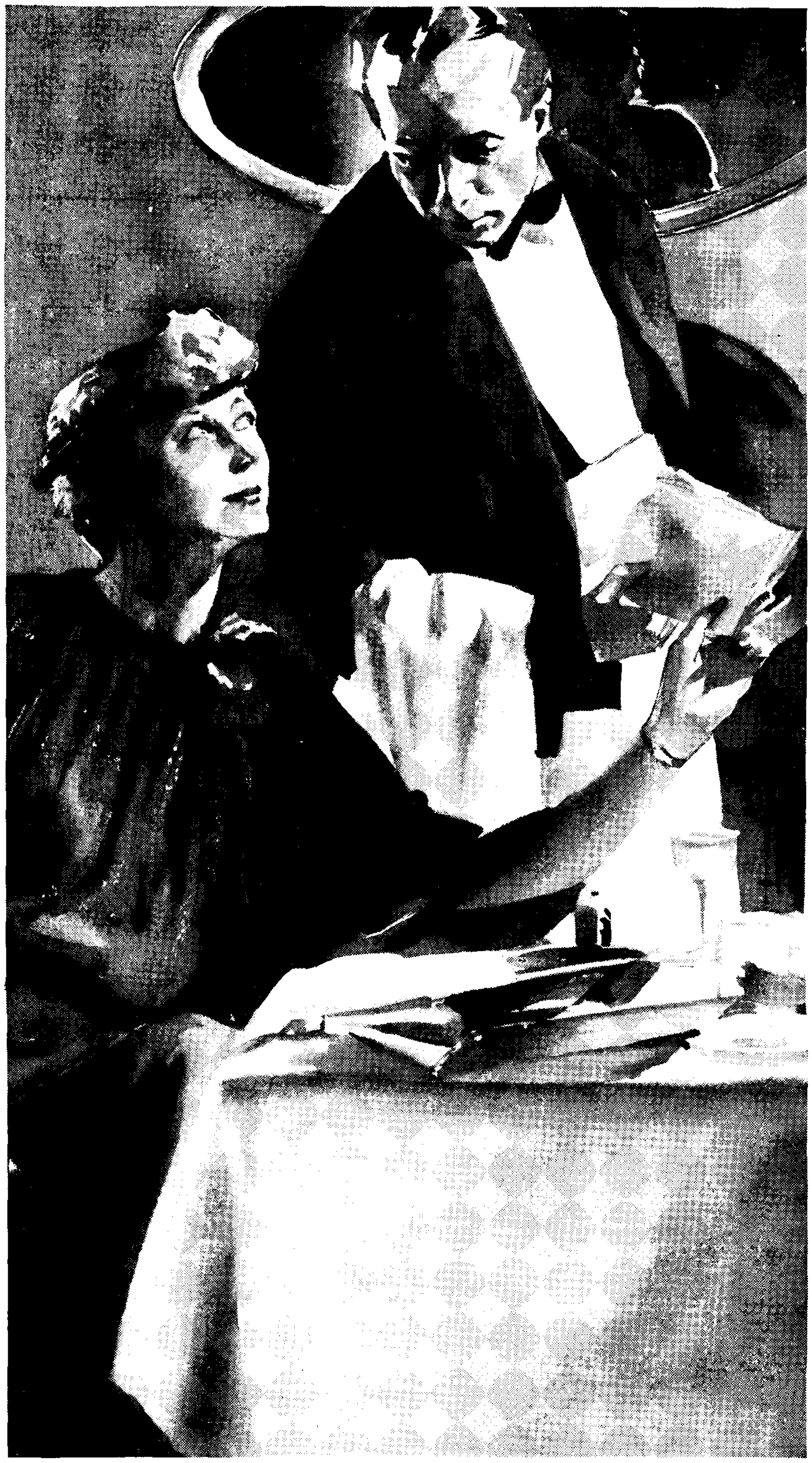
When you replace metal tubes, always specify *G-E*

RESEARCH KEEPS GENERAL ELECTRIC YEARS AHEAD!

The Dumb Gods Speak

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



"You can have those," she said. "If you play us false, I shall say that you stole them"

The Story Thus Far:

DYING, Mark Humberstone, Sr., wealthy American inventor, bequeaths to a group of prominent Americans ("The Council of Seven") a remarkable device which—so he says—will, properly used, make warfare between nations an impossibility.

Years pass. In 1947, the world is reverberating with rumors of war. And in 1947 a secret organization, with headquarters in Nice, France, and with representatives in every nation on earth, is working quietly in the cause of peace. It has at its disposal various strange mechanisms, including the invention of Mark Humberstone, Sr. At its head are Prince Cheng Ziao Han and Humberstone's son, Mark Humberstone, Jr.

Powerful enemies—notably Retsky, Soviet dictator—make numerous attempts on the lives of Cheng and Humberstone. But Jonson, resourceful bodyguard of the two men, always saves them. Then, when Retsky himself, in disguise, comes to France, he is trapped by Cheng and killed.

Meanwhile Mark Humberstone has fallen in love with a lovely girl: Catherine Oronoff. Catherine is a princess of the Russian royal blood. She works for Humberstone and Cheng. When Humberstone proposes to her, she accepts him gladly. But, for reasons connected with the projected coup, Cheng opposes the match.

Mystified by Cheng's stand, the young couple go to the altar. Before the marriage ceremony is completed, however, a prominent dignitary of the Greek Church arrives and *forbids* the marriage. He has a confidential talk with Catherine: when it is over she goes away with him, leaving Mark stunned and mystified.

A few hours later she comes to the man she loves and tells him why she cannot, and never can, become his wife: Plans are afoot to re-establish the old order in Russia; her cousin, the Grand Duke Alexander, is to be Czar; she, Catherine Oronoff, is to be the Czarina. Loving Mark, she feels that she must place duty before her own personal desires. . . .

The scene shifts to Paris. Cheng and Humberstone are there, preparing a great coup which is to startle the entire world. Also Suzanne, a beautiful cocotte who has been employed by the plotters as a spy. Suzanne goes to a restaurant. There Jonson, disguised as a waiter, has a brief chat with her. He leaves and two men enter. They seat themselves beside Suzanne. "There is news?" one inquires. "There is news," Suzanne replies.

Conclusion

CHENG came swiftly forward from the dimly-lit recesses of the *salon privé* on the top floor of the Café Russe to greet his two visitors. There were cigarettes, wine and glasses upon the round table in the middle of the room—nothing else. Alexander held out his hand.

"I am glad to see you again, Prince Cheng," he said. "You and your friend, Mr. Humberstone, whom I met recently in Monte Carlo, are the most talked about men in Europe these days."

"We have been engaged on a great task," Cheng confided. "That task approaches completion. It is a matter of great regret to me that there has been just a slight slip in our timetable. We are compelled to bring our plans to fruition more quickly than we should have wished. Princess, will you take that chair, please. If you, sir, will sit there you will allow me to stand. First, may I serve you with some wine?"

Alexander allowed his glass to be filled but he was frankly bewildered. He helped himself to a cigarette, however, from the open box upon the table.

"I am paying you this visit at the instigation of the princess," he observed, "but I am asking myself where, in this scheme of yours, Prince Cheng, I can possibly find a place."

"You remain," Cheng pointed out calmly, "a great figurehead. Please prepare yourself, sir, for a rather astounding statement at such short notice. It is part of our scheme for the world's peace that you become in actual fact the ruler of Russia."

Alexander sat like a man turned to stone. Cheng waited for him to speak, but silence still prevailed.

"Alas," the latter went on, "I do not wonder that you are dumfounded. I have no time to explain to you the position, as I should have wished. We mistimed a certain event and we had to act sooner than we had anticipated. I refer, of course, to Retsky's disappearance."

"You were concerned in that?" Alexander asked.

"The International Bureau was responsible," Cheng admitted suavely. "But the remodeling of your country is only a side issue, just a step toward our final goal, which is the abolition of warfare, the establishment of universal peace."

"Is that possible?" Alexander asked, with the air of a man who is listening to fairy tales.

"It is accomplished," Cheng told him. "Already I go so far as to tell you that we have achieved success. We ask you now whether you are willing to place yourself in our hands, to do just as we advise and follow out our schemes. If you will do this, we will place you upon the throne of Russia, but under a different and less autocratic form of government."

"But," Alexander gasped, "the Russian army—the Russian people?"

"I will deal with the army first," Cheng said. "I will only ask you to recall the most amazing episode in the world's history of warfare—the destruction of the Japanese fleet in the Pacific. Well, the Humberstone discoveries did that. In the same way, only with even greater completeness, we can make the Russian army powerless. One quarter of the Chinese army now in the field could march at any time we chose into Moscow, if necessary, practically without opposition."

"You are talking of miracles!" the listening man cried.

"Miracles which we have already proved," Cheng continued. "I have told you how much I regret the short space of time which at the moment is all I have to spare. Faith is something in life. If you accept this great gift which we offer, you must have faith, for, frankly, I am in danger at the present moment and I have risked my life to come here to meet you. All that you have to decide is—will you accept the suzerainty of Russia, marry the Princess Sophie of Greece, who has signified her consent to become your Czarina, and rule the country according to the statutes which will be placed in the hands of the Houses of Assembly?"

Alexander rose to his feet. He seemed to have grown inches taller. There was a new dignity in his presence. Only his voice was choked.

"You throw open the gates of paradise and ask me whether I will enter," he exclaimed. "I *will!*"

"It is well spoken," Cheng concluded.

DOWNSTAIRS, Jonson had been kept very busy indeed at Suzanne's table. Empty glasses had five or six times been removed and replaced by full ones. Neither of the two dour-looking visitors appeared, however, to be in any worse condition. Suzanne herself had only toyed with her first glass of champagne. Presently she whispered in the ear of her nearer companion. A moment or two later she was left alone. She called Jonson over.

"Listen," she asked, "why did you come to this particular café?"

"I answered an advertisement," he replied. "It was the first I saw in the *Petit Parisien.*"

She was silent for a moment. She had grown older. She was no longer the bird of paradise, the decked-out courtesan seeking for men's favors. She was a calculating, shrewd woman, weighing up possibilities, dissecting suspicions.

"You would like to earn twenty-five thousand francs?" she asked.

He leaned closer over the table.

"I would sell my twin brother for half that amount," he assured her.

"Mr. Cheng is here in this place?"

Jonson's face was suddenly blank. He hesitated.

"I am afraid of Mr. Cheng," he said.

(*Continued on page 41*)

DODGE LEADS!

TOPS LOWEST-PRICED TRUCK FIELD IN RATE OF SALES INCREASE!

DODGE
MORGANS BROS.
630-285

1½-Ton Stake—136" Wheelbase, 6-Cylinder........................$690*

1½ TON
136" W. B. CHASSIS
$505*

½ TON
116" W. B. CHASSIS
$370*

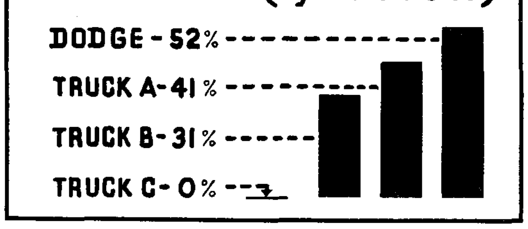
THE results are known! The figures are down in plain black and white! For the first seven months of 1936, Dodge trucks lead the lowest-priced field in percentage of sales gain by a wide margin!

Why do Dodge trucks lead the lowest-priced field? The answer is not hard to find. Dodge trucks have a larger number of recognized, quality features. And Dodge has put truck buying on a straightforward, businesslike basis by offering every truck buyer a "Show-Down" score card that lets him check up on Dodge and the other lowest-priced trucks for himself.

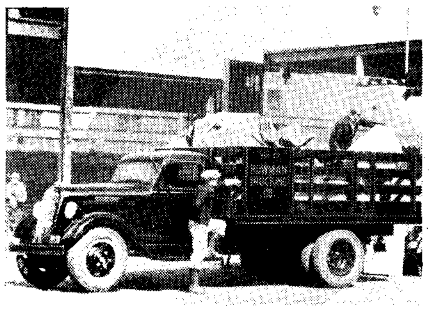
Dodge dealers say—"Listen to claims and sales talk all you want to. But before you buy any truck, borrow the 'gasometer' gas testing machine that shows exactly how far any truck, new or old, goes on a gallon and check up on gas economy. Then get a 'Show-Down' score card and make your own comparison of money-saving features.—Find out why so many Dodge owners report 'Saving up to $95 a year on gas'." See your Dodge dealer today.

DODGE—*Division of Chrysler Corporation*

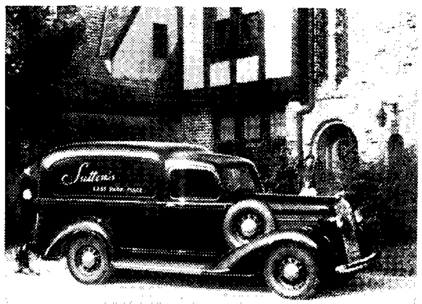
PERCENTAGE SALES INCREASE FOR 7 MONTHS 1936
FIGURES FROM STATE REGISTRATIONS (*By R.L. POLK & CO.*)



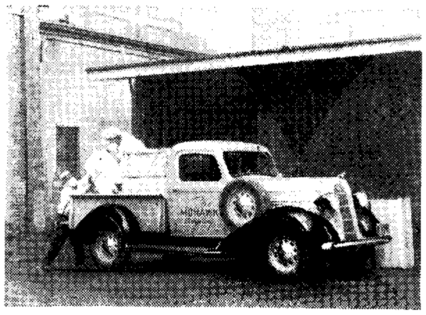
NEW THOUSANDS BUY DODGE...
Now Priced with the Lowest TO SAVE MONEY



2-TON, 13 FT. STAKE, 162" W. B., 6-CYL. ...A big, rugged, powerful truck, built entirely to heavy-duty specifications. Safety-steel cab, *genuine* hydraulic brakes, reinforced steel cross sills, large sign panels, 6 special oil-and-gas-saving features—from end to end this truck is designed especially for jobs where the going is tough. Priced sensationally low at today's price of only.................... **$1260***



½-TON PANEL, 116" W. B., 6-CYL....Called from coast to coast "America's handsomest commercial car." Dodge not only leads "the lowest-priced three" by a wide margin in appearance but it has dozens of features that represent extra-fine, quality truck building—*genuine* hydraulic brakes, safety-steel body, valve seat inserts, roller-bearing universals—yet with all its extra features, priced with the lowest.................... **$585***



½-TON PICKUP, 116" W. B., 6-CYL....An amazing buy! Compare it. You will find Dodge gives four main bearings where the other lowest-priced trucks give only three. Each Dodge piston has four rings, the others only three. Only Dodge gives you a three-way combination of safety-steel cab, hydraulic brakes and a 6-cylinder "L"-head engine. See your Dodge dealer. This model now only **$500***

LOW DOWN PAYMENTS LOW MONTHLY TERMS

Not only are Dodge trucks now priced with the lowest, but consult your Dodge dealer and you will find that easy terms can be arranged to fit your budget through Commercial Credit Company. Today, if you can afford to buy any truck, you can afford a dependable, Money-Saving Dodge!

• • •

**List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra.*

DEPENDABLE

DODGE TRUCKS

Ab Jenkins BRINGS WORLD RECORDS BACK TO AMERICA ★ ★ ★

on Firestone Gum-dipped TIRES

THINK OF IT—7,134 miles in 48 hours, or an average speed of 148.62 miles an hour! Never before has man driven so fast for so long. On September 22 and 23, over the world's fastest speedway, the salt beds of Lake Bonneville, Utah, Ab Jenkins broke 72 world, international, and American speed records — many previously held by European drivers.

Years before Ab Jenkins began his record-breaking run, Firestone chemists and engineers toiled in a ceaseless effort to find the way to conquer internal friction which creates heat — the great destroyer of tire life. From their efforts was conceived Gum-Dipping — the patented process which so skillfully blends cotton and rubber that every tiny fiber of every cotton cord in the tire is bound together into one inseparable unit.

It was by means of this Gum-Dipping process, used only in Firestone Tires, that rubber and cotton were able to hold together under Jenkins' 2½-ton, 650-horsepower record-breaking car as it tore over the granite-like salt, at speeds as high as 160 and 170 miles per hour.

You, of course, will never drive your car 2½ miles a minute, but you need the extra protection of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires for long, hard drives which may tax ordinary tires beyond their strength and resistance.

Firestone High Speed Gum-Dipped Tires give you greatest blowout protection — this is proved by every test. Ab Jenkins trusted his life to Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, and even at such terrific speeds he had no blowouts or tire trouble of any kind. Why take chances when *you* can have this *same* extra safety that only Gum-Dipping can give.

To protect your life and the lives of others, go to your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store, and have your car equipped today with a set of Firestone High Speed Tires. The scientifically designed tread gives you up to 25% greater non-skid safety. Treads wear down far less on the cold, wet pavements of fall and winter—your tires will be practically new next spring.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network

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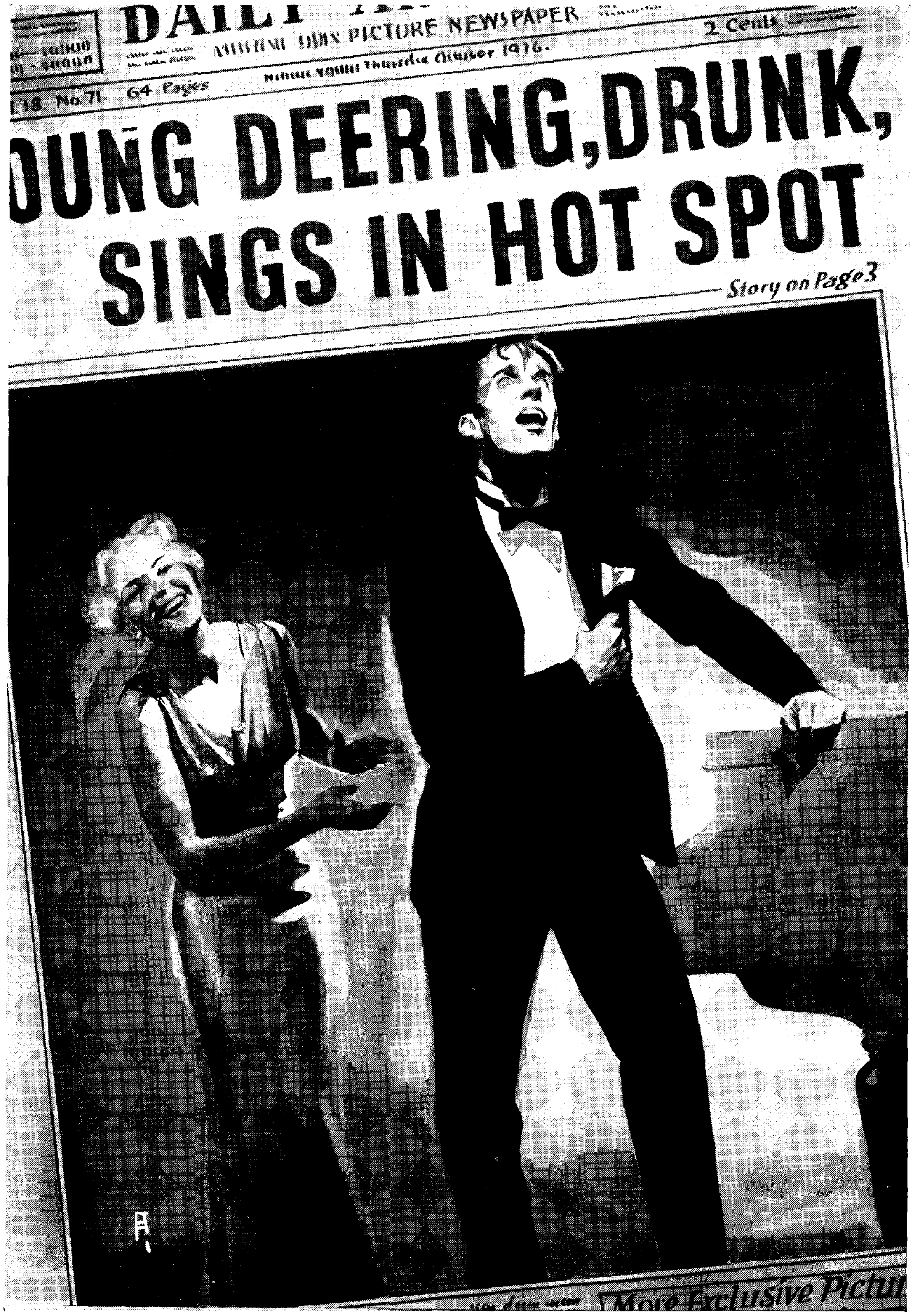
By Corey Ford and Alastair Mac Bain

The story of a boy who found that fame comes high

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



THE way he sat up there today, beside his father, never nodding to any of us below him in the crowd, never even letting on he knew us, staring at us without seeing us while his father leaned forward and slammed the flat of his hand onto the speaker's table: "... nay, a duty—a duty which, if elected, I shall endeavor to . . ."

That was it, the way he sat alone in the front of the flag-draped speaker's stand, surrounded by the microphones and the newsreel cameras, flanked on either side by the dean and all the faculty of Southern Central, staring ahead and grinning. The way he sat there with his chin lifted and his sullen eyes straight ahead, just the corners of his lips drawing down slowly in a little grin as Governor Deering licked his thumb, and turned another page, and banged the table again: ". . . a solemn duty as leader of this great nation, my friends. . . ."

And all of Tony's friends down there in the crowd looking, not at Tony's father, but at Tony, the way he was staring in front of him sullenly without recognizing any of them: fellows he went to class with every day, fellows he used to play with on the same team, fellows like Bill Ridder. All of his friends thinking the same thing. "The way he sits up there—too good for us now. . . ." All of his friends shaking their heads, and winking at each other, and saying under their breath: "Now his father's been nominated for President . . ."

But what I was looking at today was the way that he was grinning; and what I was thinking about was the first time I ever saw Tony Deering. That was a little over a year ago, the day they started fall practice at Central, the day the freshman squad had its first scrimmage. He was just another gangling kid that day, in a uniform that didn't quite fit, tall and lean and stringy, his bony face half hidden in an oversize helmet, his big, awkward hands hitching at his pants and his cleats pawing the turf like a young colt.

Somehow he managed to break through the first-string line, to jump high in the air and knock down a pass; and that was when the blocking back hit him, like a locomotive, burying his shoulder in the middle of Tony's limp body, wrapping Tony around him and carrying him along with the impact a few yards, like a wreck at a grade crossing. When they called me out on the field, he was lying there doubled up tight as a fist, and we had to pry his arms and legs away before I could get the straps loose and slack the laces in his pants. I rolled him over and began to pump his legs, and he caught his breath, and I saw the corners of his lips yank down, as though they were being worked with a string. His teeth were shut tight behind his lips, but just the same I saw it was meant to be a grin. "Okay," he said to me between his teeth. "Okay, Doc."

I WAS thinking about that today, and about the way he stuck with it all last year, how he'd drop into the rubbing room after practice to get a finger taped or a knee patched up—he was built so far from the ground that he took a lot of punishment—and how he would lie there stripped on the rubbing table while I was working the kink out of a lame shoulder, or fixing a Charley horse, and how we would get talking together. You get to know the kids on a squad pretty well when you are a trainer. They tell you things they wouldn't tell their own fathers. And I know Tony was no worse that year than the rest of them.

He was hauled up before the dean a couple of times for fights with the mill-hands from Ashton after a game, and once he had to do some fast talking when he was picked up on the College Turnpike doing over seventy with a few beers under his belt; but I've seen them come and go here at Central for over thirty years, and Tony only did what all the rest did. His father being governor of his home state—Tony never mentioned his father; I learned that from Bill Ridder—and this being his first chance to get away from his own back yard and have some fun for a change, I couldn't blame him. He hung around the beer parlors in Ashton, and played the local talent there some; but mostly he would drive out to the other side of town, to Gus' Midway, and that was how he met Jean Ferriss.

I mean, it's funny now you think of it, considering the things they've been saying about her in the papers, how it was really Jean who kept him out of trouble the whole of that first year in college. I couldn't help but think of that today when I saw her standing in the crowd. She looked different today. Something had happened to her eyes. Her young, pretty face was suddenly older and not so pretty, and there were new lines beside her mouth that seemed to drag at the curves of her lips and make her smile heavy and hard—her laugh had a rasping sound today, different from the soft, warm chuckle that I remembered—but it was her eyes that had changed most. They were empty. She was looking up at Tony with cold, empty eyes.

They had met a year ago, at the Midway, the night that Tony and Bill Ridder and a few of the squad decided to celebrate the windup of the season. It had been a good season, and it was a good celebration. Tony was pretty well under way before the evening was over; his face was flushed, his eyes were glazed, and when he heard the orchestra stop and Jean begin to sing—Gus Ferriss was her uncle, and she sometimes sang at the Midway on nights when there was a crowd—he tilted back his head and joined enthusiastically in the chorus. I saw Jean give him a quick look that was half smile, half scowl, but it had no effect on Tony. He was doing fine, wagging his head and baying off key a little and keeping time with the back of a spoon; and at last I saw Jean hold up her hand. The orchestra stopped so abruptly that Tony carried on alone for a couple of bars, before he caught himself. "Maybe you'd rather come up here in the spotlight," Jean suggested pleasantly, in the sudden silence.

Tony swung round in his chair and blinked at her in surprise. She was beautiful that night, blond hair, and gray eyes, and a spangled dress that clung to the curves of her body as though she had been dipped in silver; and he tried to make his eyes focus. She was beckoning to him with both arms outstretched. "Come on. Where everybody can see you."

HE HAD no choice, of course. His friends were laughing and shoving him to his feet. "You asked for it, Rudy," Bill mocked—and he lurched unsteadily toward the piano, amid the laughter of the crowd, and braced his hands behind him and squinted into the spotlight. He began the next verse alone, a little uncertainly. The room was hot, his head was beginning to thump in rhythm with the orchestra, the revolving spotlight on him changed his face from white to red to blue to green. When the spot changed back to white again, I noticed that Tony's face stayed green. The perspiration stood out in cold drops on his forehead, his voice faltered and broke with a gulp, and he bolted for the door. The crowd howled; but Jean did not laugh. She took up the song where he had quit, finished it calmly, bowed, and when the applause was over she slipped out through the door after him.

She found him at the edge of the gravel parking space, very pale, miserable, ashamed. She loaded him into her own car and drove him back to college without a word. They did not speak until the car halted at the campus gate, and he fumbled for the door handle, his eyes lowered. "Don't say it," he muttered.

"All right."

"I know what it would be."

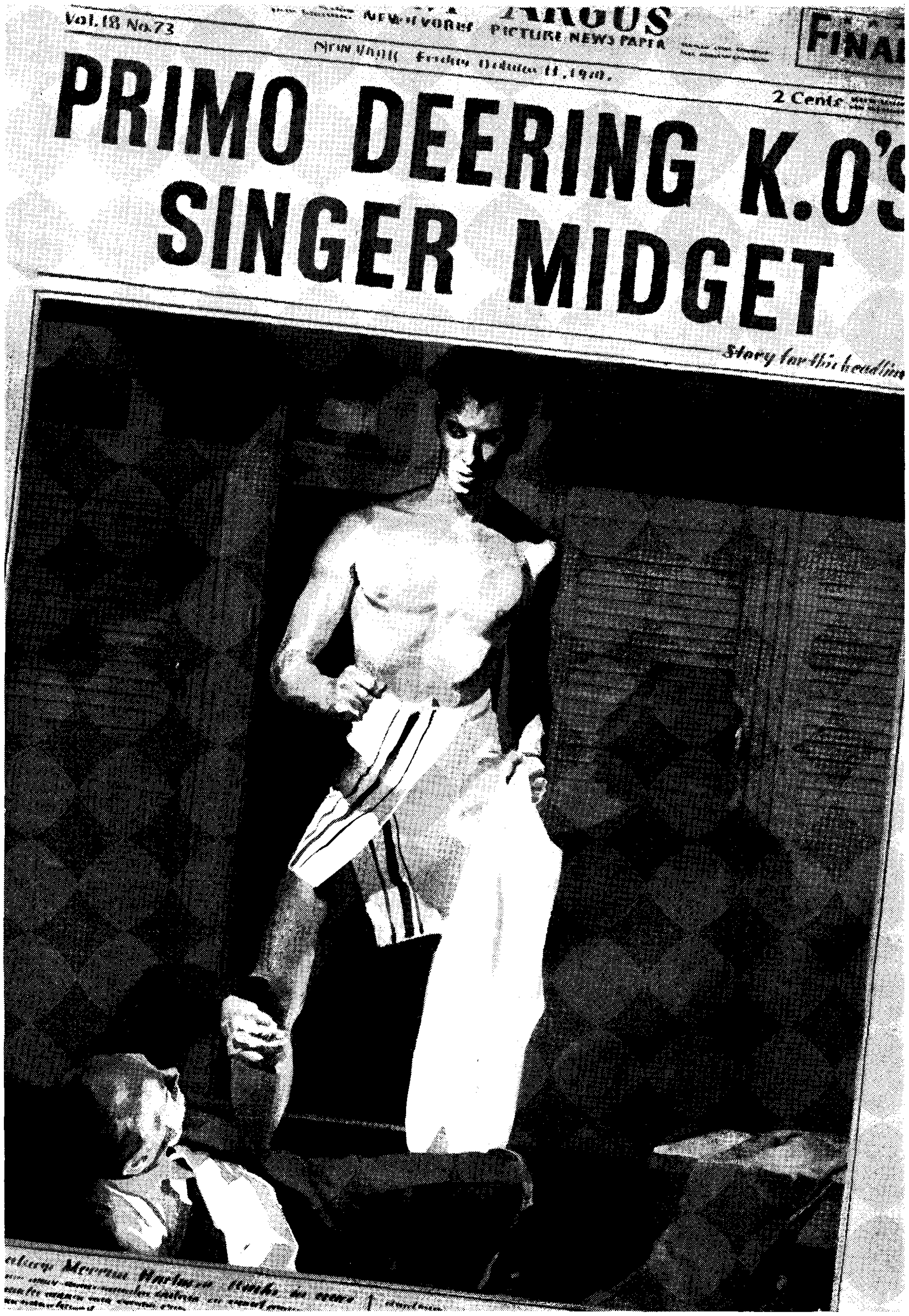
She shrugged. "I won't say it, Tony."

He hesitated, his hand on the door handle, looking at her steady gray eyes. "On second thought," he said slowly, "maybe you better. Maybe I better hear just what you think of me." He released the handle and settled back onto the cushions again.

She said, "It doesn't matter," and shook her head.

"Yes, it does. It means a whole lot to me what you think—"

"You're hurting my hand, Tony," she said; but she made no move to pull it away. They sat together that night for a long time, talking in the dark. They were together a lot of other times, the rest of that year, but they never knew each other any better than they did that night. . . .



TONY went home in June, when college was over. That was the month they held the Liberal convention in Cincinnati, and I remember reading in the papers that Tony was present with his father. The governor was in the papers a lot right then, what with the split in the Liberal party and the frantic search for a compromise candidate who could break the convention deadlock.

Anthony Deering was an old-line politician, a stanch party regular; a typical, pleasant, obliging, cigar-chewing, poker-playing, julep-drinking Southern gentleman who, since his wife's death, had lived alone in the rambling state house with his two sons—Tony and young Chuck—and with his wife's elderly cousin as housekeeper. For eight years he had handled his state's affairs no better and no worse than anyone else; he had offered no opinions, advocated no issues, accomplished nothing in particular, and consequently had made no enemies. They kept him under wraps until the last moment in Cincinnati, trotted him out long after midnight in a smoke-filled room above the convention hall, went downstairs with his name an hour later, woke up the delegates and handed them printed placards, and sent them reeling and howling up the aisles in a thundering, impromptu demonstration that nominated the governor by acclaim to be the next, unless the opposing party should care to make something of it, President of the United States of America by the grace of God. Amen.

I GOT my first intimation of what it meant to Tony when school started up again in the fall. Usually the papers cover the first day of practice with a laconic phone call for the list of players; but today there were a dozen reporters and photographers hanging around the field an hour before the squad appeared, asking questions about Tony, making notes about Tony, rigging their cameras in readiness for Tony. They ganged him when he showed up, of course; and he tried to be obliging. Tony had only been a sub-lineman with the freshman squad last year, and I don't suppose he had his hands on a football a dozen times—most of his time was spent shoving the bucking machine around to get muscles in his legs—but football is football, for the public, and the son of a presidential candidate must be a triple-threat man, at the very least. The men of the regular squad were amused at first, fed up with it after an hour, actively resentful when they were shoved to right and left by the sound-cameramen, and Tony was posed in the center of the group, greeting his teammates—"Great to be back with all you fellows again. I hope Central has a good season"—and shaking hands with the coach. Bo Larsen smiled steadily until the cameras stopped grinding, and then his expression hardened.

"Hereafter, Deering," he said to Tony in a low voice, "you'd better arrange to have your publicity pictures taken some other time. The rest of us are interested in learning to play football. . . ."

The papers kept it up the remainder of the week; and the attitude of the squad changed gradually from resentment to open mutiny. Each day the bulletin board in the locker rooms was decorated anonymously with fresh clippings about Tony from the papers, adding fuel to the flames: "Deering Returns to Central Line-Up." "Tony Dons Togs to Help Team. . . ." "Do they happen to mention anywhere that last year's combination managed to win seven games without Tony?" someone inquired, as the squad clumped back to the showers after practice.

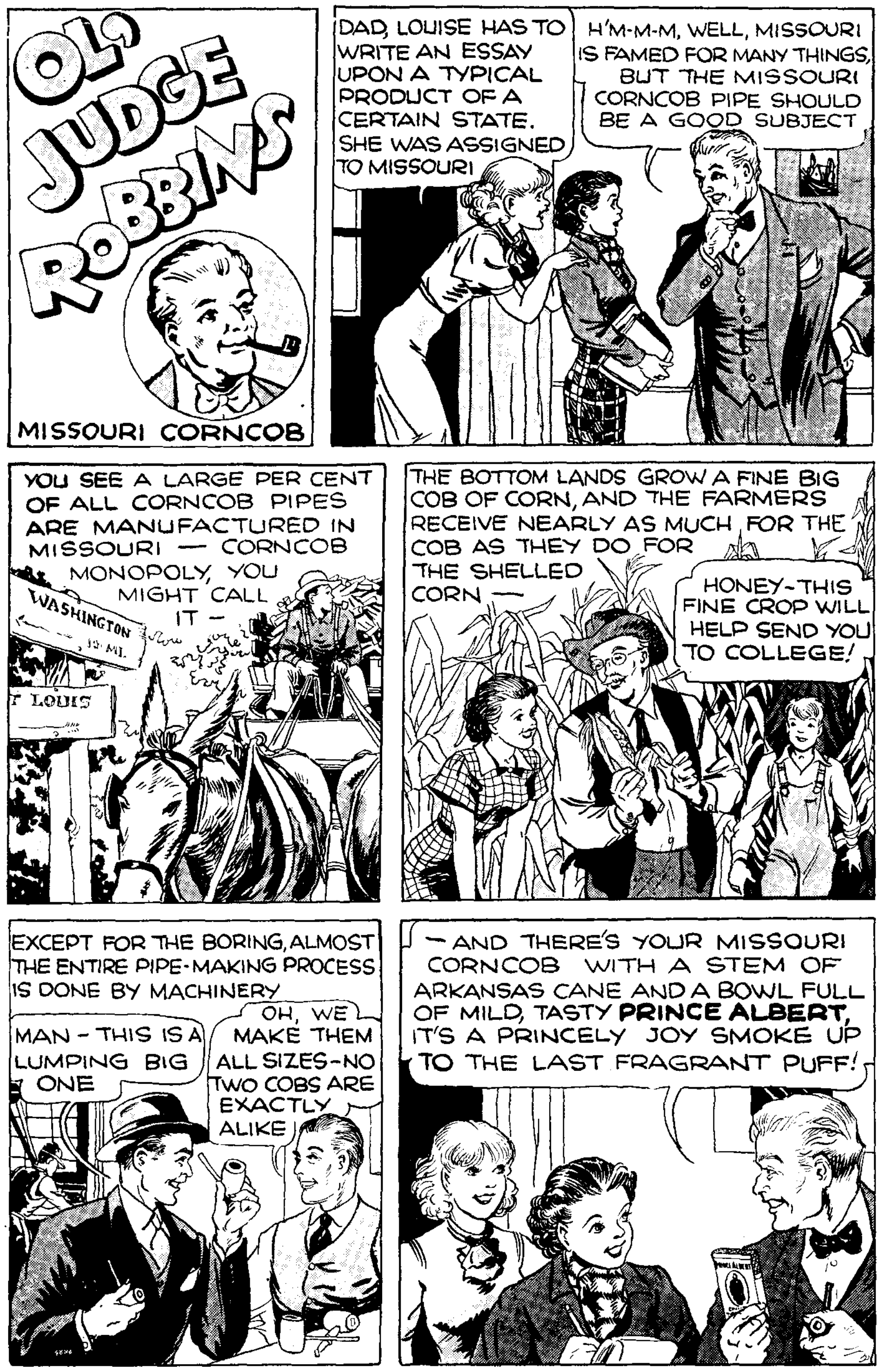
"We can manage again," Bill Ridder grunted, tugging at a muddy football shoe, "without Tony."

Tony strolled out of the showers, running a towel across his glistening back in long diagonal stripes. The rest of the squad shouldered past him without a word.

(Continued on page 62)

"We shall shortly invade the low-priced field with a fine new Chrysler. It will be a big, roomy car that will set new Chrysler standards of performance, economy and comfort"

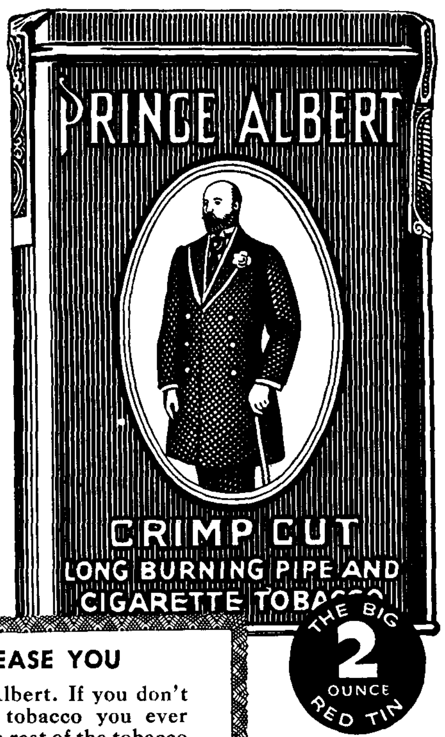
W. P. Chrysler


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
MISSOURI CORNCOB
DAD, LOUISE HAS TO WRITE AN ESSAY UPON A TYPICAL PRODUCT OF A CERTAIN STATE. SHE WAS ASSIGNED TO MISSOURI
H'M-M-M, WELL, MISSOURI IS FAMED FOR MANY THINGS, BUT THE MISSOURI CORNCOB PIPE SHOULD BE A GOOD SUBJECT
YOU SEE A LARGE PER CENT OF ALL CORNCOB PIPES ARE MANUFACTURED IN MISSOURI — CORNCOB MONOPOLY, YOU MIGHT CALL IT —
WASHINGTON 12 MI.
LOUIS
THE BOTTOM LANDS GROW A FINE BIG COB OF CORN, AND THE FARMERS RECEIVE NEARLY AS MUCH FOR THE COB AS THEY DO FOR THE SHELLED CORN —
HONEY-THIS FINE CROP WILL HELP SEND YOU TO COLLEGE!
EXCEPT FOR THE BORING, ALMOST THE ENTIRE PIPE-MAKING PROCESS IS DONE BY MACHINERY
MAN - THIS IS A LUMPING BIG ONE
OH, WE MAKE THEM ALL SIZES-NO TWO COBS ARE EXACTLY ALIKE
— AND THERE'S YOUR MISSOURI CORNCOB WITH A STEM OF ARKANSAS CANE AND A BOWL FULL OF MILD, TASTY PRINCE ALBERT, IT'S A PRINCELY JOY SMOKE UP TO THE LAST FRAGRANT PUFF!

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT!

P. A. is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. So men agree on what's good in a pipe! P. A. uses a scientific "crimp cut" that makes it pack snug and burn cool and sweet. The special P. A. "no-bite" process makes the tobacco mild—easy on the tongue. As for tastiness—gentlemen, just swing back the lid of the big Prince Albert tin and smell that aroma. It tells you that you sure are going to revel in as mild and choice-tasting smoking as any man ever met up with. Satisfaction is guaranteed. See offer below. Prince Albert is grand for roll-your-owns too.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Bow Tamely to Me

Continued from page 8

"I was warned about you," he said wearily. "They told me if Brechnok ever got to your camp I'd have a hard time catching him. I can see it was a good warning. Before I saw you, I was going to take Brechnok no matter what. Now that I've seen you I want only one thing—to prove him innocent."

"I say! Look here. Are you fair?"

"I wasn't at first. I am now. If a man thinks he can pretend to be in love with you he'd better watch out."

She tried to smile, her lips trembling. "So for my sake you'll prove Jim Brechnok innocent? It's not necessary. I know it without proof."

"But his story about robbers won't go. The punkah boy at that dhak bungalow said he was sure it was a white man who did the shooting. They sent for the military police, who were mostly Kachins and Shans and afraid to arrest an Englishman. Brechnok escaped. I don't blame him. The chief court at Rangoon will clear him if I can prove the slug we found in the dead man's body doesn't match with Brechnok's gun."

THE girl was wringing her hands. Cardigan knew that her lover must be very near. Doubtless he was lying doggo in one of those tents near the lathered pony, waiting for a chance to jump for it and escape. He would have had the chance if Cardigan had accepted the girl's invitation to tiffin!

"You have the bullet?" she asked finally. When he nodded she said, "If I get his gun and you prove he's innocent, then—"

"My orders are to take him to Rangoon."

"And being a young lad just out of school and starting your career," she said with a curl of her lip, "you'll think of your duty first."

He was looking at her hard, catching at his breath as if the steaming fragrance of the jungle were smothering him. He answered her with a slow nod.

"And of course you have a family back home in England praying for you, knowing that you'll make good," she said with the same red curl of her lip.

"I have a brother at Eton." As if this settled the matter he turned and walked toward that pony.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said with strange feeling. She raised her voice as he walked farther away. "I suppose your brother thinks you're wonderful, looks up to you as a hero. You wouldn't want him to hear that the first woman you met in the jungles did you in."

Cardigan gave no answer, for he was studying the dust around that pony's hoofs. Soft and dry and without a blade of grass, the dust showed footprints clearly. They led at widely spaced intervals, the print of the ball of the foot and not the heel. The man who had left the horse had run, not walked, toward the furthermost tent of the line. The front flaps were down but the biscuit tins and cases of English water indicated that the tent served as the camp's commissary. The fugitive had gone there, doubtless, to replenish his food kit.

Cardigan had been careful to stay out of range of any hiding place until he got the lay of things. He turned now, following the prints cautiously, his shoulders stiff, his hand reaching for his gun.

He called out steadily, "You may as well pull your horns in, Brechnok. Come out of that tent!"

A shadow fell over him as he spoke. He was vaguely aware of a gasp from the girl behind him, a suppressed sort of gibbering, as if she could not put her words into coherent speech. The Burmese she had learned from the nurses of her childhood before she knew a word of English would come naturally to her in such a crisis.

That is what Cardigan thought, for it was Burmese that she was speaking. Tense, and with feet planted firmly, he felt a tremor in the ground as of a monumental weight padding rhythmically. The same tenseness, as he watched for a gunshot from the tent ahead of him, delayed his turning. When he turned he saw a vast smudge of blackness against the air.

That elephant—the old and sagacious one which the girl had ordered her herders to leave with her—lumbered up to him, reached out a trunk and curled it easily about his waist.

Cardigan groaned, aghast at the simplicity of the gesture, the gentleness of it, the circling bond which seemed soft although it was as hard as teak.

"Don't be afraid," the girl laughed softly. "Just drop your gun and I'll tell old Earth Shaker to let you go."

Cardigan's jaw, which was sagging idiotically, tightened. He clutched his gun until his knuckles turned white. He tried to stand up straight—a difficult procedure for, to his surprise, he found his feet were standing not on the ground but dangling helplessly just above the dust.

"Earth Shaker doesn't like guns," the girl said steadily. "He knows a gun a furlong away. Better take my advice. Or shall I tell him to squeeze a bit?"

"No!" he moaned.

"Hadn't you better drop it?"

His eyes glared wildly. "Go ahead, damn you, do what you want!"

The girl's face beamed gloriously. "I like the way you're taking it, little boy. Your young brother will repeat that speech when all is said."

He could hardly see now because his eyes were swimming dizzily as if that two inches of air under his heels were a great height. He was only dimly aware of the khaki-clad figure of a man standing against the khaki tent, laughing.

HE TRIED to squirm his arm a fraction of an inch. He tried to twist his hand so that he could throw just one shot in the direction of that sardonic laughter. The bond loosened to his surprise, his elbow shot out free, but as he started to squeeze the trigger the trunk's mottled lips closed over his wrist, sucking it, ruminating like a cow.

The gun clattered to the ground.

Swung with a strange measured sort of violence through the air, he was flayed against the earth, his spine, his neck, his skull crashing in that one thud—that was his reasonable calculation. But he could not reason very well. Actually he landed as gently in the hot dust as if it were a feather mattress.

As he got groggily to his hands and knees he heard the girl ordering her bomos to pack up a kit, to saddle another horse—her father's best, she specified. He heard her order guns and ammunition—a nine-millimeter Luger and a high-calibered tiger rifle.

"You better leave that silly contraption of yours, Jim," Cardigan heard her say. "You don't want to be loaded down with an arsenal."

Cardigan sat there, trying to integrate the dancing and roving shadows into human forms—the slim body of a girl, a slight-framed man with the profile of a statue.

"What do you want my gun for?" Jim Brechnok exclaimed.

Bomo Gwen did not answer until they had faced each other a long time.

"What do you suspect, Jim?"

"Nothing. I just wondered why you'd want to trade guns. Mine's a good one. Leave the Luger out of the kit." Feverishly he strapped on his canteen. A groom brought him the horse, saddled and ready.

"You're being rather silly, Jim. I wanted your gun so I could prove to that young man over there that you're innocent."

Cardigan tried to get up but he found himself on his knees again.

"Confound it all, how can you prove me innocent with this gun?" Brechnok was saying. "They're going to get someone for that murder and they chose me."

"Better not stay here and talk, Jim. I can't hold a forest officer prisoner very long. And when he follows you, take my warning. He has a real head on him. I've got his gun but that won't stop him. Look at his shoulders—"

Cardigan had tightened again, foolishly hoping that he could get up. One leap, a sprint, and he might reach Brechnok's throat.

BRECHNOK had turned on him, squinting uncertainly. "There's something to what you say, Gwen," he remarked slowly. "Very good shoulders. Topping!" Just as slowly his hand went to his hip.

The girl screamed. "Jim! In God's name, you aren't going to shoot him when he can't fight back!"

"Get out of my way!" Brechnok snapped at her. "I'm not going to kill him. I'll just leave him here for you to nurse—and talk to."

Cardigan leaped to his feet as the gun roared. The lead burned through his arm and zipped on into the black wall of hide in the background.

The wall of hide quaked as the bullet lodged in a thick fold above the elephant's knee.

Instantly the tall grass sprouted with the plaited sun hats of the drivers—like a sudden crop of mushrooms after a rain.

They all gaped. They saw one of the white sahibs mounting his horse and casually jogging off with his pack animal tailing behind him. The other sahib was clutching a bleeding arm.

What happened then was beyond their comprehension. Even Bomo Gwen could not understand it. When she ran to help the wounded man he thrust her away and turned in a sort of daze toward the big beast who had been acting as his jailer. The beast's ears were flapping like punkahs and he was making that funny chirruping sound which is the signal an elephant is going to bolt. But he stuck to his post and stood rubbing one leg against the other, picking at his knee with the lip of his trunk. It worried him a little—as one will be worried by a small pebble that sticks to a calloused knee after a fall.

Cardigan stared at him bewildered, then for some harebrained reason he staggered directly toward him as if he were blind. He reached him, groping, shoved the trunk out of the way, then yanked out his knife.

Bomo Gwen gasped. She wondered if the wounded man had gone mad. She knew the elephant would not hurt him, but how did Cardigan know it? A few moments before, he had been swung helpless in the air by that brute, and yet here he was now, leaning against the giant leg, poking at it with a knife as if he were carving his initials in a tree trunk!

Evidently he had guessed that the old elephant would be thankful if he dug that slug of lead out of his hide, but it took a certain brand of defiant courage to find out whether his guess was right.

He got the slug out.

Bomo Gwen laughed in admiration. "I say! You aren't such a bad judge of elephants after all!"

He turned his stony, gray face to her and tried to answer. She caught him in her arms as he fainted.

He was in her tent when he came to and she was dressing his wound with the help of a very old bomo. The latter, diagnosing the sahib's wound as insignificant and that he had fainted from a pigeon heart, prescribed the roots of certain shrubs.

"You can feed that to nervous elephants," Bomo Gwen said. "This man doesn't need it." She used her own remedy to wash the wound—vinegar and wild peppers and gunpowder. She gave him a drink of whisky and when he asked for water she brought some in a tin cup from the filter. He told her he wanted it in a whisky glass. He, like the bomo, seemed to have medical superstitions of his own.

When the glass was brought, he took out the slug he had dug from the elephant's hide and told the girl to hold it in the light while he put the whisky glass against it, magnifying the striations in the lead. He fumbled for another slug—the one which had caused the death of Brechnok's partner.

"They were fired by the same gun," he said, looking up at the girl.

Her face was like chalk. She said nothing until Cardigan started to struggle up.

"What are you doing?"

"Going for my horse."

"Don't be a fool."

"A cut in my arm won't stop me from getting Brechnok. You and your dashed elephants won't either."

"Brechnok will kill you!"

"Oh, you're worrying about that now?" he grunted.

She looked at him. "How can you get him if you haven't a gun?"

"That's the trouble," he admitted cautiously. "Without a gun I can't take him alive. It's got to be a showdown now. I shall have to take my first chance and do him in. A knife perhaps. I can't give him any quarter—not with my arm in a sling. It won't be cricket exactly. I shall have to kill him."

"If you had a gun, what do you mean—you'd take him alive?"

"It won't be any feather in my cap when I'm sent to arrest a man and have to kill him first. He's supposed to be a white man, you know." He said this, grinning. "And it was only an Indian he murdered. I'd like to do it right. But I shall have to take him to Rangoon and tell them, 'I'd have brought him in alive, but Bomo Gwen stole my gun, so I took no risks.'"

BOMO GWEN thought a long time. "If I gave it back to you—"

"Listen to me!" he burst out eagerly. "Can't you see what I'd do if I had a gun? I'd hold him up. He wouldn't fight. He's not the sort; we've both found out. He didn't dare come out of the tent and sneak off in the grass while I was armed. He'd turn yellow and throw up his hands. I wouldn't have to hurt him."

Bomo Gwen called out to one of her riders. She spoke rapidly and in some twist of dialect which Cardigan could not make out. He caught a word or two of the Burmese—something about a gun, and something about ammunition.

The rider came back, his slippers flapping softly in the dust. He handed the girl a gun and she faced Cardigan.

"If Jim Brechnok is coward enough to give up at the sight of this, I'm satisfied," she said, putting the weapon—his own—into his hand.

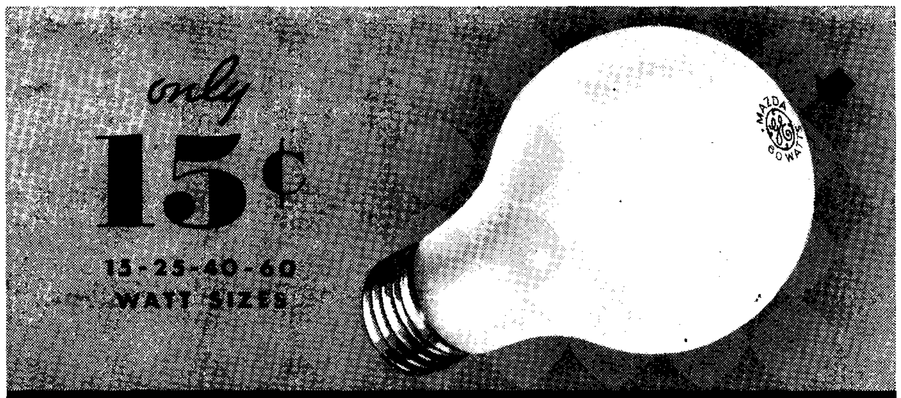
She said it so coolly that he paused before rushing for his horse. His eyes darted to hers, then to a bomo who was hurriedly rifling his saddlebags and slinking away. His purpose unquestionably was to appropriate any boxes of ammunition he could find. Cardigan

(Continued on page 30)

Mom's wise now!

Mom used to tell me to bring home some 60-watt bulbs. Now she always says, "Be sure to get 60-watt Edison MAZDA lamps." She's wise now! She has learned that good lamps like these *Stay Brighter Longer* than inferior bulbs. They don't waste electricity. So now when I go to the store for lamps, I always look for the trade-mark GE on the bulb.

LAMPS WITH THIS MARK *stay brighter longer*



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I got the Thrill of a Lafftime

By Milton Berle

"Public Comedian No. 1" and Star of Radio's "Original Community Sing"

EVERYONE'S been telling me for years that my jokes have whiskers, so I decided to visit the Gillette factory in Boston and see what could be done about it.

What I saw there gave me the thrill of a lafftime. I was amazed at the maze of machinery used in making Gillette Blades. I saw batteries of 4-ton sharpeners, electric furnaces, machines that actually see through steel, more wheels than there are in a comedian's head, all going 'round and 'round.

"What! All this to turn out a little razor blade?" I asked. "Give me this plant for a week and I'll build you a Queen Mary."

Imagine, millions of dollars' worth of equipment to produce a shaving edge so sharp you can't even see it through a microscope! But, at least, after seeing how Gillette Blades are made, I can't see using anything else. They're on my shaving program to stay—and boy, do they give a smooth performance!

As a matter of fact, I started using Gillette Blades when I was a little shaver. Once a would-be friend induced me to switch. "Get smart," he said, "you can save the price of a Kazoo by buying Ripsaw Blades."

His advice made me smart, all right. My face was sore as a Berle. Life was just one scrape after another. So I murdered my friend and went back to Gillette Blades.

A razor blade's success, like a professional funnyman's, is reflected in the audience's face. If it can leave its audience smiling, it's a hit. For real shaving pleasure, tune in on Gillette Blades. Yes, and tune us in Sunday nights on our forty five minute radio show. Like a Gillette Blade, we promise you "Never a Dull Moment!"

* * *

In his own amusing way, Milton Berle has told you what he saw on his recent visit to the Gillette factory. Like Graham McNamee, Frank Buck, "Bugs" Baer and other famous men, he agrees that the Gillette Blade is the finest science can produce. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and get a new thrill in shaving. You will be surprised how easily the Gillette Blade whisks off stubborn whiskers without pull or irritation.

With these facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Insist on Gillette Blades.

Smile with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program CBS network Coast to Coast — Sunday night — 10 P. M. E. S. T.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from page 29)

broke open the gun in his hand and found it empty.

"I seem to have come another cropper," he said, grinning.

"It's what you wanted," she said, returning the grin. "All you need is to show yourself with a gun in your hand—and the arrest is made. Those were your own words. Now go and prove it."

He turned back to the cot, searching. His eyes, frustrated and glittering, darted about the whole tent.

"Is there anything else?" she asked.

"You took my holster when I was on the cot."

The holster was brought. The cartridges in the belt, needless to say, had been removed.

"At least," she said sympathetically, "your department and your brother won't ever hear how Bomo Gwen took your gun away from you."

"But there's one thing else. Sorry to be such a nuisance. But you see I can't prove my case against Brechnok unless I have those two slugs."

She smiled and once again called to a rider.

"Yes, of course," she said as they waited. "They're the complete proof, aren't they?"

"Quite. The striations in the lead, you know."

THE bomo came back and handed his mistress a shapeless nugget of lead.

"Here they are," she said. "I had them melted into one piece. You won't be so apt to lose them this way."

There was no change of expression on Cardigan's face. He wanted to say that he had come another good cropper, but it would have been superfluous. The girl's words to one of her elephants throbbed in his skull:

"Bow down tamely to me!"

But he only said, "Thanks. I'll treasure this lead nugget. I'll wear it as a fob. It'll always remind me of a girl who fought to the last ditch to save her lover. You've put up a heroic fight."

"So have you."

Bomo Gwen watched him until he rode into the belt of timber at the edge of the clearing. She felt as if she had been in a physical combat with him, both wrestling with the last ounce of their strength in their bodies pitted against each other. She felt as if, considering valor alone, he could have overpowered her, but in resourcefulness he was not quite her equal. She rather wished he had not been so easy. He might have been perfect.

She saw him come out of the timber where the belt sloped up to the bald scarp of a hill. Up there, she realized, he could see the countryside for miles around. Everywhere at this season the dust in the trails was hock deep, and Cardigan obviously was looking for Brechnok's dust cloud.

A vague dread chafed and pricked at the girl's mind. The fight was not yet finished. Brechnok would not know that his pursuer was bluffing. Overtaken in the jungle and held up at the point of a gun he might do just as Cardigan prophesied, and give up.

She ordered a bomo to saddle a horse and ride after Brechnok. He could reach him ahead of Cardigan, for the girl knew the route he had chosen. Cardigan would be delayed taking the high rides so he could watch the fugitive's dust.

Shortly after Cardigan topped the crest Bomo Gwen saw the rich woolly smoke of a fire drifting into the hot sky.

For what remote reason in the world would Cardigan stop to build a fire! She watched the white whorls mounting and fading above the hill, until her curiosity won out.

Cardigan did not seem surprised to see her on a pony loping toward him. He took time enough to put the fire out, for the whole jungle, thirsty for the rains, was tinder. Then when she was but a furlong away he tightened the girth of his horse, mounted and dove into the scrub jungle.

She followed at a good gait, overtaking him when they broke out of the scrub on an open plain.

He reined in just enough for her to catch up. "Riding with me?"

"I just wanted to tell you one thing more," she said, pressing up until they were stirrup to stirrup.

"Mind if we keep going?"

They both spurred their horses.

"It's only fair to warn you," she said. "I sent a herder to tell Brechnok that you're bluffing. Brechnok will laugh at you—and kill you."

The only change on Cardigan's face was a slight flicker at the corner of his mouth. "I'm sorry you did that. It takes the gamble out. It's a sure thing now—with hopeless odds."

Bomo Gwen pleaded. "Can't you understand, I made up my mind to save Brechnok no matter what? He may be guilty, but I'm not going to let you catch him. Don't be a fool. You're beaten. Are you determined to throw your life away?"

"Not a bit. It's Brechnok who has the hopeless odds. I'm afraid you're the one who's come a cropper this time." He announced it calmly: "Brechnok better not laugh too long before he draws, for he'll be facing a loaded gun."

The girl jerked her eyes to him as they loped. "What'd you say?"

"I managed to sneak a little of that powder you used in washing my wound."

She tried to laugh. "You're going to scare him with a flash of powder?" Her heart began to pound.

"That nugget of lead you gave me—the luck piece—will come in handy."

"Oh, yes!" she snorted. "I suppose it'll just fit into your gun? Rather too easy, I'd say."

"Easy enough to melt it in a bamboo mold. I had the whole jungle to choose the right size of bamboo."

The girl's knees stiffened as she straightened back in her saddle, drawing her horse's head up. Her heart pumped, the blood surging to her head, throbbing murderously in her ears. She could not think. Rationally, she knew the boy was lying. He had no percussion cap. He had no chlorate of potash or any other priming material. He might use the flint from a cigarette lighter, but he had an automatic, not a muzzle-loader. But these uncertainties did not help her. Abruptly she wheeled her horse on its hind legs and crashed through the scrub.

SHE headed down through the valleys, riding for hours. She knew Cardigan was hard on her trail, for she heard the thud of his horse's feet and saw the yellow dust churned up in the open spaces. It occurred to her that he had tricked her quite thoroughly. Even if he had not loaded his gun, at least he had found a very convenient way of riding straight to Brechnok. He had frightened the girl enough so that she was actually leading him by the shortest route to his prey! Could that have been the trick—the reason for that fire?

She could not take a chance. Brechnok must be warned. He knew something about guns, but, thinking of this, the girl realized Cardigan knew something about them, too. He might have been a dunce when it came to elephants, but this was a matter of his own stock in trade. . . .

It happened at sunset when the quick shadows were welling in a deeply timbered knoll.

"Put your hands up, Brechnok!"

Cardigan had crept behind a rock and thrust the bore of his gun through a crevice. The fugitive, watering his horse, stood on the open six-foot width of river mud. At his side was a frail, white-faced wraith—Bomo Gwen.

"Put up your own hands, Cardigan," Brechnok said, chuckling. Casually and without the slightest haste, his fingers crept to his holster. It was too late to use his rifle, for Cardigan, having tethered his horse somewhere, had crept through the brush like a jackal, until he was at close range.

"I didn't come here to be laughed at by you two," Cardigan said in deadly earnest. "Better not touch your holster, Brechnok."

Brechnok's laughter turned brittle and hard. "You tricked the girl very thoroughly, Cardigan. If she hadn't led you right here, I doubt if you'd have caught up with me before nightfall. You can thank her for that. I forgive her—since she's only a woman."

"I wanted to take you alive, Brechnok. But if you insist on talking, I'll shoot."

"With what?" Brechnok laughed.

"This automatic," Cardigan called back. "Which I've turned into a flintlock."

BRECHNOK brayed with laughter. "Bomo Gwen asked me how it could be done. She felt rather foolish when I told her it couldn't."

"I'll say one thing before I fire, Brechnok." The girl saw Cardigan's face hard and desperate and harsh-lined as if photographed with too much light. If he was bluffing, he was magnificent. He spoke with fearful persuasion: "A firing pin can be removed without tools, Brechnok. Which gives a straight hole from the face of the hammer to the chamber—"

"And with burning powder flying in all directions if you attempt to fire," the other said in a tight voice. His hand was on his gun now. "It's a hundred to one you're lying!"

"Better not take that one chance!"

This time Brechnok did not answer. He stared tensely at that tiny black bore leveled at him, hypnotizing him. Yes, there was the one remote chance that this fantastic yarn was true, that that little gun bore was filled with death. His face went ashen, blobs of sweat burst on his forehead, his lips trembled.

And then his hands went up.

Bomo Gwen's face was a complacent mask as she watched. Cardigan had leaped across the mud and was rifling the prisoner's pockets.

He drew out a bag of emeralds.

"This will be proof enough, I expect, without those slugs," he said.

Brechnok stood resigned, but he muttered under his breath, "Are you going to let him make monkeys out of both of us! Do something, Gwen, for God's sake—my rifle!"

Bomo Gwen shook her head slowly. "You had a hundred chances to one and you were afraid of the odds. He wasn't." She turned and faced Cardigan, her eyes shining softly. "I think you deserve to win on that."

She noticed that he had holstered his own gun and had used Brechnok's to make the arrest. The point struck her as very significant. "I suppose you're saving that magic slug for a luck piece, just as you said?"

Cardigan's hand went to his pocket and he produced the slug, opening his palm so that they could both see it.

It was not molded into the size of a gun bore. It was still the shapeless nugget, just as it was when the girl had given it to him.

"It's served its purpose and I don't want ever to see it again," he said. "It would only remind me that you and I were once deadly enemies. I want to forget it."

"So do I," Bomo Gwen said as he hurled it far off into the mud of the river.

DIARY
OCT. 1, 1936
Woke up feeling rotten. Head aching. No pep. Ready to crown my husband, poor dear. But he mixed me 2 teaspoons-ful of Sal Hepatica and....

OCT. 1, 1936
Now everything's lovely. I feel grand— thanks to Sal Hepatica, the mineral salt laxative that combats acidity.... and my bad disposition, too!

Be modern! Use the laxative that COMBATS ACIDITY, too!

When you get up on the wrong side of the bed and wouldn't give two cents for the best the universe offers, it's no time for half-way tactics.

And that's all an ordinary laxative is—just a half-way measure. For, though an ordinary laxative cleanses your system, it is not designed to combat the acidity that usually accompanies constipation. And as long as that acidity hangs on, you *can't* feel your best.

But try Sal Hepatica. This bubbling mineral salt laxative does, not one, but two important things for you:

(1) **Sal Hepatica cleanses the system —quickly, gently, thoroughly.**

(2) **Sal Hepatica combats acidity.**

Yes, while Sal Hepatica rids the system of wastes, it brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction to help you return to a healthy alkaline reserve.

Soon you're a new person. Clear headed. Better spirits. Get Sal Hepatica today. Since Sal Hepatica works in natural ways, it isn't irritating, habit-forming.

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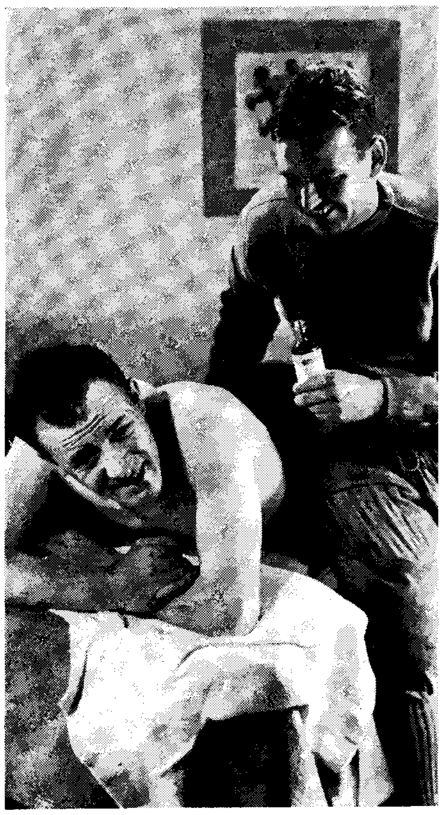


WHILE coaching his team, H.P.*, of Detroit, accidentally sprained his back and suffered acute pain.

Ordinarily a man would be laid up for days. But not H.P. A great user of Absorbine Jr. to relieve bruises, pain and strain for his athletes, he had his own medicine rubbed on his back. Absorbine Jr. soon had him feeling fit and limber.

He also finds Absorbine Jr. excellent as an antiseptic dressing for cuts.

Make Absorbine Jr. your own family liniment. For relieving sore muscles, strains, sprains, muscular rheumatic aches and pains, this famous old remedy carries the highest recommendations of many doctors, nurses and athletic trainers. Famous, too, for destroying the fungus of Athlete's Foot.

Ask your druggist today for Absorbine Jr. You'll find it thrifty to use; a little goes so far. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

The Hoodoo Bonus

Continued from page 19

sight. Naturally, she could not remember anything after the spirits left her.

Zurline said goodby and started up the road. The morning was half spent. Perhaps, if she put in a few more hours praying, it might help to stop Fletch and that high-yellow girl he was taking with him to Forth Worth. Zurline hurried through the pasture.

As she went from the turnrow to the bayou path she almost dropped in her tracks. For there, walking lazily along, was Fletch, himself!

"Fletch!" She ran toward him. "You ain't goin' to Texas?"

"Who, me?" demanded Fletch. "How come I'm not to go to Texas?"

"You mean," Zurline persisted, "you ain't fixin' to go?"

"Naw, fool," Fletch stated. "I likes whar I'm is, and I don't see no p'int in goin' away f'm whar you likes hit."

ZURLINE looked at him appraisingly. He was dressed in old patched overalls and heavy plow shoes, just like any other not-too-prosperous field hand. He certainly did not look like a man who had a pair of bonuses from Uncle Sam. But Zurline decided to take a chance.

"You don't love me no mo', Fletch?" she pleaded.

"Cou'se I don't love you no mo'," Fletch declared ungallantly. "You runned off and quit me, one time—"

"I was jest a fool," Zurline confessed. "I was a young gal—"

"You ain't de onliest gal ever runned off and quit me," Fletch went on. "But hit ain't no one lady ever runned off and quit me mo'n jest one time each. And dat's 'cause dey ain't gonter git a chanct to run off and quit me twice."

"Aw, Fletch, honey—"

"When I comed f'm de draft," Fletch reminded her, "ev'y gal on de place was makin' a fuss around me. I thought dat was mighty good. But I was a fool. Dey wa'n't runnin' after me. Dey was runnin' after dat big suit er O. D.'s I was wearin'."

"I loved you good, Fletch," Zurline pouted.

"Nawp," said Fletch firmly. "Dat O. D. unyfawn cotched yo' eye, and you runned after me ontwell you found out hit wan't made outn nothin' but cloth, same as any yuther clothes. And den you quit me.

"And now," he straightened and squared his shoulders, "you and ev'y yuther lady on de place is runnin' around me some mo'! How come? 'Cause you loves me?"

"I loves you," Zurline insisted.

"You loves dat big bonus Uncle Sam sont me for onloadin' dem ships at Bawdoo."

THE truth made Zurline angry. "Humph," she snorted. "You ain't got no bonuses. And efn you did, hit'd be wuth a heap mo'n seven hund'ed dollars to put up wid you."

"I'm is got my bonuses," Fletch told her. "And hit's seventeen hund'ed dollars. And you ain't got to worry about havin' to put up wid me. On account er you nor no yuther lady gonter git me to put up wid."

Fletch strutted off.

Zurline was so mad she almost broke out in a blaze. But that wasn't doing her any good and she knew if she were to get any of that bonus money she would have to be practical.

As most people on the plantation did when they needed advice, Zurline turned toward the Widow Duck's cabin.

The Widow Duck was the wise counselor of everybody from the lowliest field hand to the foreman. She was past sixty, weighed two hundred pounds and was smart as a mule.

When Zurline arrived, the Widow Duck was sitting on her porch rocking merrily and singing:

"Now, le's all rise together
And face de risin' sun,
Oh, Lawd, have mercy, kindly please."

Zurline waited respectfully until the song was ended. "Is dat a true hymn, Mis' Duck?" she asked. "Do hit put mo' stuff on de prayin' efn you faces de risin' sun?"

The Widow Duck wrinkled her old face. "How come you ax about prayin'?"

Zurline fidgeted. "I jest axed," she said. "I figgered I might do me a little prayin', sometime."

"Humph!" snorted the Widow Duck. "Befo' yo' cotton will grow you got to clean de grass out, ain't you?"

"Sho, but—"

"Same way wid prayin'," the Widow Duck said. "You git out and clean up yo' soul and den start tawkin' 'bout prayin'. Yo' soul is plum full er mens and gimme-gimme. Clean dat out like hit was Johnson grass in yo' field, and den maybe I'll tell you somethin' 'bout prayin'."

Zurline pouted. "But, Mis' Duck, I'm sorter up agin hit. Hit's about Fletch," she went on. "I and him used to be married up."

"And you runned off and quit him," the Widow Duck reminded her. "Dat wa'n't right. Fletch is a good man, and you's a fool."

"Yas'm," Zurline admitted. "But I ain't no fool no more. I wants him back."

The Widow Duck shook her head. "Hit don't sound right," she declared. "How come you wants Fletch back?"

Zurline found it difficult to explain. She was, she said, not a young girl any more and was sort of getting settled in her mind. "And Fletch was my first husband," she added. "I didn't had no true love for him, but I loved him purty good."

"Dat sound mighty sweet," the Widow Duck said heartily. "When a bayou-wawkin' sinner like you starts tawkin' 'bout lovin' a man like Fletch, even a little bit, hit sound sweet to me. And de Lawd'll like hit, too, I bet."

Zurline was hopeful. "You means," she asked, "you fixin' to git Fletch back for me?"

"Nawp," said the Widow Duck. "I means de tawk 'bout you wantin' to settle down wid Fletch cleans a heap er Johnson grass outn yo' soul. And now, you kin start tawkin' 'bout prayin'."

"Aw," said Zurline.

"Prayin'," the Widow Duck went on, "is mighty nice. You kin ax de Lawd for anything you wants."

"And de Lawd'll give hit to you?"

"Not always. But hit's a pleasure to ax for somethin', and not have somebody say right back in yo' face, 'Naw, you can't have hit.'"

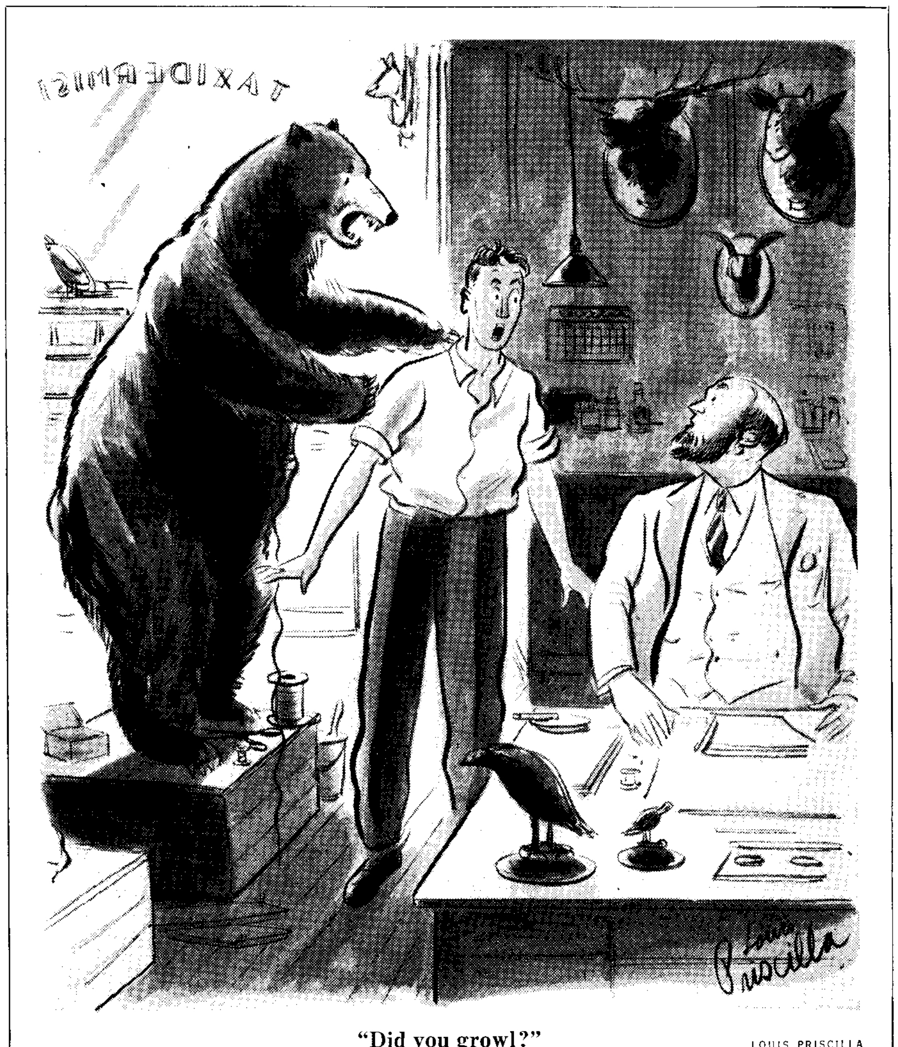
ZURLINE was disappointed, but she felt that the Widow Duck and the Lord might be considerable help.

"Maybe," she suggested, "efn I went home and prayed right hard and den you tawked to Fletch—"

"Maybe," agreed the Widow Duck. "But, remember, you got to have a clean hand and a pyore heart."

Zurline went home. She prayed confidently and with a certain smugness. It was nice to ask the Lord to send Fletch back. Fletch had refused bluntly. But the Lord hadn't.

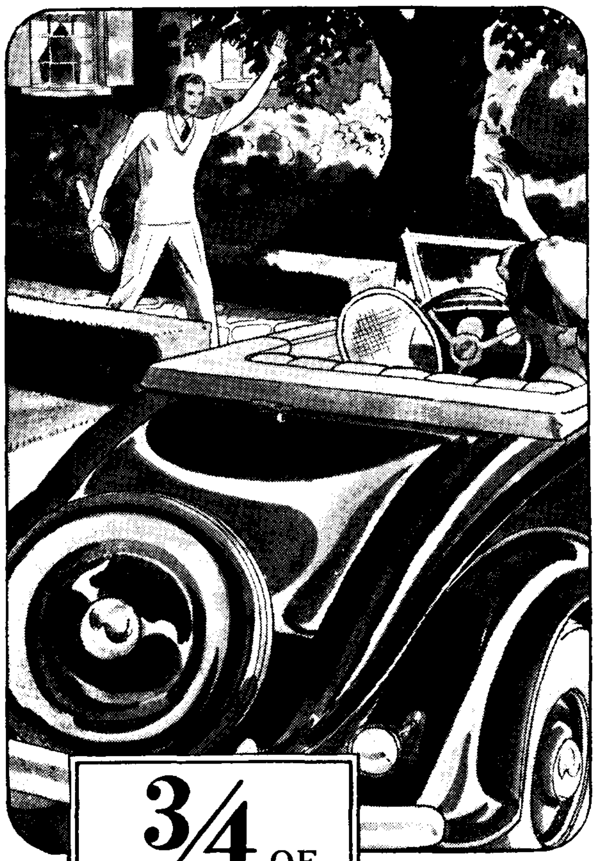
(*Continued on page 34*)



"Did you growl?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

IT'S *Starting*—NOT MILEAGE—THAT WEARS OUT YOUR ENGINE



3/4 OF ENGINE WEAR IS CAUSED BY STARTING

A FOREST RANGER *covers many miles of tough roads every day—but your constant daily starting gives an engine even more of a beating! Unless your motor oil is fast-flowing, every time you step on the starter, over 100 closely fitting parts in your engine grate together . . . run "dry" of lubrication. That's what wears out your engine . . . that's why your oil must flow fast!*

New Fast-Flowing Oil Checks Starting Wear

IT'S your constant daily starting that causes engine wear . . . not the mileage you put on your car.

Automotive engineers state that approximately ¾ of engine wear occurs in the starting period.

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But after your engine has become completely warmed up, you need a different quality in your motor oil. You need a motor oil that is TOUGH . . . an oil that will hold its body under high temperature heat and resist breaking down into wasteful sludge and carbon.

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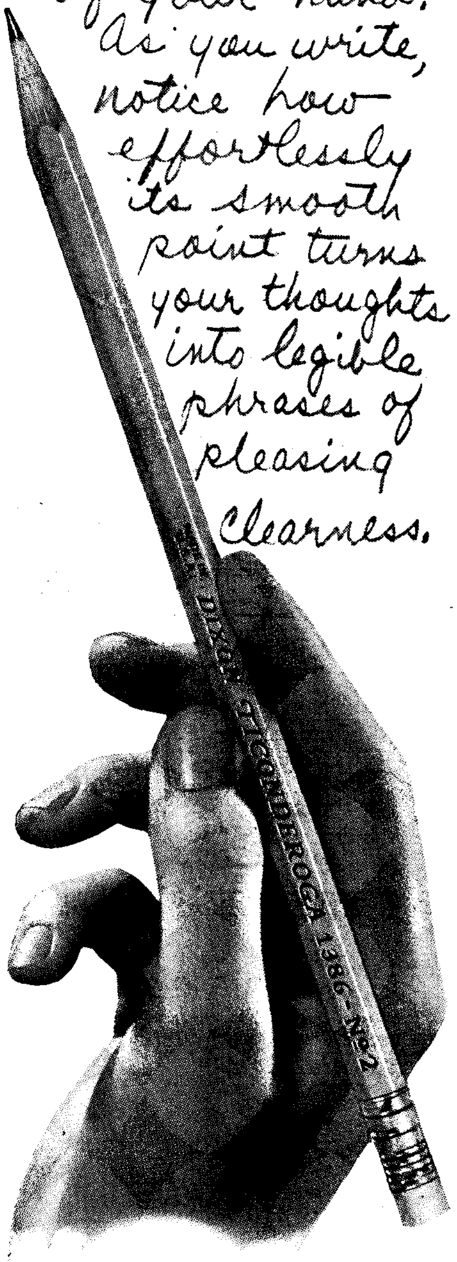

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Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, Department 52-J10-2, Jersey City, N. J. Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

(Continued from page 32)

As the situation turned itself over in her mind, Zurline finally decided the affair settled down to a contest between Modom Aw-Bear and the Widow Duck, with the hoodoos on one side and the Lord on the other. Zurline had caught Modom Aw-Bear in a lie, and nobody had ever caught the Widow Duck in anything that even approached deception.

"Come on, Lawd," prayed Zurline. "Hit's You and Mis' Duck agin de hoodoos and strumpets." She snapped her fingers. "You knows who gonter win!"

She felt perfectly confident, now; and with her battle won, she saw no further need for prayer. She came out on the porch to await fulfillment. She felt pretty godly about the whole thing. When Betsy, the foreman's wife, came by, Zurline passed the word that she was "gittin' right wid de Lawd."

"I'll believe dat," Betsy stated skeptically, "when I hyars you shoutin'."

The news got about rapidly. Before long, Play Mamma and Mamie T called on Zurline.

"We'll all jine up in de partners," Play Mamma suggested. "I and Mamie T will pull wid de hoodoo, and you pull wid de Lawd, and den, no matter who git him, we'll all split hit up, three ways."

"You means," Zurline corrected, "y'all know I got Fletch, might' nigh, right now, so y'all gonter let me split wid you, hunh?"

PLAY MAMMA would not admit that. "Modom Aw-Bear," she argued, "is humpin' herse'f mighty hard, too. She th'owin' fits all over de place, and foamin' at de mouf and tawkin' wid de sperrits. And I and Mamie T is burnin' lamps and prayin' mighty hard."

"Go 'long," Zurline ordered. "I won't give y'all a thin dime. Git away f'm my house, anyhow. Hit ain't no good to have sinners like y'all hangin' 'round when I'm bein' godly."

There was a brief, vitriolic exchange of observations on each other's character and ancestry, and the women parted, definitely enemies.

Zurline sat back and enjoyed life, for a while. In her mind, she bought herself a T-model, some red dresses and high-heel shoes. She even allowed Fletch a few nickels to buy sardine fishes in cans. With a huge wave of generosity, she toyed with the idea of being married up with Fletch long enough to get his present crop gathered and sold, and that money spent, too. "Fletch ain't too bad," she mused. "A lady c'd put up wid him to fall, efn she put her mind to hit."

When the sun was almost set, she saw Fletch coming down the bayou path. His gait was slow and jerky, as though he were being compelled to go somewhere against his will.

"I bet de Lawd got him right by de nose," she observed. "Leadin' him right straight back to me. Come on, Fletch! Pull hard, Lawd!"

When Fletch reached her yard gate, Zurline closed her eyes. Victory!

When she opened them, he had passed by and was still walking with those protesting steps.

"You, Fletch!"

He jumped as if he'd been shot. "Shet up yellin' at me, fool," he growled. "I got plenty troubles widout you scarin' de thunder outn me."

"Whar you goin'?" Zurline demanded.

"To Play Mamma's house," Fletch said.

"How come?"

"'Cause I can't he'p it," he explained bitterly. "Her and Mamie T is hoodooin' de fire outn me, wid a lamp."

"Fool!" Zurline screeched. "I'm prayin' at you, natchal, straight twarge de Lawd."

"I knows dat, too," Fletch stated. "And hit's pullin' me, too. But de hoodoo is pullin' de hardest. Hit's about to pull me in two."

Zurline went out to the path. "Now, Fletch," she said gently, "don't you mind dem hoodoos."

"I got to mind 'em," said Fletch. "Dey's pullin' me—"

"Well, you wait on my po'ch," Zurline urged him, "whilst I do a little cleanin' up. And when I gits back, I'll fix you a good supper."

"I got me some good supper at my house," he protested.

"You better," Zurline warned. "You go agin de Lawd, and you'll git flooded out, jest like old Noah."

Zurline led him to the porch and made him sit down. Then she hurried up the bayou path. On the way she found a broken white-oak wagon spoke, just the right size for a club. She picked it up.

At Play Mamma's house, she turned, walked inside and slammed the door behind her.

The room was lighted only by the pale orange flames of two kerosene lamps which stood on the floor. As quickly as her eyes adjusted themselves to the semidarkness, she saw that Play Mamma was standing in a washtub, mumbling prayers, while Mamie T was making passes over the lamps with her Three-S toby. Modom Aw-Bear, herself, was in the center of the room, rolling on the floor, directing the other two women in her broken French, and talking with the spirits in their own language.

"Stop dis stuff!" Zurline screamed, brandishing her club.

Modom Aw-Bear recovered first. "I feex you, Zurline," she threatened. "I make you die—"

Zurline tapped the hoodoo lady on the head and Modom Aw-Bear lay still. Zurline then swung her club at Play Mamma. It was a mistake.

The blow missed, and Play Mamma jumped from the tub and ran. Zurline began to give chase, but as she did she heard the tinkle of broken glass. She knew without looking that Mamie T had knocked a chimney from one of the lamps and was fixing to do things with the burning lamp, itself.

"I'll set you a-fire!" Mamie T shouted.

Zurline ran from the lamp, and Play Mamma ran from Zurline. The only place to run was in a circle around the fallen hoodoo woman. No one had time to open the door. Zurline's club was upraised, just in case she got close enough to swing at Play Mamma, and Mamie T was crowding with the burning lamp. Play Mamma was leading the field by half a jump. They screamed and threatened and raced desperately about the endless circle.

SUDDENLY the door opened and the Widow Duck came in, dragging the unwilling Fletch by the arm.

"Stop playin' wid dat fire!" the Widow Duck ordered. Her voice rang with authority, and the three women were glad of an excuse to stop running.

"Mis' Duck," Zurline said, "hit was Mamie T—"

"Shet up, you liar and snake-in-de-grasser!" commanded the Widow Duck. "You lied to me about wantin' Fletch, and you tried to snake-in-de-grass de Lawd wid yo' prayin'."

"I kind er love Fletch," Zurline whined.

"You kind er love his bonuses," corrected the Widow Duck. "All er y'all ladies is after dat boy's bonuses—" She stopped suddenly and peered into the semidarkness at the figure on the floor. "Ain't dat Cissie Ringgold?" she demanded. Modom Aw-Bear sat up and looked about foolishly.

"You git outn hyar," the Widow Duck ordered, dragging the hoodoo woman to her feet. "You git back over in de swamps." The Widow Duck hauled her roughly to the door. She placed her foot just below the small of Modom Aw-Bear's back. "Now, git!" said the Widow Duck, and pushed. The hoodoo woman landed face down in the yard.

The undignified exit of Modom Aw-Bear not only relieved the tension of the three women, but it released Fletch from the "spell" that had him frightened out of his reason. Fletch grinned.

"I told you, Mis' Duck," he said, "dese ladies was jest after my bonuses."

"But I got pyore love for Fletch," Zurline insisted.

"I ain't got no kind er love for you," Fletch stated firmly.

"Zurline a big ol' lie," declared Play Mamma. "She jest want de bonuses."

"Naw'm, Mis Duck," Zurline denied.

"Well, de Lawd kin find out efn her heart is pyore for Fletch," the Widow Duck explained. "'Cause you see dem bonuses ain't nothin' for a lady to want, nohow. I and Fletch been over tawkin' to Mist' Junior 'bout dem bonuses, and us found out all about 'em. De bonuses won't he'p no lady out."

"What about dem bonuses?" asked Mamie T.

THE Widow Duck had her audience and she couldn't help strutting a little.

"Dis pair er bonuses," she told them, "ain't no real, cash money. Hit's what you call barns."

"Barns?" the three women echoed.

"Hit's thirty-fo' pieces er paper wid Uncle Sam's pitcher on 'em," Fletch answered.

"Hit's a barn," interrupted the Widow Duck, "like you save stuff in, to keep."

The women were bewildered. "What does you put in de barns to keep?" Play Mamma wanted to know.

"Nothin'," Fletch said. "You puts de barns in de commissary safe, to keep."

"To keep what?" asked Zurline.

Fletch didn't know. He appealed to the Widow Duck.

"To keep y'all ladies f'm gittin' yo' hands on 'em," she said flatly.

The same thought flashed simultaneously through the minds of Zurline, Play Mamma and Mamie T. As long as the bonds were in the safe, there might be some chance of snaring Fletch and getting them from him.

Fletch destroyed the idea. "When I was onloadin' dem ships over at Bawdoo," he said, "Uncle Sam seed what a good man I was. So he knowed hit wa'n't no use in givin' me no money, 'cause he knowed I c'd make all de money I needs. But he figgered I might git sick or make a bad crop or somethin', so he gimme de bonuses, and I puts 'em in de barn—"

"You means," the Widow Duck corrected, "you puts 'em in de commissary safe."

"Humph!" grunted Zurline. "I thought he had somethin'! I wasted fo' bits for a toby, and a whole day prayin'."

"Me, too," declared Play Mamma. "I c'd 'a' used dem fo' bits."

Mamie T laughed. "I might 'a' knowed Uncle Sam wa'n't gonter give you nothin' dat was wuth anything," she said contemptuously.

"You leave Uncle Sam's name outn dis!" Fletch roared. "Endurin' de war, I whupped a heap er Germans for sayin' less'n dat. And I'll whup you right hyar, tawkin' agin Uncle Sam—"

"Steady, Fletch," the Widow Duck soothed. "Now, don't git mad and go to fightin' agin."

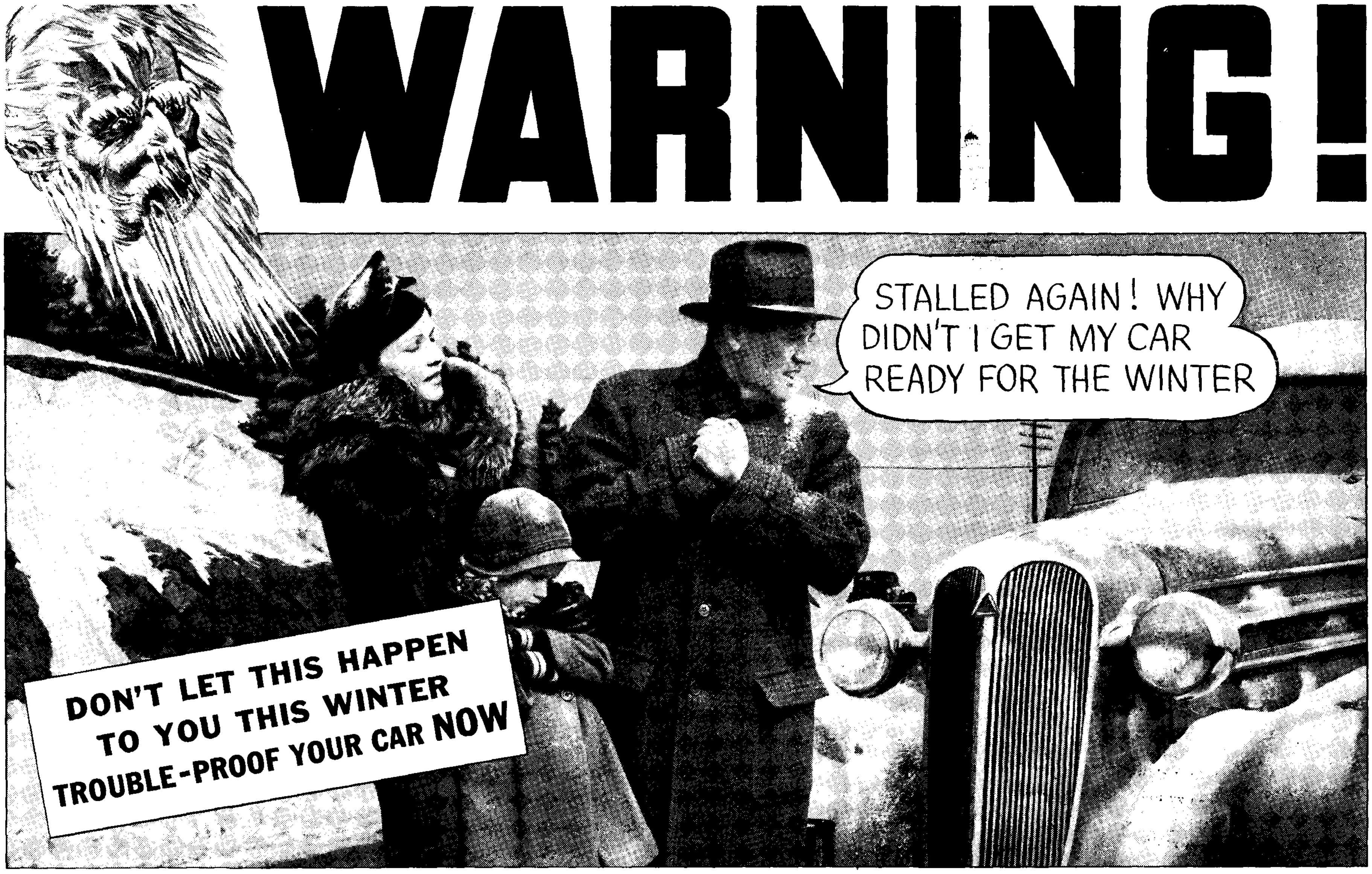
"I can't he'p hit," Fletch said. "Dese womens try to hoodoo me, and dey try to git my bonuses. And dat makes me mad. And den dey start tawkin' agin Uncle Sam."

The Widow Duck led Fletch outside. "Go on home, son," she advised. "Don't go to fightin' de ladies."

"Well, 'm, I won't," Fletch agreed reluctantly. "But hit biles me over!"

He walked down the bayou path whistling, as best he remembered, the Star-Spangled Banner.

WARNING!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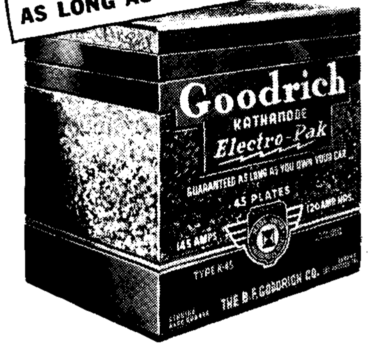

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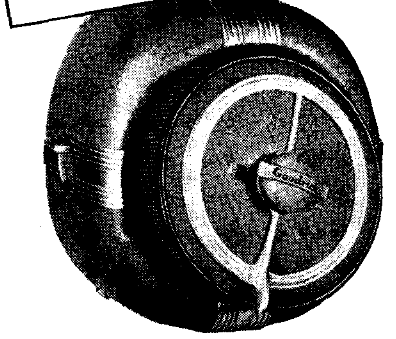

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Why spend a winter worrying for fear you or your wife will have the discomfort of changing a tire on some wet or snowy road? Put Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes in all your tires. Then if you pick up a tack, nail or a piece of glass the amazing special construction of this tube seals the hole *instantly*—and you don't even have to stop your car! Go to your Goodrich dealer now and see with your own eyes how the Goodrich Seal-o-matic ends messy tire changing and annoying delays.

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THE BOSS PLAYED ME A DIRTY TRICK-
MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...
THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO
OFFICE MEMORANDUM
TO : Office Manager
FROM: Mr Trask
I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary. I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.
JANET SEES HER DENTIST
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
ONE MONTH LATER
MR. TRASK SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST SECRETARY HE EVER HAD, JANET!
THANKS, ANN!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

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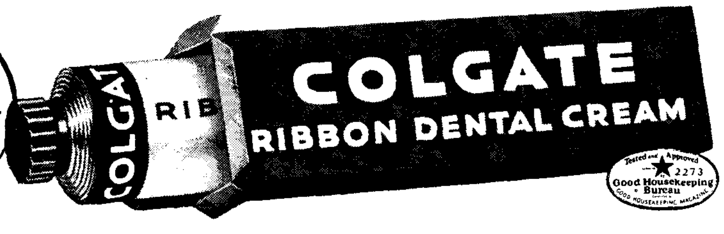
COLGATE
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Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Nobody Loves a Referee

Continued from page 17

Pund of Georgia Tech, fraternity brothers, gave each other the old tong grip as they shook hands before the kickoff, wishing each other luck.

Less than a minute later, on the first play after the kickoff, these two big two-hundred-pounders met again in the middle of the field, this time going full tilt at each other. It was like a couple of locomotives crashing.

Pund got up mumbling to himself. When Phillips arose he spit out two teeth. He looked at Pund.

"That's a brother for you," he said, and walked back to his huddle.

From up in the bleachers, looking down on the cool green turf, it is hard for fans to imagine how tough the going gets when two well-matched teams are playing neck-and-neck football.

In one particularly tough game between Southern California and the University of California, the latter pushed the Trojans down to their three-yard line. Right there the great Trojan line took charge of things and held California without gain for three downs and intercepted a pass on the fourth try. It was Southern California's chance to get out of a hole. Before they made a play, the Trojans' center handed me the ball. It was wet and slippery, not from fog or rain, but from contact with twenty-two perspiring young collegians.

"Wipe the dew off the old pumpkin, will you?" he said.

In other words, he didn't want to take chances with a slippery ball right there. One of the most fascinating teams from the officiating viewpoint is the Alabama outfit, which keeps up an incessant chatter throughout the game. Each player tries to keep all the others pepped up. When the Alabamans journeyed out West to play St. Mary's, they were full of pepper, particularly the line. "How about it theah, line?"

In unison the line would crack back, "We a' the seven bullets!"

And they were. They kept smacking into the St. Mary's line all afternoon. They kept up their chatter every minute of the game. After one of the Alabama linemen had made a particularly fine tackle he got up and addressed the other six bullets.

"Ah su'e slapped that play daown, boys. Ah guess Ah must be an all-America!"

Under His Own Power

A referee gets to feel that he knows the boys on the field pretty well during the course of a football season. If you meet a person on the street four or five times you may feel that you don't know very much about him, but when you watch one of these players through the tense moments of that many games, you have him sized up.

In a Dartmouth-Stanford game two brothers, Jack and Harry Hillman, played on the Stanford team at the same time. Early in the game Stanford started going places. They were down near the Dartmouth goal when Jack fumbled. Dartmouth recovered. Jack was so disgusted with himself that he picked up his helmet and heaved it off the field.

After this fit of temper, Harry came up behind him and hit Jack on the back, not too gently, either.

"Settle down, kid," he said. "We've got all afternoon to beat Dartmouth."

And he certainly did settle down. All the rest of the afternoon Jack played a whale of a game, and the two brothers together did more than their share to polish Dartmouth.

In another game this same Jack Hillman made a brilliant tackle that wrenched his knee. I called time out for Stanford and the doctors came rushing out. They decided to carry Jack out of the game. You could hear the sigh of dismay from the crowd when they brought out the stretcher. Jack saw it coming. His attitude was typical of the way a football player feels about leaving the game.

"I'm not going out on any stretcher," yelled Jack. "I can get out of here on my own two feet."

Which he did, although it must have been one of the most painful moments of his life.

Following the Ball

Contrary to most people's ideas about it, I don't know what the next play is going to be when I am officiating, and I don't want to know. If I did I might indicate to some smart defensive player watching me where the play is going. However, in the Pacific Coast Conference it is mandatory that the referee inquire of each coach if he has any trick plays. That is done so that the officials can keep out of the way and not interfere with the play.

Just before one game I made the customary inquiries and one of the coaches confided that he had a "hidden ball" play he was going to spring. I could get the cue, he said, by listening to the boys in the huddle calling, "Let's run the dark one." Sure enough, later in the game I heard the boys in the huddle say, "All set for the dark one."

It certainly was a dark one. Fake ball carriers ran in every direction. Finally I saw a big player cuddling the ball in the pit of his stomach. He was waiting for the opposing lineman, who didn't know where the ball was, to get out of the way so that he could step by. When the play was over and the defense man realized he had the ball carrier right there in his hands and let him get away, he said:

"Boy, that was just like getting a letter from home—reading it and not knowing there was a check in it."

The first game I had a chance to referee on the Pacific Coast was a game between Stanford and the San Francisco Olympic Club in 1929. It was the first time, too, that I had officiated in a game played by one of Pop Warner's teams. So I asked Pop if he had anything unusual.

"No," he said, "just the same old stuff."

I had never been back of a Warner team before. Pop ran his usual gamut of trick plays and I don't think I knew where the ball was during the whole game until the final whistle blew.

I was telling Pop about it after the game.

"Well, you ought to tie a bell on the ball," he said. "Then you could keep track of it."

After that experience I worked out a better system for following the ball. I take a stationary position right behind the pigskin, regardless of the offensive formation. All I watch is the zone of action around the ball. I follow it wherever it goes, until it is downed, even if I have to run the length of the field.

Staying on top of the ball has its difficulties. Once while I was sliding on my knees into the scrimmage to get the ball, one knee of my trousers ripped. On the next play the other one went out. A little later one whole pants leg let loose. Finally, in pulling himself out of the pile-up one of the players just reached up, grabbed a torn piece of my pants and held on. He ripped them right off in front of thirty thousand spectators. So I called time out for the referee. The trainers came out with some adhesive tape and taped what remained of my pants to my legs.

In one game between Dartmouth and Stanford I dove into the scrimmage for the ball, and a player landed on top of me. I don't know which team he belonged to, but when I got up I could hardly stand. I was limping about, trying to get my muscles uncorked, when Phil Moffat, the Stanford captain, came up to me.

"Take time out on Stanford if you want to, Herb."

That's sportsmanship.

I favor the fast whistle because it prevents piling up and reduces the danger of injuries. The only way to stop the play is to be there quick when the ball is downed. If there is any dirty work afoot, it usually takes place in these pile-ups.

How Officials Are Chosen

In order to blow a fast whistle, you have to be right on top of the play. You have to be right in the scrimmage as fast as the whistle is blown. I figure if I'm right there I can break up the tension before the players can start anything. If I'm twenty yards away something is liable to happen before I can get to the ball.

In most big games the players are keyed up until they are in the mood of gladiators, raring to battle one another. In one game the play had hardly started before I caught two key men swinging at each other. I grabbed them by their necks.

"Shake hands and cut this stuff out," I ordered, "or else you go to the showers now instead of at the end of the game."

They both broke out in grins and shook hands. After that each of them played football. If I hadn't been on top of the ball at the start, their slugging would have started both teams on a rampage and the game would have been out of control in no time at all.

Most of the spectators who boo the referee and call him a bum for his decisions haven't the slightest idea of how he happens to be on the spot down there. The conference has a commissioner who appoints all officials. His selections are final and, once the season opens, no coach can blackball an official chosen by the commissioner. I happen to be the commissioner of the Pacific Coast Conference at the present time. Most of the other conferences have a similar setup for choosing officials. It is a tremendous improvement over the old plan whereby each team picked two officials and the four of them whistled it out on the field along with the teams.

The men I name to officiate at the ball games are mostly former football players, now businessmen, who love the game. They get from fifty to one hundred dollars a game for their services. That is just pin money for them. They certainly couldn't make a living at it. Officiating is just a week-end side issue to their business. It is exacting work and calls for a lot of preparation, mental and physical, if the official is going to be "right" for the job.

A football referee is a bum sometimes. I suppose he ought to be killed now and then, as the spectators demand. Sometimes he does have to do a little bluffing.

I was refereeing up in Colorado right after they had changed the safety rule. They used to play the ball from scrimmage, but this was the year they began kicking it. Colorado had scored a safety against Utah, and Utah was getting lined up for the kickoff. Ike Armstrong, the Utah coach, came running out to the side lines waving his arms like a windmill to protest my decision.

"Mr. Armstrong, get your rule book, turn to page 17, and read rule 9," I said.

I didn't have any idea what page or rule I was citing, but I didn't have time to stop the game and argue about it. Anyway, Ike went back to the bench and sat down, perfectly contented.

During one game I officiated, one of the teams tried a difficult field goal. The ball apparently hit on top of a goal post, but bounded back onto the field. Since it didn't go over the crossbar, I ruled no score. When the game ended, the coach came out to say that it should have counted and to tell me that I was a bum.

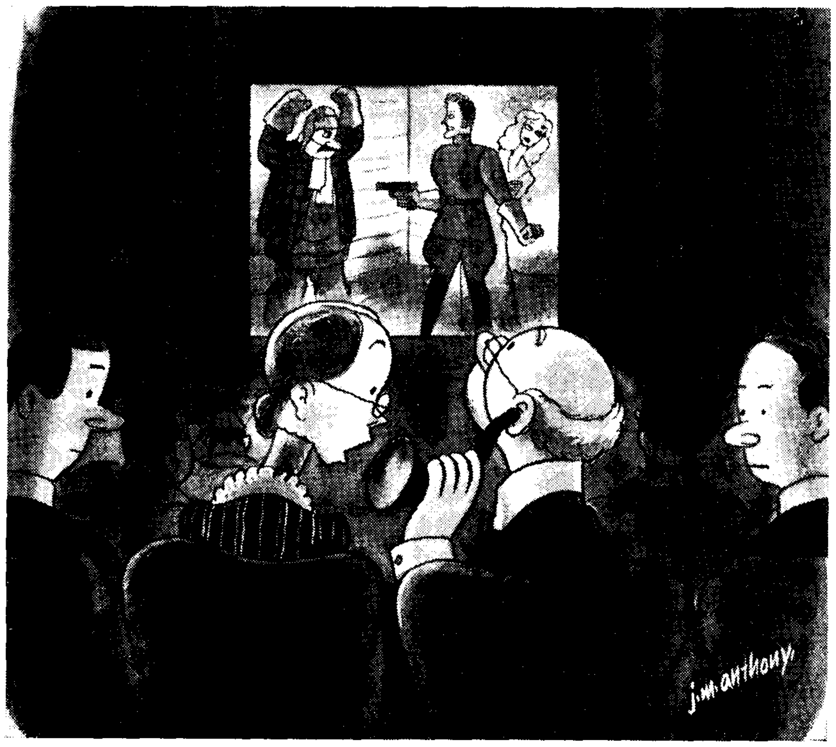
"That ball hit on top of the bar," he argued, indignantly.

"Honestly, I don't know where it hit," I said. "I wasn't hanging from a sky hook and looking down. All I know is that it landed back on the playing field."

The coach threw up his hands.

"I give up," he said in disgust.

I guess that's all you can do when the referee's a bum.



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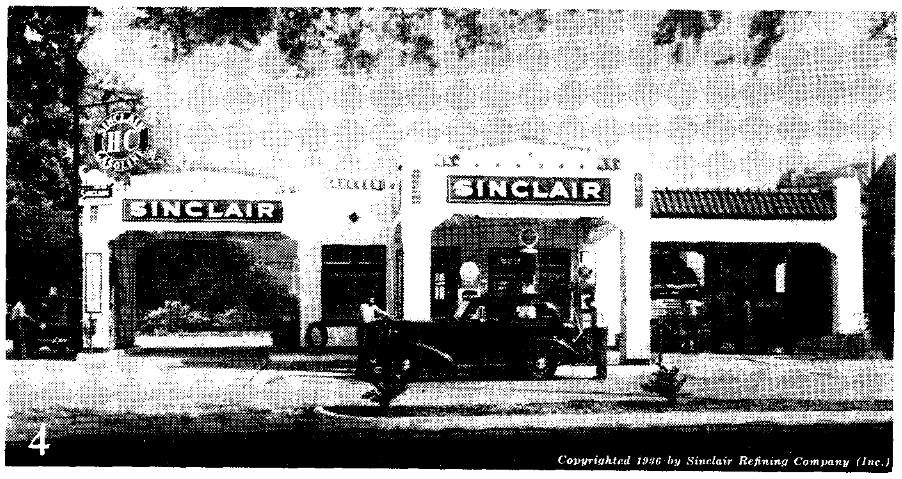

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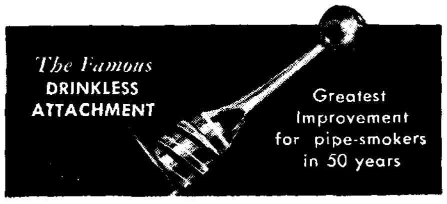

It's a Funny Thing

Continued from page 13

she wouldn't think you had contacts."

"I've got to go now," said Bill, darting a glance at his watch.

"So do I, Bill."

I paid the check and we went on to the parking lot next door and climbed into the car. Maybe it was wrong for me to fool Bill and let him think I was a producer at International with a big pull. But he saved my life and I couldn't let him down. I didn't have to worry about the red-haired girl. I could just look at her and let Bill down easy by saying she wasn't a camera type.

Well, it's a funny thing. I mean it's a funny thing the way things happen in Hollywood. Next day I forgot all about Bill. I got into an argument on the set of Lucky Lady with the director, Hymie Morden. He wanted to shoot a scene on location. I said it was cheaper to build it and shoot it on the stage. Hymie smacked me in the puss and yelled, "Listen, you Stoneberg! You been an assistant to your cousin long enough around here. If it wasn't for all the relatives maybe we could make pictures. You can't fool me just because Max is in the hospital with his gall bladder. You've been struttin' around town in his car and tellin' everybody you're supervising this lousy picture!"

SO I let them go on location. It cost two thousand more than it ought to have cost. I called up my cousin Max in the Hollywood Hospital. They told me he wouldn't be able to talk for a week. He read the script of Lucky Lady right after his operation and had a relapse. So I sent him some flowers. And told the front office I was through with the picture and Hymie Morden. But Louis Ketz told me to go ahead and make the picture. I'd get a bonus even if it wasn't any better than good enough for a double bill.

I was feeling pretty good then. I mean I was feeling that I'd put something over. It was Thursday night and I had my cousin Max's chauffeur bring the limousine over from his place in Beverly Hills. Max's wife was in Europe. She always went away before Max got sick. I could have used his house if I liked. But I never cared much for Beverly Hills. The houses are too close together.

So I went to the Troc in the limousine. The place was crowded. Everyone I knew was there. Bob Cohen of Four Stars came over and said, "Hello, Eddie. They tell me you're making Max's picture for him and you had a fight with Hymie Morden."

"Sure. Sit down, Bob. I mean I'm going to cut the budget and bring it in under shooting schedule."

Bob sat down and got to flirting with a brunette on the dance floor. While he was flirting I looked around. All of a sudden I gave a start and leaned toward Bob.

"Look, Bob," I said. "You claim to know every dame in Hollywood. Then who's the knockout over at that table with the party?"

Bob looked. He gave me a grin.

"That's a honey, Eddie."

"Sure. I mean she is." I stared across at the table. She was the most gorgeous thing I'd ever seen. And was she dressed! Wasn't very tall. Slim. Not very old. Maybe less than twenty-five. Class. And beauty. And red hair. What red hair! It glistened under the lights. Her skin was like ivory. She just had glamor.

"That's a honey, Eddie. Just like a dream."

"I said so, Bob. Who is she? I never saw her before in Hollywood. She ought to be in pictures. I mean she ought to be."

"Why, you poor fish," said Bob with a pitying smile, "you ought to know what's going on in the world if you're making pictures. That dame is none other than Letta Wynne Thorne."

"It don't mean anything to me, Bob. I mean I don't know her."

"You never will, Eddie. She doesn't meet people like you. That old bird with her is a prince or something, the swell-looking dowager is her mother. Eddie, if you could meet that girl you'd be somebody. One crook of her little finger would put you in society. If she'd consent to go to a party with you, you'd meet enough execs to take up your options for twenty years. Me being in publicity, I got to recognize people. I tried to get an interview with her but you might as well try to meet the queen of Who-who. She wrote an article for a national weekly called I Want Love, Not Money. It was a sensation. We tried to buy it for a pix. It had just one idea—a rich girl looking for love and a poor guy that didn't know her. We couldn't buy it. I'm just telling you, Eddie, if you knew her you'd be all right."

I was still looking at her.

She got up and went onto the floor with the princely-looking old guy. They danced. She was like a floating dream. Every one in the Troc was staring at her. They stared and whispered. They must have known who she was.

Well, that's the way it goes. I mean it's a funny thing the way life goes.

In the picture business you just live from option to option and don't think too much. So I forgot all about Letta Wynne Thorne. Friday, I had lunch in the commissary. Al Wallace came in and sat down beside me. Al was the only good director we had. He was good because he treated me like a human being.

Al said, "Eddie, I've got to make a rotten picture. It goes into work Monday. I need just one new outstanding face in it and it'll have a chance."

"Sure," I said. "A new discovery. They been telling me that for years. New faces. And they never give anybody a chance."

"EDDIE," said Al, "if I could get a guy with some personality, a big guy that looked romantic and didn't know how to act—just acted himself. Well, I got a story called Life Goes On. It's from a novel by a dame called Letta Wynne Thorne and—"

Memory jumped up and hit me!

"Letta Wynne Thorne. I mean Letta Wynne Thorne! She's got so much dough she could buy this punk outfit. She's—"

Al stared at me. "You mean she's the one—the dame that's worth millions? The one that's out here on a visit?"

"That's her. She was in the Troc last night. Is she some dame? I mean is she! If she wrote that story it ought to be good. She's good."

"Sure." Al gave me a crooked smile. "But we don't care about authors."

"Al, you never saw that one."

"What I got to have is a new personality. I got a sequence on the beach. The girl is a hitchhiker. Broke. She goes in swimming. Tries to commit suicide. A swell-looking lifeguard pulls her out and—"

"Wait a minute, Al!" I said, getting a little excited.

"I'm telling you the idea, Eddie. This lifeguard is a picture. Big. Tough. Goes for the girl—"

"Boy meets girl, Al. You got to have a new angle."

"Tell Louis Ketz. And listen!"

"I don't want to hear the story, Al. I got just the personality for you. But he don't want to go in pictures."

"What do you mean, he don't want to go in pictures? Everybody does."

"I mean he don't. He's a lifeguard. On the public beach. Santa Monica. I'm telling you. If you could get him Gable would be an antique."

"Where can I find him, Eddie?"

"I just told you. His name's Bill Lane. But he won't go in pictures."

"I'll drive out and see him." Al swallowed his sandwich, and went out.

I OUGHT to have gone to a preview of Blonde Parade at the Chinese that night. It was Friday. I remembered it. It was more important for me to be home and see Bill. I had a spot for him. Al still had a lot of drag with Louis Ketz. Louis was just trying to put Al in the doghouse because Al trimmed Louis at bridge and told about it. Louis was sensitive.

It was a pretty hot night. Friday night.

I went home early with a couple of scripts.

I had Bill so much on my mind that when I got to the apartment I remembered I hadn't eaten any dinner. So I changed my clothes, ducked into the big car, leaving my little one at the curb. I ran over to the Brown Derby on Wilshire. I had a couple of drinks and something à la carte.

I bumped into Arthur Ginsberg, the agent. He said he had some new faces out from New York. Would I speak to Max about tests. He said he just sent Max some flowers. I told him I had some new faces. He got insulting, telling me I thought I was running my cousin's unit. I walked out on him, telling him he could send me a couple of cases of Scotch. And I'd speak to Max about new faces.

I went to sleep on the davenport reading the script of Birds in the Sky. The telephone rang. I grabbed it. The girl on the board downstairs said, "Mr. Lane and a Miss Warde to see you, Mr. Stoneberg."

"Shoot 'em up, sweetheart."

It's a funny thing. I mean it's a funny thing the way a situation comes up and hits you. It was my training in pictures that made me take it without dying. You got to have a poker face and say it's not true in pictures.

You could have blown me over with a feather though. I'm telling you you could.

It was when I opened the door. The first thing I saw was the girl with red hair. She was slim. Wore a kind of shabby blouse and skirt. And a big hat that almost covered her face. Bill was standing back of her. A giant in a blue suit. He was so big and handsome. The girl was just like a gorgeous picture nailed on a panel. Bill being the panel.

I stepped back. The girl came in ahead of Bill. I stared at Bill and wondered if Al Wallace had seen him. Bill was saying, "Hello. This is Miss Warde, Max. Mr. Stoneberg, Jo."

I tore my eyes away from Bill. She was in the light of the room and I nearly died. She was the same girl. The one I'd seen in the Troc! If that one was Letty Wynne Thorne, then this was the same.

Bill said, "What's the matter, Max? You look white."

"Bill—I mean, Bill, come in. It's the heat. Come in. It's the heat. Sit down. This is Miss Warde?"

(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 38)

"How do you do, Mr. Stoneberg." The dream held out a hand. I took it. I was in a trance. I stared into her face. She smiled at me.

I said, "Sit down on the davenport over there, Bill. I mean you too, Miss Warde. I mean sit down. I'm nervous. I got to walk."

Bill gave me a funny glance. I shot one at the girl with red hair. They sat side by side on the big davenport. I walked around with my hands in my pockets. Like a conference nervousness. Who was kidding me? Was I crazy? Or was Bill? Or was the girl pulling a fast one?

Bill said, "Take off your hat, Jo. They always want to see your hair."

"Sure," I said. "The hair. It's important. Will it photograph? Lights. Shadows. That's it, will it photograph?"

I LOOKED at her. She had her hat off. She dazzled me. It was the same girl. She was smiling. She looked at Bill. There was something in her eyes that made me suspicious. She liked Bill or was in love with him. Bill looked back at her like an adoring dog.

"Isn't she pretty, Max? She's a find. Just give her a chance."

"Just a chance, Bill. I mean, just a chance."

She spoke in a husky voice. It had music in it. "I don't think Bill really understands, Mr. Stoneberg. He's trying to help me. I appreciate it. But I don't want to be in pictures."

"You don't want to be in pictures?" I gurgled.

"No, I don't, Mr. Stoneberg. Please understand, I haven't wanted to hurt Bill's feelings. Because he wants to help me. But I positively don't want to be in pictures."

Bill rose and came toward me. There was a grim expression on his face.

"Max, just arrange a test for her and she'll make it."

"Mr. Stoneberg, please! Bill doesn't understand—I don't want to be in pictures."

Something broke inside me. I've been in pictures since I was an office boy at the old Universal studios. I don't like to be kidded. Who was kidding me? I was being ribbed.

I grabbed Bill by the arm.

"Bill, I like you. You saved my life. I was drowning. I like you. But I don't like this. I mean I don't like it. You can't kid me."

"Who's kidding you, Max?" Bill demanded.

"Look," I said hoarsely, staring at the red-haired girl. She had changed her expression and looked in a little panic. "I mean look at it like this, Bill. I can get you in pictures with Al Wallace. A great director. I can—"

"He was out to see me late this afternoon," Bill said contemptuously. "I told you I don't want to be in pictures."

"All right!" I said fiercely. "I can reach for the telephone. Get Louis Ketz. A contract for this girl. But we don't kid outside of conferences. I mean we don't, Bill. I like you, so why don't you come out like a man and tell me this lady is Letta Wynne Thorne?"

Bill stared at me. For a long time. Then he turned on a heel and stared at the red-haired girl. She went suddenly limp. I saw tears in her eyes.

Bill asked, "Who's Letta Wynne Thorne?"

"She is!"

She rose abruptly and cried, "Bill, let's get out of here! I told you I didn't want to be in pictures. Bill—"

Bill got me by the arm. I thought he was going to break it. His face was white.

"Who's kidding who, Max? Who's Letta Wynne Thorne?"

"She is! She's got so much dough she could buy a picture company. She writes books. Magazines. She—"

"Bill, let's get out of here!"

He just swung around and looked at her. Like a guy that has been wounded. His eyes were too bright.

"You mean you're not Jo Warde? You're what Max says you are—you've fooled me? Made a monkey of me. Masquerading. I suppose it was fun!"

"Bill, please listen to me!" She ran toward him and threw her arms around him. I nearly died. Letta Wynne Thorne with her arms around a lifeguard. "Yes, I've fooled you. I had to. I was in search of something. Something I've always wanted. An ideal. Perhaps a dream. I wanted to prove something. Bill, please—"

I yelled, "What makes you so dumb, Bill? Ain't you ever seen — I mean haven't you ever seen her picture or heard of her?"

"No," said Bill coldly. "I never have. Sorry to have been a fool. No wonder you don't want to be in pictures. With all your money you can call a taxi!"

He turned and made for the door.

She cried, "Bill, oh, Bill!"

I shouted, "Wait a minute—I mean wait a minute, Bill!"

But he was gone. The door slammed. I nearly died.

She was holding my arm, crying, "Take me in your car and catch him, Mr. Stoneberg! I love him. Don't you see I love him! We've got to catch him."

"Look," I said, using my picture instinct, "if I get him back will you go in a picture for International?"

"Maybe I will. Oh, maybe I will!"

We didn't wait for the elevator. We clattered down the stairs.

Bill was just pulling away from the curb. I tossed the red-haired girl into my car. The chase was on. Oh, I mean if we could just shoot that chase! I kept on the horn button, yelling all the time, "Wait a minute, Bill!"

I was gaining on him when a couple of motorcycle cops shot out of a side street.

Letta Wynne Thorne shrieked in my ear, "Can't you wreck him and pull him up?"

"Maybe I can run him to the curb," I yelled. And tried. We ran side by side. Our fenders scraped. But Bill kept on.

The red-haired girl shrieked at him, "Bill, I love you! Stop, Bill, and I'll explain everything!"

The cops were alongside now, yelling, "Pull over!"

THE next thing I knew my car tangled with Bill's. There was a crash. A grinding of fenders. Bill's car skidded, headed for the curb, dragging us along.

There was an awful racket when Bill's car smacked a fire hydrant, shearing it off. Water poured into the street, over the cars. The cycle cops were yelling. But we'd stopped all right!

Letta Wynne Thorne climbed over me. Leaped onto Bill's battered and steaming car. She fell on him, arms around him; and just as one of the cops grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the wrecked car, I saw Bill kissing her. It would have been censorable under the Hays code.

Then Bill lifted his head and yelled, "All right! I'll do a picture if she'll do one. That'll make us even. Just a couple of second-rate stars earning a living!"

It's a funny thing. I mean it's a funny thing, the best picture we ever made was Love, Not Money. With Letta Wynne Thorne and Bill in small parts. It was box-office. It was the only picture they ever made. Then they went to Europe to write books. I made the picture. I got my option lifted and a tilt in salary. It made me a white-haired boy with Louis Ketz.

But it's a funny thing.

The Dumb Gods Speak

Continued from page 22

"You need not be," she went on, with a trifle more eagerness in her tone. "Mr. Cheng will never do harm to anyone else—after tonight. Where is he, Jonson?"

"Who will pay me the twenty-five thousand francs?"

Suzanne reached for her bag and opened it. From a thick wad of notes she counted out ten.

"There are ten *mille*," she said. "You can have those on account. If you play us false, I shall say that you stole them. If you show us where Mr. Cheng is—you need do no more than point out the door—you shall have the remainder before I leave the café."

Jonson's forehead was furrowed with thought. His eyes seemed to have retreated farther into his head. His fingers were working nervously.

"Who were those men?" he asked.

"They are of the Russian police," she confided. "They have come to find the murderer of the man who came to Nice as Paul Agrestein. Make up your mind quickly. There will be no such chance as this again."

JONSON had the appearance of a man tortured with doubt. Suzanne reopened the bag. The wad of notes was plainly visible.

"Very well," he declared. "Mr. Cheng is dining here in a private room."

"The next room is vacant?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Order dinner there. Take it, but not in my name. Come and fetch us—very soon. You need not wait for dinner to be ready. Soon after they have returned—come. You announce the dinner. You take us to the room. That is all."

"I will not serve your dinner," Jonson insisted. "I will not go inside the room. If Cheng saw me he would know."

She drew out her vanity case and looked at herself thoughtfully.

"That is quite simple," she agreed. "You can send anyone you like afterward, provided you leave us with the key of the next room. You can go now. Bring more drinks for these two. Return and tell us that the *salon* is ready in five minutes."

"You will not like the apartment," he warned her. "It is up almost in the attic. For the last two flights there is no lift. Better wait until Mr. Cheng comes down."

"We can mount two flights of stairs, my friend," she said. "Take care of those ten *mille* and remember there are fifteen more to come."

Mr. Jonson took his leave. Suzanne's two companions returned. They had washed their hands, brushed their hair and presented a more civilized appearance.

"It is arranged?" one of them asked Suzanne.

"It is arranged," she answered.

They exchanged glances. The hands of both of them within the next few seconds stole down toward their hip pockets. Their drinks arrived, brought by an under waiter.

"To ourselves—to the avengers of Retsky!" one of them murmured.

They drained their glasses. Their heads were very close together. They talked for several minutes. Then Jonson came slowly across the room.

"Mademoiselle," he announced, with a bow, "your private room is prepared. If you will come this way—"

They followed him in a little procession across the room and out into the hall. He ushered them into a lift and very slowly they mounted some four flights. From the closed doors along the first two or three corridors there floated the sound of music. On one, a door was open, and they heard the sound of feminine laughter.

"A gay place this," one of the men commented.

"There are many people dining tonight," Jonson said. "Every room is taken except on the top floor. Madame and messieurs will have still to mount," he added, as he brought the lift to a standstill.

They made no complaint. There was a very grim expression indeed upon the faces of the two men. Suzanne, a little nervous, clung to the arm of one of them. They climbed two flights of stairs. When they arrived on the top corridor the place was almost in darkness. Mr. Jonson raised his hand and motioned them to follow him. When they had gone three or four yards he pointed to a door, from underneath which came a chink of light.

"It is a very famous person who dines there," he confided. "A little farther on is your room and then number seven."

One of the men stumbled against the wall and nearly fell.

"Curse this corridor!" he muttered.

"It is only a yard farther," Jonson told him. "You can see—there is a switch there. I will turn on the other lights. Keep close to the wall and you will walk more safely."

They did as he begged. Presently he stopped and reached for a switch. The place was suddenly in complete darkness.

"This way," he whispered. "I will turn the lights on in the room. Quick."

They took a step forward, and it was their last on earth. Only Suzanne was a little difficult. The others plunged into the black void without hesitation. Suzanne struggled to recover her balance but one might have imagined that Jonson had been used to trouble of that sort. He stooped down, seized her ankles with one hand and her clutching fingers with the other. Her shriek was stifled almost before it left her lips.

THERE was already an air of tension in the library of the American embassy into which Cheng and Mark Humberstone were ushered at ten o'clock that evening. Mr. Mountain, who was seated at his desk, was realizing to the full the gravity of the situation into which he had been drawn. In a high-backed chair on his right was seated Monsieur Chatelain, the leading statesman of France, a short, rather stout, but wholesome-looking man of early middle age, with iron-gray beard and keen, flashing eyes underneath his heavy brows.

On the ambassador's left General Levissier was similarly placed. He was apparently a somewhat older man but though his hair and mustache were gray he had the carriage and air of a soldier in the prime of life. He had come straight from a reception at one of the foreign embassies and was wearing full uniform and a brilliant array of medals. The ambassador rose to his feet as the two younger men entered the room.

"Monsieur Chatelain," he said, "and General Levissier, permit me to present Prince Cheng and Mr.—or rather Professor Mark Humberstone, whose name you will associate no doubt with that of his illustrious father."

There was no attempt at cordiality on the part of the two Frenchmen. They both rose to their feet and indulged in a stiff bow. Cheng smiled courteously as he took the chair to which Mr. Mountain pointed. Mark contented himself with a more formal gesture.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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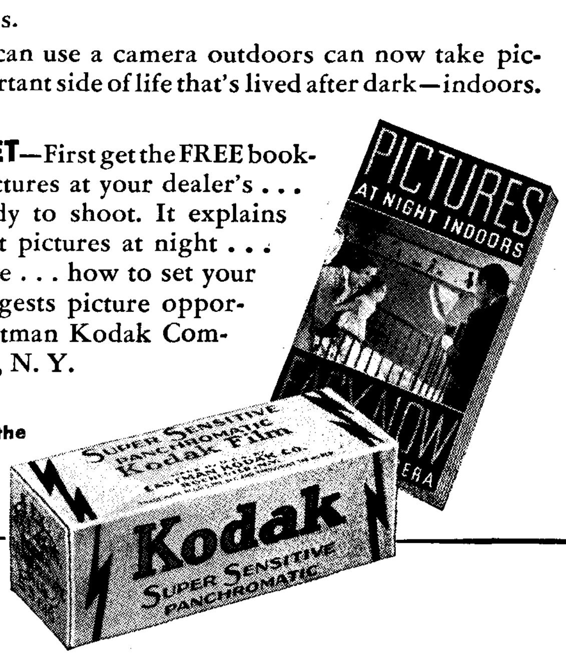
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(Continued from page 41)

"I'm afraid you look upon us as rather troublesome visitors to your country, Monsieur Chatelain," he observed.

"Some of the activities connected with your International Bureau certainly require explanation," the premier pronounced. "Those, I am afraid, you will have to explain before a different tribunal. Since we have met here, however, and Prince Cheng is also present, it would interest me to hear your explanation of the fact that there are large numbers of American officers at the present moment in China, drilling and instructing Chinese troops. I am even given to understand that a staff college exists there, in which the instructors are American, for the benefit of Chinese officers."

"You have been perfectly well informed, sir," Cheng acknowledged. "The only things to be noted are that naturally no American officer was able to accept a position with us who had not already resigned his position in the American Army."

"ACCEPTING that as a fact," General Levissier said, "what is the meaning of this great Chinese force that has been brought together and supplied with guns and munitions, apparently by the United States? Is it your intention, may I ask, to make war against Russia?"

"It is our intention," Prince Cheng admitted, "to create a force with which we may threaten Russia, but my friend here, Mr. Humberstone, will tell you we are working together with one great aim, and that is to stop war—to bring peace into the world."

General Levissier curled his mustache.

"You choose strange methods," he said, "with which to attempt an impossible task."

"You may change your mind presently," Mr. Cheng rejoined unperturbed. "You will be one of the first to agree, I think, that France, with America hopelessly and immovably neutral, with Great Britain wavering, with Italy a bribed but wholly untrustworthy ally, and with Poland a very long way away, has felt a little helpless before the bugbear of her nights and days—Germany."

"France," Monsieur Chatelain said stiffly, "must do everything to protect herself."

"Who would blame her?" Cheng demanded, his tone silky as ever, but with that look of extreme youth gone from his face. "The only thing is that she has chosen ill. The hope of Russia as an ally is the greatest illusion which a nation of statesmen ever hugged to their shivering bosoms."

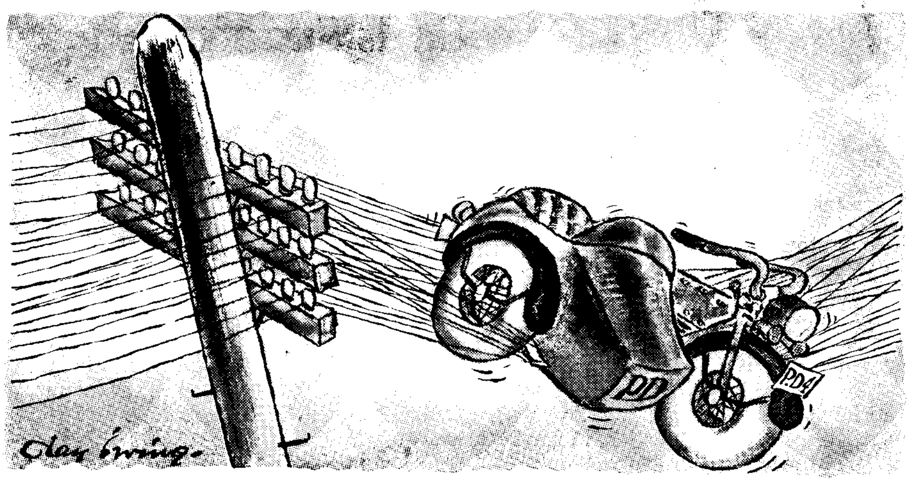
"Russia has an army of a million, prepared to take the field," General Levissier pointed out emphatically. "She has two thousand airplanes already built. The whole world knows that the Russians are fine soldiers. Where is the illusion if France thinks that she might make a great ally?"

"THE illusion is this," Cheng pronounced gravely. "Russia has gone through a purgatorial period which has cleansed neither her body nor her soul. She has emerged from the fires an altered race. She was once a warlike nation. She is so no longer. Today Russia is weak. It loses its one strong man and see the state of confusion in which it is! The machinery of the state, such as it was, has stopped."

Levissier's face was dark with anger. He was evidently fighting hard to control himself.

"I will call your attention, Prince Cheng," he said, "to one statement which you have just made. You remarked that Russia has lost her one strong man. How have they lost him? By whose hand was he removed?"

"By mine," Cheng admitted. "I claim the sole credit for that beneficent action. My friend Humberstone is opposed to the taking of life, so he was not concerned. It is I alone who am responsible."



Cheng's admission, calmly spoken though it was, exercised for a few moments a paralyzing influence in the little room. Monsieur Chatelain was the first to recover. He rose impulsively to his feet. The veins of his forehead were standing out in ominous fashion. He was shaking with anger.

"I imagine," he said, "that this discussion need go no farther. I should recommend you, Prince Cheng, to seek the shelter of your embassy as quickly as possible. You will discover that the taking of life in this country is not so lightly regarded as you seem to assume."

"*Monsieur le Ministre*," Cheng argued gently. "I beg that you will not be rash. There lived no man on the face of the earth who deserved death as this man deserved it. For years he had ruled with neither wisdom nor justice but as a wholesale murderer. He met with his just fate. He was shot in my presence and his body disposed of in fifty fathoms of water. I came here, however, with my friend Mark Humberstone not to discuss the death of one worthless man but to offer you, as representative of France, security and peace for your country during the rest of your days."

CHATELAIN hesitated on his way to the door. He had the air of a man still suffering from shock and yet compelled to listen.

"You seek for peace in a strange manner," he said sternly.

"It is not the first time in history," Cheng went on calmly, "that a tyrant who stood in the way of progress has been removed. You had a treaty of alliance, sir, with this misgoverned country, Russia, and in due time you would have discovered, as our spies have already discovered, that her armies, her fine equipment, her airplanes that were to have darkened the skies, were something of a myth. They would have fought, as they have done up till now in such small skirmishes as have taken place, as a soulless robot-made army must always fight—without enthusiasm, without courage, without perseverance.

"These armies in a month's time will have disappeared from existence, discipline will have come to an end and the peasants will trudge off to their homes. We have today in China a perfectly disciplined and equipped army of a million men. With a very small portion of these we shall march to Moscow."

"And how," Monsieur Chatelain demanded, "do you propose to accomplish this miracle?"

Cheng pointed to where Mark was seated.

"There is the man who will answer that question," he concluded. "I have reached the end of what I have to say for the moment."

The French minister resumed his seat.

"We will hear what Mr. Humberstone has to say," he agreed. "If your scheme, however, is to bring peace to the world with a Chinese army of one million or five millions, I am of the opinion that we waste our time."

Mark rose to his feet.

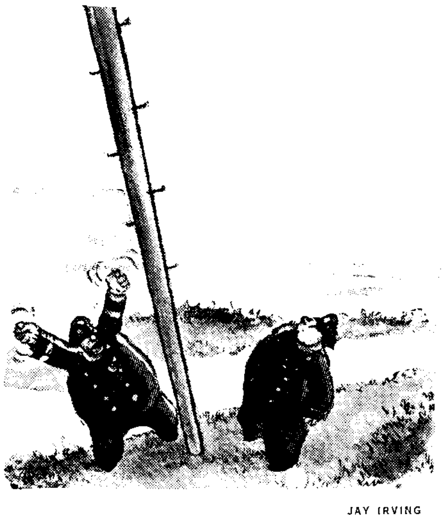
"Monsieur Chatelain is quite right," he said. "No army of any size could bring peace to the world. There is something else that can, though, and that is to take away from armies the power of fighting. My father conceived the idea many years ago, as a result of which the Japanese fleet lies at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. He left me the legacy of finishing this work. I say so, I hope, reverently, I hope without any boastfulness. I did not have the first struggle with the greatest element in the world—my father harnessed that—but I have succeeded in carrying on and developing it even further and more fully than I thought possible when I started."

The general leaned a little forward in his chair. Monsieur Chatelain was not at first greatly impressed. Mark's simple method of speech scarcely paved the way for what he had to say.

"Of course," Mark went on, "every scientist has realized how little we understand the greatest uncontrolled element in the world we live in. It will shorten matters and make it simpler if I tell you what we can do.

"Within the fortnight, with the help of television such as no one except those who have visited the bureau at Nice has ever seen, Prince Cheng and I have watched Chinese armies marching, we have spoken to them in Peiping, General Fan Sik Tsun has given orders to his staff and we destroyed a Russian airplane flying along the track of the Trans-Siberian railway. You will realize now what I am going to tell you. The means which I am using—the instruments which I have discovered controlling wireless electricity—are independent of distance. They have an accumulative force through repercussions. At twelve thousand miles we can do exactly what you can do in Cherbourg Harbor from one battleship to another."

(Continued on page 44)



"Halloween or no Halloween, those pesky kids are goin' too far!"

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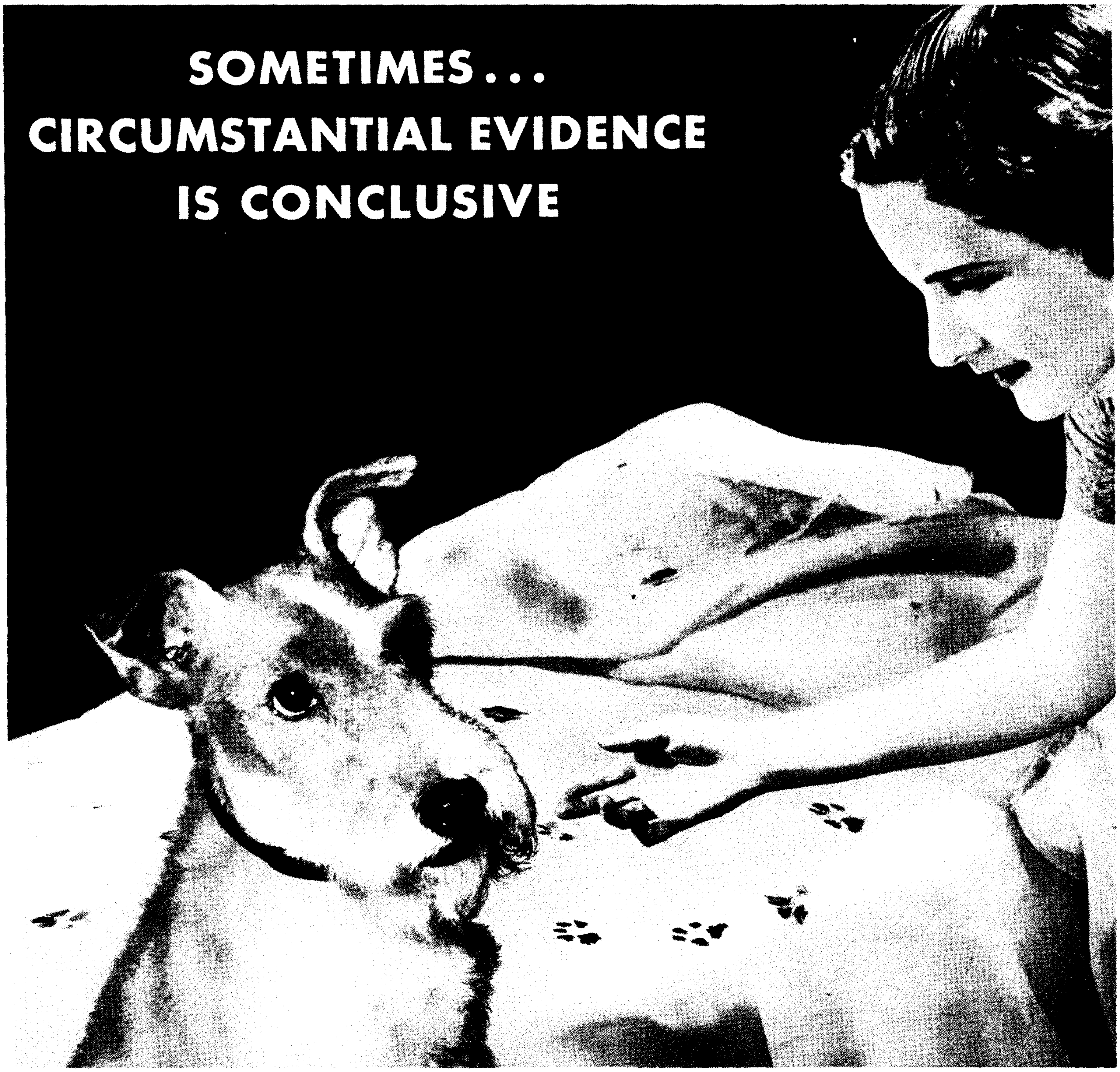

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(Continued from page 42)

"It is incredible!" the general muttered.

"No, it is the truth," Mark rejoined quickly. "I am not idiot enough," he continued, "to come here and expect you to believe my word, but two months ago, under a bond of secrecy, we received a visit from Monsieur Monteux, president of the Academy of Science, also Professor Ames of the National Observatory in Washington. These are two of the greatest scientists in the world. I hand you, herewith, their signed testimony as to what they saw on two consecutive nights from the observatory of the bureau. You will like, perhaps, to read them later on. You will find that they confirm in every particular what I have told you."

"But how have you kept these amazing discoveries to yourself?" Monsieur Chatelain demanded.

"Because I have no wish to make any other use of them," Mark explained earnestly, "than to carry out my father's legacy, of which as you know I am one of the trustees. The secret of my discoveries is deposited in Washington in the same manner as my father's first papers. I shall only tell you that in a few weeks' time, a hundred miles behind the small expeditionary force which is all that it will be necessary to send to Moscow, there will be a few of a new type of armored car which will open up and each one of which will contain one of the instruments which I have now perfected. With the means of these and television, we could render useless any machinery relying in any way upon electricity within any distance. We can draw the nerves out of an army of a million men as easily as you could pump lead into a battleship crossing your bows.

"It is hard to realize, perhaps, all in a moment," Mark went on, after a moment's hesitation, "but what nation in its senses would build fighting planes, battleships, forts or any weapons intended for offense or defense with a sure knowledge that these can be destroyed by means of my machines, from practically the other side of the world? The building of armaments must automatically stop, and with that must come the greatest boon which has ever yet been given to the world—the end of warfare. I will pass you these documents, General," Mark concluded, handing them over. "I will take the originals away, but you can have them copied and you can ring up and make an appointment with either of those men and they will tell you again what they saw."

"One more practical question," the general begged, his voice unsteady with excitement. "You two young men leave us today. What happens in Siberia and Far Russia?"

"EVERY particle of information we have," Mark replied, "indicates the Russian desire for peace. An expeditionary force will move forward and from some hundred miles in the rear I shall, if necessary, with my corps of helpers, paralyze the whole of the electrical equipment of Russia and destroy as many airplanes as are necessary to bring them to an armistice. Prince Cheng and I will then proceed to Moscow and establish there, with the help of many Russians of the best type who are living now in obscurity, a new and moderate form of government. Remember that all this information will come to you automatically. Wherever we happen to be, we shall be in communication with you day by day."

"The other question," the general continued. "Supposing within the next month some unfriendly nation—let me take the Germans as an example—should make a sudden move against us, you and Prince Cheng would be in Russia, the Council of Seven are widely separated. War might come before you had time to move."

Mark smiled.

"Naturally, General," he explained, "you have not yet fully appreciated the powers that we control. Supposing that happened this week, or next, I could guarantee to throw the German army into utter disorder within a radius of a hundred miles anywhere, and if it were necessary I could destroy the whole electrical equipment throughout Germany at the same time, so that commercially as well as from a military point of view she would become inert. That is what I could do within notice of an hour or two. But I will tell you this: I am on the brink of one more discovery. Today I said that I needed a latitude of one hundred miles. In twelve months' time, automatically, by use of an instrument which I am perfecting, I will undertake to direct my disintegrating coils and concentrate them within the radius of a single mile. There is, in short, no limit to our possible control of these disintegrating forces. You will find certain verification of that last statement in the report of your own great scientist."

THE sense of strain was too intense to pass easily away, but soon the new situation seemed to assume reality. A world free from war or the fear of war, barracks turned into factories, oceans empty of battleships. Mr. Mountain rang for the butler and ordered wine.

"This," he declared, "is probably the most important meeting that has ever been held in any house, under any roof. You two," he added, "are history makers indeed."

"Mine was a small share," Cheng admitted, "for all the time I had two ambitions. One was to bring peace upon the world. That idea was born in me during my early boyhood in the monastery where I was brought up. When Humberstone and I became friends at Harvard, that desire for peace became like a silent passion in my life but, unlike Mark here, I had another purpose, another goal before me. You know now what it was. I desired to re-establish my country, to bring home to the children of my race a knowledge and appreciation of their past greatness and to lift her back again to where she once stood in culture and wisdom. To that, now that the clash and tumult of warfare is passing into history, I shall give my whole future life."

The wine had arrived, the glasses were filled. All five men rose to their feet. They all hesitated. The inadequacy of words assailed them. General Levissier's voice broke as he lifted his glass.

"To the day," he said solemnly, "when the last bullet shall have been spent and every nation in the world shall have laid down its arms."

Five empty glasses were replaced upon the table. The strain seemed broken. Everyone began talking. The ambassador tapped on the table.

"General," he said, "and *Monsieur le Ministre*, I must remind you of one thing: This house is surrounded by gendarmes waiting to arrest Prince Cheng the moment he leaves the place, or Mr. Mark Humberstone. May I send for my secretary, General, and will you get in touch with headquarters?"

"Send for your secretary by all means," the general replied. "You can let them know at headquarters that they may expect a visit from me within half an hour."

"Levissier and I will both sign absolute safe conducts at once," the premier declared, seating himself at the table and drawing some paper toward him.

"And more important still," the general remarked, "there are some men here, emissaries of the Soviet police, dangerous fellows, who have not yet reported to us. They must be deported straight away or placed under arrest. One thing I can promise both of you," he added, turning to Mark and Prince Cheng, "give us an hour and you shall walk as safely through the streets of Paris as though you were in your own home town."

There was a good deal of telephoning, a brief absence on the part of the general, much writing and signing of papers. The ambassador turned to Mark.

"You will have your things unpacked and stay here, Mark," he begged.

The young man shook his head.

"I'm sorry, sir," he regretted. "I cannot do that. I am going to make a still further demand upon you, though."

"My dear fellow," Mountain assured him, "there is no service in the world which I would not gladly render you. Out with it."

"I have a suite waiting for me at the Meurice," Mark confided, "and—well, to tell you the whole truth, sir, I want you to come along with me as soon as we are free and meet my wife."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are married, Mark?" the ambassador exclaimed.

"Not yet, but I shall be, thanks to you, in, I hope, half an hour's time. I have all the papers that are necessary. We are going to take advantage of the new regulations."

The ambassador rang the bell and ordered his car.

"I," Prince Cheng observed with a grave smile, "am already an invited guest. The Princess Hou Hsi, my wife, is with Catherine Oronoff at Meurice's."

"You will give me a moment or two, if you please," General Levissier begged, rising to his feet. "I shall precede your excellencies' car in my own. A mounted escort of gendarmes is on its way here. As soon as I have satisfied myself that everything is perfectly and entirely safe we will leave."

"If it is going to be a party," Mr. Mountain proposed, "what about my wife, Mark? She is a very old friend of yours."

"If she will honor me we shall be delighted," was the prompt response. "Our only other guests will be the Princess Sophie of Greece and the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, unless—" he added with a glance at Monsieur Chatelain.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," the minister declared, "than to be permitted to sign your papers and make my bow to your wife."

"This promises to be the most amazing end to the most amazing evening of my life," Mr. Mountain pronounced.

THERE was a moment just after dawn when the same thought came to Catherine. Life, after that weary succession of gray days, seemed almost too marvelous, her happiness insupportable. She slipped out of bed and stood before the high open window of the *salon* adjoining, looking out across the *place* toward the Champs Élysées. The stars were paling in a misty sky. One by one the lights faded out. The buildings were becoming less like ghostly shapes, and into the heart of the city the odd passers-by grew into a thin little stream. At each side of the square she could see a gendarme on guard. There were others in front of the entrance. France was protecting the man to whom the world was to owe so much—her man. . . .

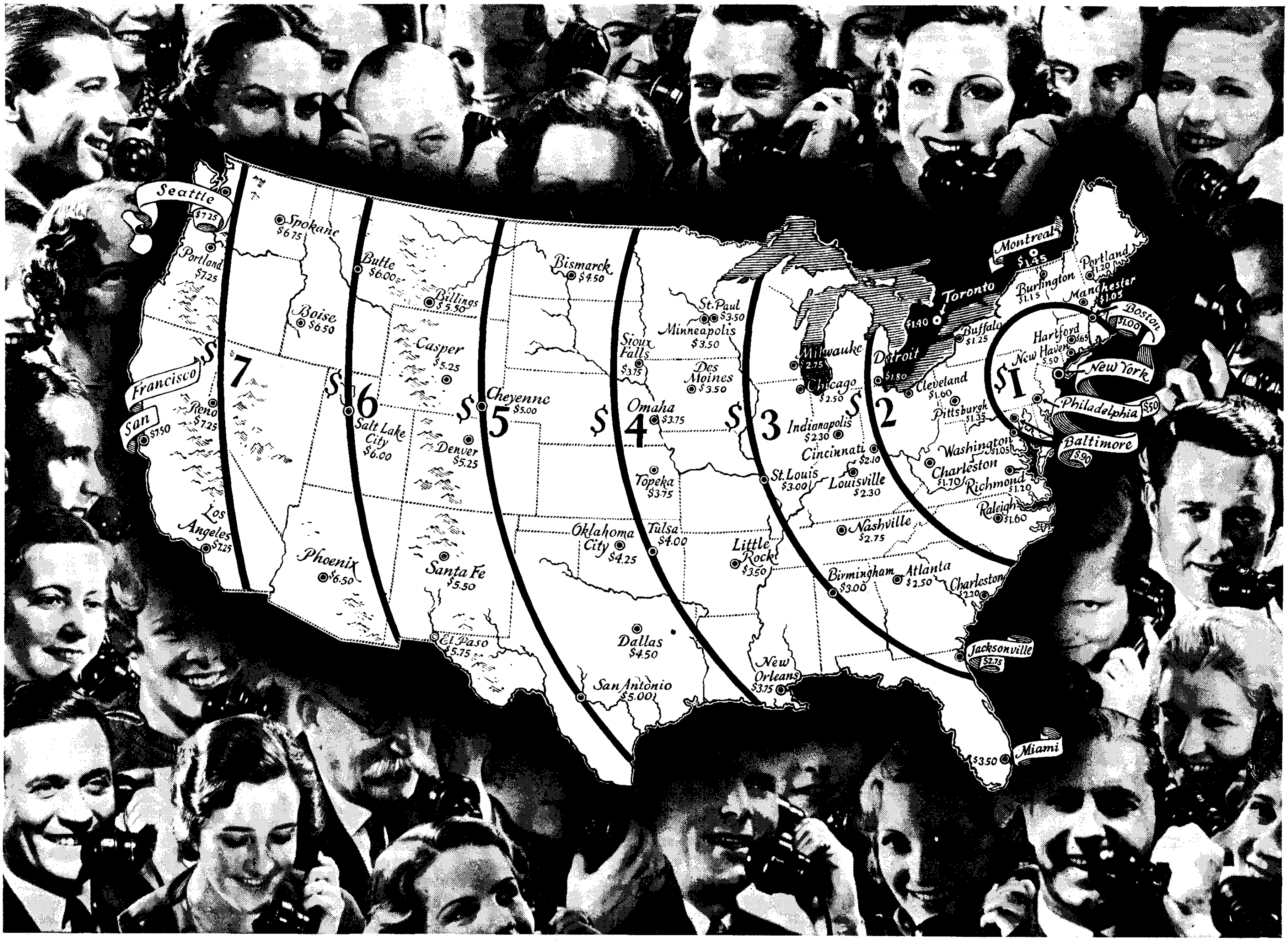
The full sweetness of life flowed in her veins as she listened to his approaching footsteps. Her little gesture invited his caress. He drew her toward him.

"You believe now that you are going to be happy?"

"Always, now that I belong to you."

Her upturned lips clung to his. They listened together to the chiming of the hour. He closed the window and led her back into the room.

(Continued on page 47)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Chicago	1892	4.50	1.45*
Denver	1911	11.25	3.25*
Salt Lake City	1913	14.25	3.75*
San Francisco	1915	20.70	4.50*
London	1927	75.00	15.00*

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100% DISTILLED . . . *Keeps your engine clean*

"In four hours," he reminded her, "we start for China."

"These are the hours," Hou Hsi said softly, "when I love to be alone with my lord and to reflect, just to think of all that lies behind us."

He smiled in lazy but not wholehearted acquiescence. Hou Hsi was stretched upon a huge divan on the broad veranda in front of the exquisitely remodeled pavilion hidden away in one of the secret corners of the world-famous gardens. The outline of the summer palace itself was dimly visible through the trees. Cheng was lying on cushions by her side.

"All has gone well in Moscow?" she asked.

"So our messages tell us. Mark will be here presently with the whole story."

"You lean toward the West tonight," she whispered, her head sinking back amidst the pile of cushions. "I think that I like you so, Ziao Han. My heart is full of pride when I see you stern, hear your words of command, hear the people call out their welcome in shouts that reach the skies. But I love you, too, when you recline in the emperor's place close to my side with that black silk robe over your Western costume, and your voice is softer and your eyes no longer raised to the skies—they look into mine. They shine, perhaps, because they see there what makes you happy?"

"I see you marvelous in the present, Hou Hsi," he answered. "I see you the fairest, dearest possession a man could hold, and I see you the future mother of my sons, the beneficent ruler over this awakening world."

THERE was a brief silence. Hou Hsi was clinging to his hands. A faint breeze was stirring in the flowering shrubs outside, bringing their perfume into the open pagoda where they sat. Below was a lake the color of jade—silent except for the occasional flight of birds. Around them, one by one, lanterns were shining like glowworms among the trees. From the temple on the island came the faint chiming of a silver bell.

"Back to earth, Hou Hsi," he whispered. "I hear the purring of Mark's motor. We must be sure that the news is good—and then dinner."

He touched a bell. Jonson, in the perfect but somewhat modified attire of the majordomo of an Asiatic palace, made his appearance.

"It is Mr. Mark Humberstone and the princess who arrive, my lord," he announced.

"The servants may enter," Hou Hsi said, turning her head slightly.

The place changed as though by magic. Lights shone out from the ceiling and from hidden corners. Along the path which led through a row of tall, silent palms, an archway of roses and hanging bunches of white lotus flowers, a troop of servants in native dress made their noiseless appearance. A dinner table was wheeled in. A grave-faced butler stood over a tray on which one of the men, with lightning touches, was reproducing the ritual of the West. There was the chink of ice. They both turned their heads as Mark and Catherine passed through the wide-flung curtains and approached. Mark wore the white evening garb of the East, Catherine a gown of shimmering blue, with a marvelous Chinese shawl thrown round her shoulders. There was a chorus of joyous greetings. Cocktails and strange Chinese delicacies were handed round.

"So the great day has safely passed."

"Gloriously," Mark declared with enthusiasm. "Never has my transmission been more perfect. The echo of Moscow and Russian throats is still in my ears. Your Majesty missed a most amazing spectacle."

Cheng clapped his hands and gave orders to Jonson.

"For tonight," he announced, "we will abandon all ceremony, and only the servants need attend whose presence is necessary. Mark, you shall tell us all that you saw and heard as we dine."

The cocktails were handed round once more and four very happy people seated themselves at the round table beautifully decked with orchids and scarlet tiger lilies.

"Gratify our curiosity, my friend, if you please," Cheng begged.

"Well, the great thing," Mark recounted, "is that both ceremonies have been safely and marvelously accomplished. Early this morning in the Cathedral, Alexander and the Princess Sophie were married, and at twelve o'clock the coronation of both as King and Queen of the new Russia took place—the religious part in the Cathedral and afterward in the Council Hall of the Kremlin.

"Never within the memory of man, so everyone declared, has Moscow been roused to such scenes of jubilation. Even while the ceremonies were going on the palace and the Kremlin were surrounded by dense masses of the cheering populace singing national hymns. Time after time, Alexander and Sophie have had to come out on the balconies and show themselves. The toast everywhere, from Petrograd to Odessa, is to the New Russia."

"When he gets through, please can he come down an' practice for th' O'Malley fight?" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

WITH the deepening of the blue twilight, lights gleamed out from unexpected places, from the roof of the pagoda itself and from swinging lamps. The perfume of the flowering shrubs floated into the room with every movement of the breeze. Mark, as the coffee was served, drew a slip of paper from his pocket.

"This is a message," he said, "which came just before I closed up the connections."

"It is the message which Mark did not wish to read," Catherine laughed. "I told him that was false modesty."

"Anyhow, here it is," Mark continued. "'Alexander and Sophie send affectionate greetings to Hou Hsi, empress of China, and her illustrious consort. To Cheng himself and to Mark Humberstone, the wholehearted homage due to two men still happily young whom future ages will proclaim to be the greatest makers of world history since the birth of the nations.'"

"I earned that laudation too easily," Cheng remarked deprecatingly. "It is Mark's genius which has brought peace into the world."

Mark rose to his feet, his glass filled.

"I, myself," he said, "have simply finished the task conceived by another and greater mind. Shall we drink once to my father, in whose brain this great invention was born?"

They raised their glasses and drank silently.

MARK and Catherine, the lights of whose pavilion gleamed close at hand through a grove of flowering lime trees, slipped presently away. Jonson, who seemed, with the responsibility of his high office, to have acquired a new dignity of speech and manner, made respectful approach.

"I would ask to be permitted to remind Your Majesty and you, my lord, that tonight brings to an end your period of joyful rest," he announced. "The minister of ceremonies has indicated that tomorrow there is a feast to the nobles, followed by a great reception at the imperial palace. On the following night there is a diplomatic dinner, followed again by a reception at which dancing is to be introduced. On the third, fourth and fifth nights are receptions to the chiefs of the various Chinese army corps which have returned from the front, and the day afterward is the people's national holiday."

Cheng sighed.

"Her Majesty and I are prepared to carry out the program arranged for us," he said.

He struck a small silver gong by his side. Presently servants streamed into the pavilion—silent but sure-footed. The dining table, with the four great chairs of state, was removed as though by magic.

From somewhere on the lake came the strains of fantastic but tuneful music. Cheng gave his hand to Hou Hsi. Jonson faded away.

Chance had sent the royal lovers a moonless night with nothing but a few faintly burning stars visible behind the vale of deep violet sky. Hou Hsi lay in her husband's arms and was very happy. She sat up suddenly.

"You think of me sometimes as I am, beloved?" she asked. "I am half—oh, more than half—Chinese girl, but all that is behind in my soul and brain is not all Chinese. A little of me is American, a little French, a little English. Which does my lord like best? So shall I fashion my life."

"The whole," he whispered. "It is you, dear one, who have changed my whole idea of womankind and love. Every part of you, every thought, every word I love as my religion."

"Your religion?" she repeated, faintly wondering.

"My religion and yours," he went on. "The religion of all the countless millions of the East."

Then his lips met hers and with a low sob of content she crept a little closer into his protecting embrace.

WITH their arms linked closely together, Mark and Catherine made their way along the pathway of velvety turf which led through the grove of lime trees to the pavilion which was their temporary home. Soon they neared its fantastic front, fairylike with the lanterns hanging from the balcony, and white-robed servants moving about within. Mark, with sudden passion, drew her into his arms.

"Catherine," he whispered, "your heart has ached a little tonight that you are not sitting at the banquet in the Kremlin among your own people, that you could not be listening to their songs in the street. Do not think that I blame you, sweetheart. It is so natural."

Her arms tightened around his neck.

"Mark," she protested, "you are mad to think it possible."

"Life will go on there," he continued, with just a trace of doubt still in his voice, "and it might so easily have been you reigning over your people, spending your life among them, instead of Sophie. As it is, with me you must move from corner to corner of the world. Our work must go on for many years. We must make all that we have won secure for all time. We must visit many countries but live in none."

There was reassurance absolute and complete in her joyous laugh.

"Oh, Mark, my sweetheart, my husband," she cried softly, "how foolish you are! There is no country for me save the country where you and I are together—no life for me without you. I am happy because many of my people have found salvation through you and because they once more belong to a free and dignified nation. My heart is full of gratitude, but even that gratitude is part of my love."

He felt the mad beating of her heart as her arms clung around his neck.

"Moments like these, Mark, cannot come all the time," she went on passionately. "Nothing but the truth has passed my lips. My country—my people—it is you who have restored them to life. Nothing, nothing counts with me but you. My love is changeless. You believe?"

"I believe," he assured her.

"It is enough."

She disengaged herself slowly from his arms. She moved toward the opening among the trees through which the lights of the gently swinging lanterns seemed to be beckoning them. She held out her hand.

"Come, Mark," she begged.

THE END

The story of Jessie Matthews, a Briton who has led a successful one-girl invasion of America

John Bull's Girl

By Henry F. Pringle

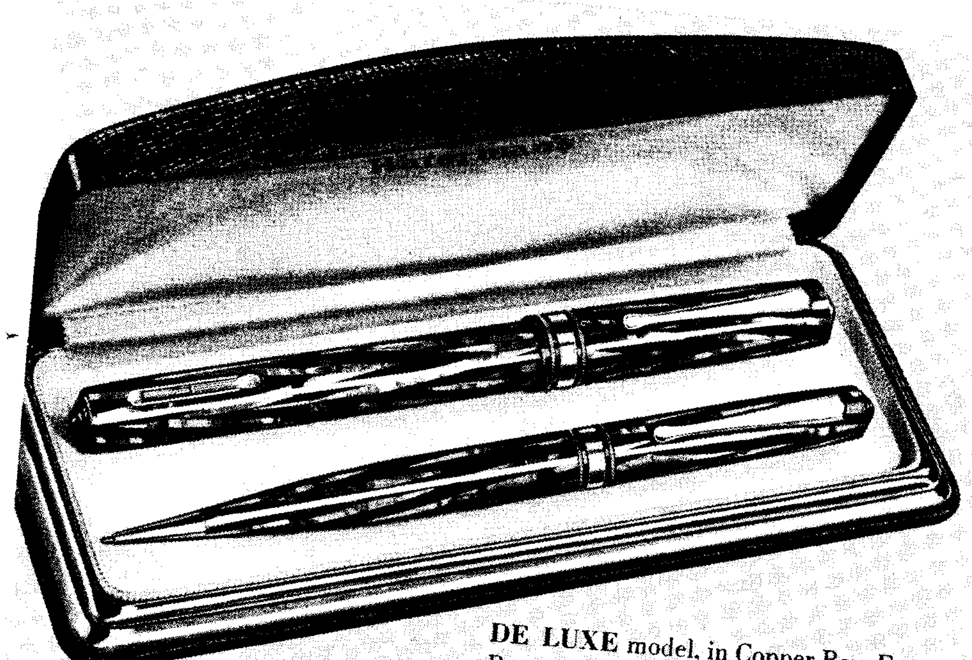
THE supposedly unemotional English are in a frightful dither over Miss Jessie Matthews, the song-and-dance girl who is the Number One movie star of the empire. Their excitement is based, in the typically British way, partly on love and partly on practical commercialism. Miss Matthews is a very pretty girl, a superlative tap dancer, a fair singer and an excellent actress. But she is a jolly good influence on British trade, too. Her pictures gross more in the United States, on the average, than those of any other English film celebrity; their earnings compare very favorably with the most gorgeous Hollywood epics. They roll up charming profits in Australia, New Zealand and the other dominions. The sun never sets on a Jessie Matthews film. It doesn't set on her far-flung fans, either. "You have moonlike cheeks and applelike eyes," wrote an admirer from West Africa last spring. "If we may venture to say so," ventured a solemn London critic, "Miss Matthews might be called 'The Dancing Divinity of the British Isles.'" These are strong, not to say hyperbolic, words for an English critic to utter.

Among her other achievements Miss Matthews has had the distinction of converting His Majesty, George V, the late king, to talking pictures. King George had never been much of a cinema enthusiast, even in the silent days, and he stubbornly refused to witness one of these new, noisy, 100-per-cent sound atrocities. Early in 1933, however, it occurred to a titled lady in London that a gala première of a British picture would, if attended by the royal family, earn a very large sum for her pet charity. The cause was a most important one and the king, although he is rumored to have protested in some well-chosen phrases picked up on the quarter-deck in his sailor days, could not get out of going.

To the King's Taste

Then followed intense discussions regarding the film to be shown. Some smart young man in the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, Ltd., a leading producing company, pointed out that J. B. Priestley's The Good Companions had just been finished. It was a nice story, definitely on the decorous side. It was as soothing, in fact, as a talking picture could be. So it was selected for the special performance which was held one afternoon at a West End theater. Seats sold for as high as $25. The king came, in a faintly huffish mood because he was afraid that the blamed show would last so long that he might not get back to the palace in time for tea at five o'clock. But he enjoyed himself very much. When it was over he praised the performance of Miss Matthews, who had the leading part. And after that he attended special movie performances without grumbling at all.

The decision to run off The Good Companions for the king and queen nearly



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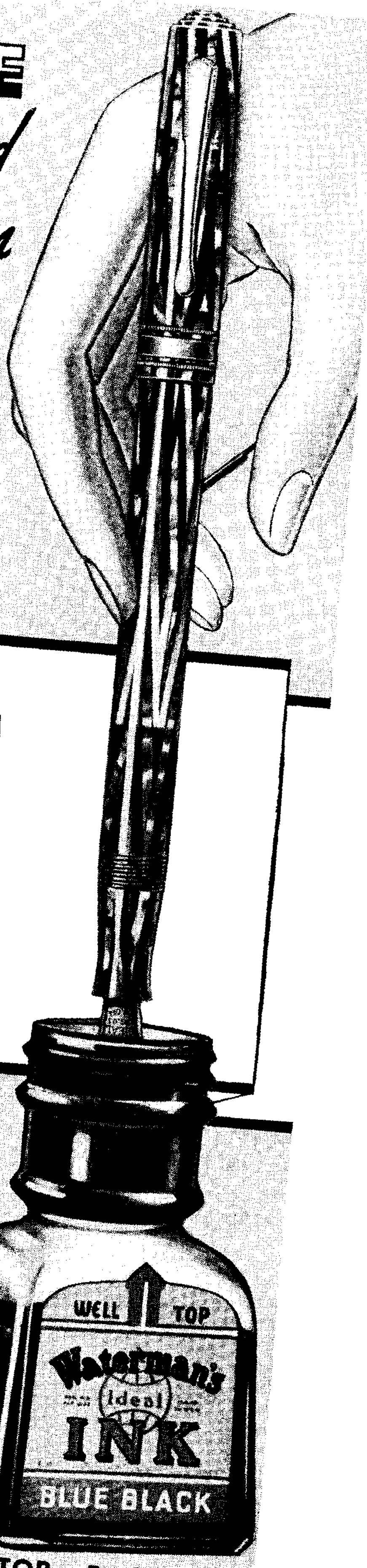

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1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

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caused one of those situations which so distress the British. The royal performance had already been announced when somebody recalled that Jessie had, in 1929, been divorced from her husband. Official word came to go ahead with the show, anyway. But her past meant that Jessie could not be presented to Their Majesties. This depressed her very much, for the other players in the film were to be introduced. She was greatly cheered up, though, when she passed near the royal box, for the queen nodded to her in the friendliest possible way.

Jessie was married again, in January of 1931, to John Robert Hale Monro, the British comedian, who is known on the stage by the somewhat appalling name, "Sonnie" Hale. Mr. Monro has abandoned his stage career, for the present at least, and is directing his wife in her latest musical picture which was, while being shot last summer, called Head Over Heels, and which will be shown in the United States this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Monro are another of those stage couples who work together in great harmony and who are, as exhibits of professional matrimony, getting a degree wearisome.

The Monros are somewhat less tiresome than other loving stage couples, though, because their amiability cracks occasionally, just enough to indicate that they are human. "Darling, would you mind very much doing that scene over?" Mr. Monro ordinarily asks. "Sweet, it would be a pleasure," is her reply. They were both pretty nervous over the latest picture, however. It was his first directorial effort and the responsibility weighed on him. So there was an undertone of acerbity to the endearments which accompanied their work on the day when I visited the Gaumont-British studios in London. The first rehearsals went off badly.

"You gave me the wrong directions," said Jessie sweetly.

"No, darling, I didn't," he answered.

"Yes, dear, you did. I did it exactly as you told me."

"No, dear, you didn't," said Monro. This went on for about $500 worth of Gaumont-British time.

"May I point out that I am directing this excessively silly film," he finally snapped, "and that what I say is what you do!"

Honey on the Screen

The press agent at Gaumont-British begins his official biography of Jessie Matthews as follows: "On March 11, 1907, there was born in London a girl who by sheer grit and determination won her way to the very pinnacle of stage and screen fame." Thus Jessie, perched on that pinnacle, is now twenty-nine years old. It is only fair, having thus by arithmetical means revealed her age, to say that Miss Matthews doesn't look that old.

She is on the small side—about five feet four inches tall. She has pleasant dark hair which she brushes back from her forehead. Her eyes are brown, too, and they sparkle nicely. But the aspect of Jessie's appearance which causes the aristocrats of Mayfair to drop their monocles and the cockneys of London's East End their h's is her figure. This is well-nigh flawless.

The Matthews family into which Jessie was born in March, 1907, was as large as it was poverty-stricken. Her father was George Matthews, who was in the fruit business, and they lived over a market in the Covent Garden district of London. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews had sixteen children in all, of whom eleven survived. Jessie came along in the middle of this procession. The oldest of the Matthews girls was the disciplinarian of the family until Jessie was eight or nine years old. When she was about ten, Jessie was promoted to the role of disciplinarian herself and she sometimes had to paddle two or three Matthews brats at a single sitting. The combination of being both spankee and spanker made her a model child.

She learned to read and write, but not much more, at the local school. It was clear, by the time she was twelve, that somebody had to add to the family income and Jessie did her bit by playing small parts in the children's pantomimes which are a traditional part of London's Christmas festival. She revealed some acting ability. At fifteen she got a small part in a revue to be put on by C. B. Cochran, the Flo Ziegfeld of England.

She learned to dance a little and was even allowed to sing, if the chorus was big enough so that her cockney twang did not stand out too much. But she discovered that success in the theater, if it came at all, was very slow. In 1923 she had a bit in the current Music Box Revue. Then came a year or more of discouragement. She was hired for parts and then dismissed for lack of talent. She spent dreary months trudging from theater to theater trying to get a job.

Social Error

One day she reported for an audition by the famous André Charlot. Several hundred other girls had answered the summons and La Matthews was kept waiting from about 10 o'clock until after noon. She was well toward the end of the line. Many girls had been engaged and her chances grew slimmer by the minute. So she decided that she had nothing to lose by being fresh.

"What the hell do you mean by keeping us all waiting here?" she shrilled. "I'm tired of standing around. I want my lunch!"

All of Charlot's yes men froze with horror and prepared to rush on Jessie and hurl her from the theater. Charlot, however, was struck by her appearance. He called off his avengers and asked her name.

"Go ahead and eat your lunch," he then said. "You're engaged."

This was the beginning of Miss Matthews' rise. She played in Charlot's show that year and went to New York, still as a chorus girl, when the overseas company was organized twelve months later. Meanwhile it had dawned on her that a successful actress should be able to speak without revealing that she had been raised in a London slum. So she went to elocution teachers and exorcised her cockney flavoring so completely that today she has not the faintest touch of it. She also studied dancing intensively. Her reward for this industry came, after the New York run of the first Charlot's Revue, when the show went on the road. She had been permitted to understudy Gertrude Lawrence and one or two other principals. At Toronto Miss Lawrence was stricken with pneumonia and Jessie took her place for six weeks. When the show reached St. Louis and other cities of the Middle West she was being featured along with Bee Lillie and the other stars.

Looking back on these triumphs, Miss Matthews now denies that success spoiled her. But there are indications, none the less, that she developed a slightly expanded head. Charlot thought so, at least. When the company returned to England he announced that her status in his next production would again be that of chorus girl.

"If you can stand being in the back row for three months," he said, "I'll give you a part again."

Jessie had had her fill of discipline by that time, but she took her chastisement with good grace. At the end of a few weeks Charlot relented and gave her a fairly prominent role. By 1926 she was the leading lady of his troupe and a favorite in London. She was starred during the next three seasons in one musical show after another. In 1929 she went to New York with Awake and Dream. The Americans who saw her in these productions will hardly recognize the Jessie Matthews who is John Bull's cinema sweetheart today, however. She then wore her hair in straight, dark bangs. She did not dance nearly as well. Jessie's present personality, which is definitely on the wholesome side, was evolved during her career in movies.

While in the United States she had been spotted by the talent scouts of Warner Brothers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and other Hollywood producers. But Jessie (God bless her for a true Britisher) spurned their American gold and returned to England, where she made one pretty good film in 1931. Then Gaumont-British took her on. She made her first screen hit in There Goes the Bride. In 1933 came the Priestley film, witnessed by the king. Several musicals followed. The first to achieve large earnings in the United States was Evergreen, a screen version of the stage musical comedy. Since then she has appeared in First a Girl and in It's Love Again.

Not to Play Second Fiddle

Last year the Hollywood barons renewed their appeals. Eddie Cantor wanted her. One offer was to play opposite Fred Astaire at $60,000 for the picture. Another time she was sought as Robert Montgomery's leading lady. The heads of Gaumont-British had no objection to a picture or two in Hollywood, for they felt that a brief stay in the United States might further add to her popularity on that side of the Atlantic. But they were quite unwilling to have Jessie play second fiddle even to Cantor or Astaire. Besides, she was making about $200,000 a year in London, and Hollywood, for all its munificence, cannot greatly improve on such earnings. The Matthews brothers and sisters, meanwhile, watched her rise with mingled pride and astonishment.

"All of the fellows go to see your pictures," wrote one of her brothers from boarding school, "and some of us think you are just as good as King Kong."

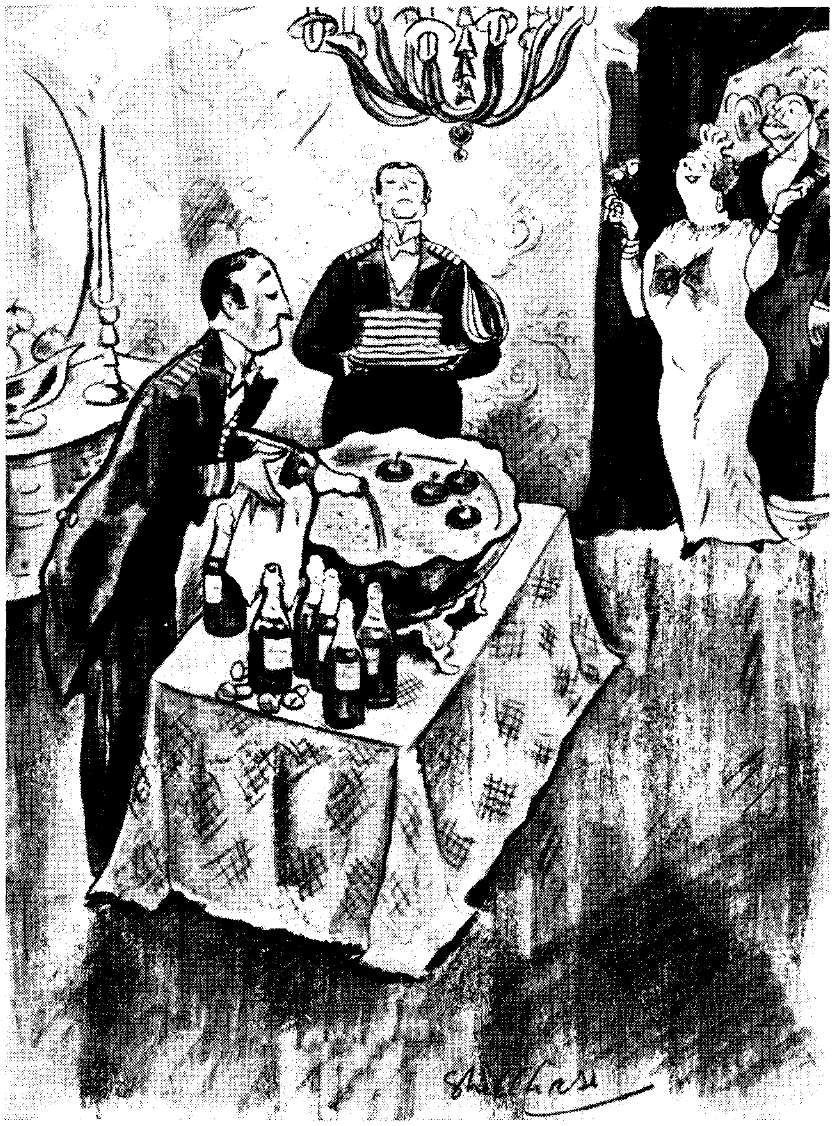
Jessie Matthews, although she works too hard, leads a fairly tranquil existence in her Hampton farmhouse. Life is tranquil, that is, except when Jessie and Mr. Monro are making a picture together. Then they worry about it incessantly.

"It's *his* fault," she insists. "I'm good, myself. I could leave the studio and forget it. But he talks about it until we get to bed. He wakes me up at six o'clock in the morning and says, 'Just how shall we work out that business in the first sequence this morning?'"

Monro listens to this with open-mouthed indignation. When he can get in a word, which is difficult, he protests that the fault is wholly hers.

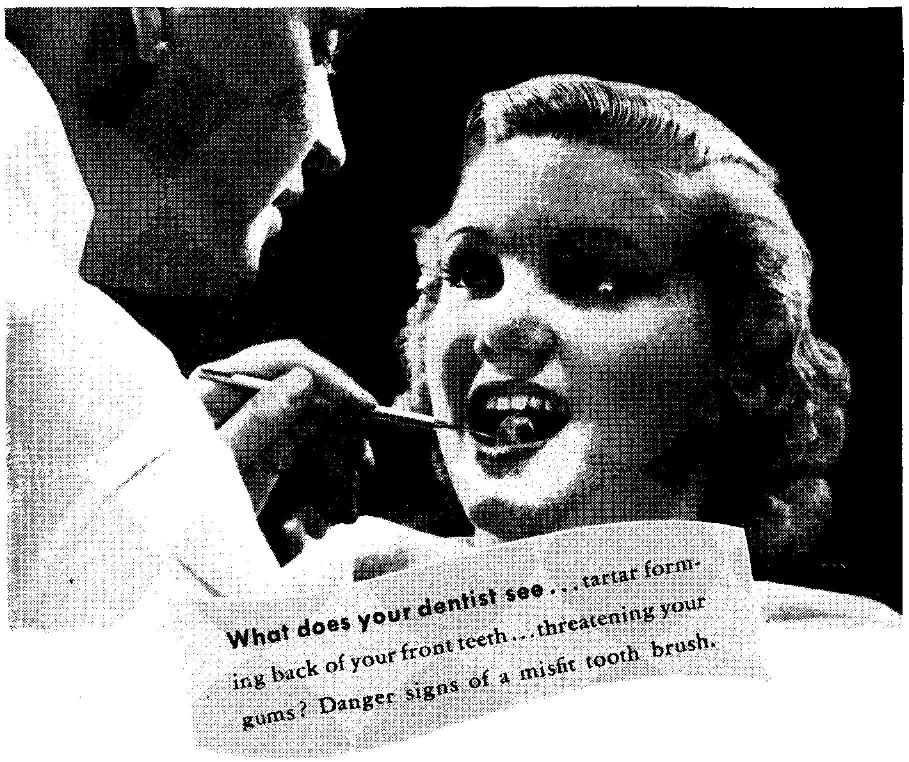
Preparing to visit the United States for a personal-appearance tour this fall, Miss Matthews was alternately alarmed and pleased by reports of the mobs which might greet her. She was told one day in August of a Hollywood glitter girl who, on arriving in New York, had been surrounded by frantic admirers. The police lines had broken. The fans had swept in to touch the hem of her skirt and in doing so they managed to tear away most of her clothes. For one awful instant, until some gallant tossed a coat around her, she had been clad in nothing except shoes, stockings, girdle and brassière.

Jessie was horrified. "How terrible!" she said. Then she paused. "But it would be nice to be so popular," she added.



"Ah! That's what I like—a good, old-fashioned Halloween party!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE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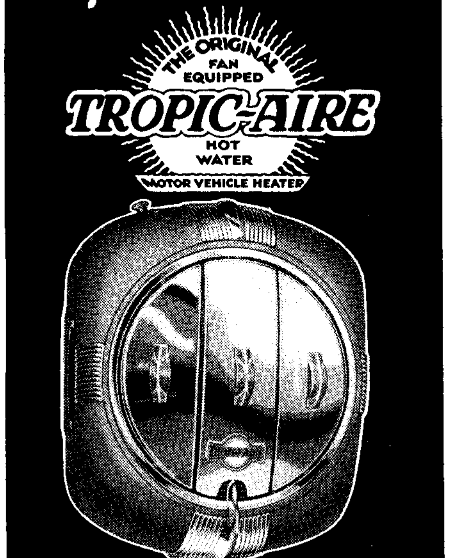

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Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 15

"John," Charley Vaughn said, "I don't think there is any such thing out here. What do you say we try again by daylight?"

We were making a tiresome job of it, all right. The rain, which seemed so cold at first, was really cold only in comparison to the heat of the day. Actually it was as tepid as soup, and muddling around in the heavy slickers brought us into a sweat. A thankless job. Yet now I realized that I had come into possession of a fantastic hope. If no knife was there, then there was a bare possibility that Mrs. Merriam's story was true. I had not realized how much I cared about that, until the slow, eager hope took form that our search would fail. I started all over again, researching the hard places—especially the litter of leaves and rubbish at the foot of the bamboo. I hammered the tall stems, lest the knife should have lodged somewhere above, and raked at the leaves below with my cane.

"By daylight we'll find it in plain sight," Vaughn prophesied.

I kept on, because I wanted to find it now or not at all.

I did not find it, either then or later. If there ever was a knife thrown loose into that compound, we never found it at all.

As we re-entered the portal, Charley Vaughn went slashing up the helical iron stairway which gave access to the upper quarters. He wouldn't want to have the Lowrys see him until he was properly dressed. I stopped below long enough to find Djamara, the houseboy, whom I kept on duty at night to serve coffee or drinks as required.

"Go find Nural Hakim, and send him to me."

The boy looked startled, for Nural Hakim was my Moro interpreter, and overseer of Moro labor—a Tao-Sug from Sulu waters. The Bilaans, from birth, are deathly afraid of the Moros, who used to capture and enslave those mild little pagans—still do, if the truth were known. But the boy said, "*Si, señor,*" and went.

I FOLLOWED Charley Vaughn up the helical stairway, and turned off into the radio room. I snapped on the power switch; then sat staring unhappily at the apparatus, while I waited for the big tubes to heat. I was trying to decide what I was going to tell the Jolo constabulary, and I was in the grip of a deep and gloomy concern.

My eyes were full of Tonai Merriam. I could see the subtle smooth curve of her cheek, and her direct frightened eyes. I could see the tormented small huddle of her figure, lost in the folds of Mrs. Holderness' white wool robe. And now I was able to convince myself, half against reason, that Tonai Merriam had not done this thing. Her story was fantastic and unreal, but I found that I desperately wanted to believe it, to find a way to prove it to the rest. Our failure to find a weapon formed a single peg upon which I could hang a hope.

The whine of the generator had risen to a steady drone, and the orange glow of the tubes was casting faint shadows of its own in that badly lighted room. I roused myself and signaled Jolo.

Jolo did not answer for many minutes, and I knew that off there across open sea the night men at the constabulary post were probably playing piquet. But the return signal came in at last, and I recognized the sending of young Lieutenant Sammy Killigan.

Even as I worked the key, identifying myself—"Jno brt mlngai"—I was still hesitating as to what I was going to say.

"Henry Shane," I finally told him, "employee here, murdered tonight by persons unknown."

Promptly came Killigan's fatuous-sounding question, "Any witnesses?"

"One white woman."

Young Killigan was a chatty soul, accustomed to clutter up the air with all kinds of gossipy conversation, and I sensed his bright interest now. "The hell you say. Who?"

I hesitated; then, "Name is Mrs. Neal Merriam," I sent.

Even across four hundred miles of water I could recognize the dithering of Lieutenant Killigan as he paused abstractedly, then nervously told me to wait. I waited a full three minutes, and knew he was consulting with somebody else.

When the next message came it was succinct and clear, and I knew someone else had taken the key.

"Hold Mrs. Merriam for questioning re unsolved disappearance Neal Merriam Stop Good man *will* come to you by plane in the morning."

DJAMARA was standing at the door as I swung to my feet; and he was dripping streams and puddles.

"*No, puede, señor.* Nural Hakim, he not where he sleeps. I look very much. I think he is not any place in barrio."

"Ring the big *agong* for the other houseboys," I ordered.

I went downstairs and got shoes on again, and dry clothes, and all the time I was doing this the big *agong* in the patio was tolling with slow strokes. It was the most mournful, portentous sound I ever heard, like a death bell; but it got results. By the time I was dressed, three more of my Bilaans had come straggling into the house.

One of them was sleepily buttoning his *camisa*, but the others wore nothing but sarongs. And all three of them had forgotten to put up their hair under the turbans upon which I insisted; their wild long hair trailed down over their naked shoulders in a monkeylike disorder. You should have seen the faces of Marise and Justin Lowry as they looked at those little brown men! Undoubtedly my guests conceived that they had fallen into primitive and repugnant conditions, sure enough. I was angered, but it was too late to do anything about it now.

I took the Bilaans into the room that had been Mrs. Merriam's, firmly shutting the Lowrys outside. Sleepiness left the brown boys, and their dark surface-lighted eyes turned wary as I showed them the body of Henry Shane.

"One of you saw a man moving around in the compound," I bluffed. "Which of you was it?"

There was a long squirmy silence, but one of the boys looked more evasive than the others.

"Bolong," I said, "you saw a man in the compound!"

"*Si, señor.*"

"Well, come out with it! Who was it?"

"You," he said. "I see you, *señor.*"

I started over again. "I have been in the compound, and so has Captain Vaughn. But somebody was in the compound before that. Which of you saw something move?"

A couple of minutes more passed and then Bolong's face brightened intelligently. "Rain," he offered. "Compound all full of rain."

I gave it up.

My next step was an unpleasant one, but had to be taken care of. We could neither bury Henry Shane until the constabulary arrived, nor did I dare to keep him in the tropic heat. The alternative was more of an embarrassment than a help. In preparation for Justin Lowry's visit, I had installed power refrigeration here.

"Paglas, Utok, Bolong," I addressed the boys by name, "wrap Señor Shane in a sheet. Carry him to the meat cooler—the big one. Take out the side of beef that is hanging there, and shut Señor Shane inside."

Utok looked puzzled. "Where put fine beef?"

"Damn the beef." I stuck my head out the door. "Mr. Lowry, my suggestion is that you get everybody together and round them up in my office."

I waited to make sure that the boys did not carry Shane away until the coast was clear. Then, taking Djamara with me, I joined the others in the room off the portal.

Justin Lowry, as I entered, was seated behind my own desk, and scattered elsewhere about the room were my singularly unhappy-looking guests. Mrs. Holderness, sitting up very straight in a quilted dressing gown, was looking indignant and bewildered, with that fixity of extreme expression which elderly women seem to learn. Marise, curled up uncomfortably in a chair, shot me a glance that seemed half appealing, half resentful; then dropped her eyes again.

But if I had seen only one person in that room, it would have been Tonai Merriam whom I saw. She was sitting on her feet in the most uncomfortable chair in the room, relaxed and resting; but though there was no color in her face, and she appeared tenuously frail compared to the others there, she was still able to appear the most vital figure of them all. As if she were made of different stuff than the rest, and belonged some place else. She met my eyes as I came in, and I thought she was trying to convey something to me, but I could not tell what it was.

Lowry clapped his hands sharply and Djamara appeared from where I had posted him just outside the door.

"Bring coffee," Lowry ordered. "I want plenty good hot coffee—right away—*quizá!*"

Djamara looked puzzled and Tonai Merriam shot me a queerish glance. Apparently Lowry thought "*quizá*" meant "quickly," but it doesn't. What he had really said was, "I want coffee—right away—*maybe!*"

HE TURNED on me testily as the boy disappeared. "You've taken your time about all this, I must say!"

"I'm sorry," I said.

"I want you to understand," Lowry told me, "that I consider what has happened here tonight to be serious in the extreme. Frankly, the whole thing is nothing short of an outrage."

I was tired and anxious, and perhaps I made my face appear too foolishly blank. "I—" I said simply, "I am outraged, too."

Lowry was not mollified. After all he had been kept standing more than an hour in that hall. "I am not at all pleased with the type of management that makes such things possible," he said. "Vaughn has already told me that your search for the weapon has accomplished nothing whatever. Quite evidently it is necessary that I myself take full charge here."

I hoped that a certain incredulity was not visible in my face. The future of Malangai and of Tunganan, as well as my own, was in this man's hands. He

(Continued on page 54)

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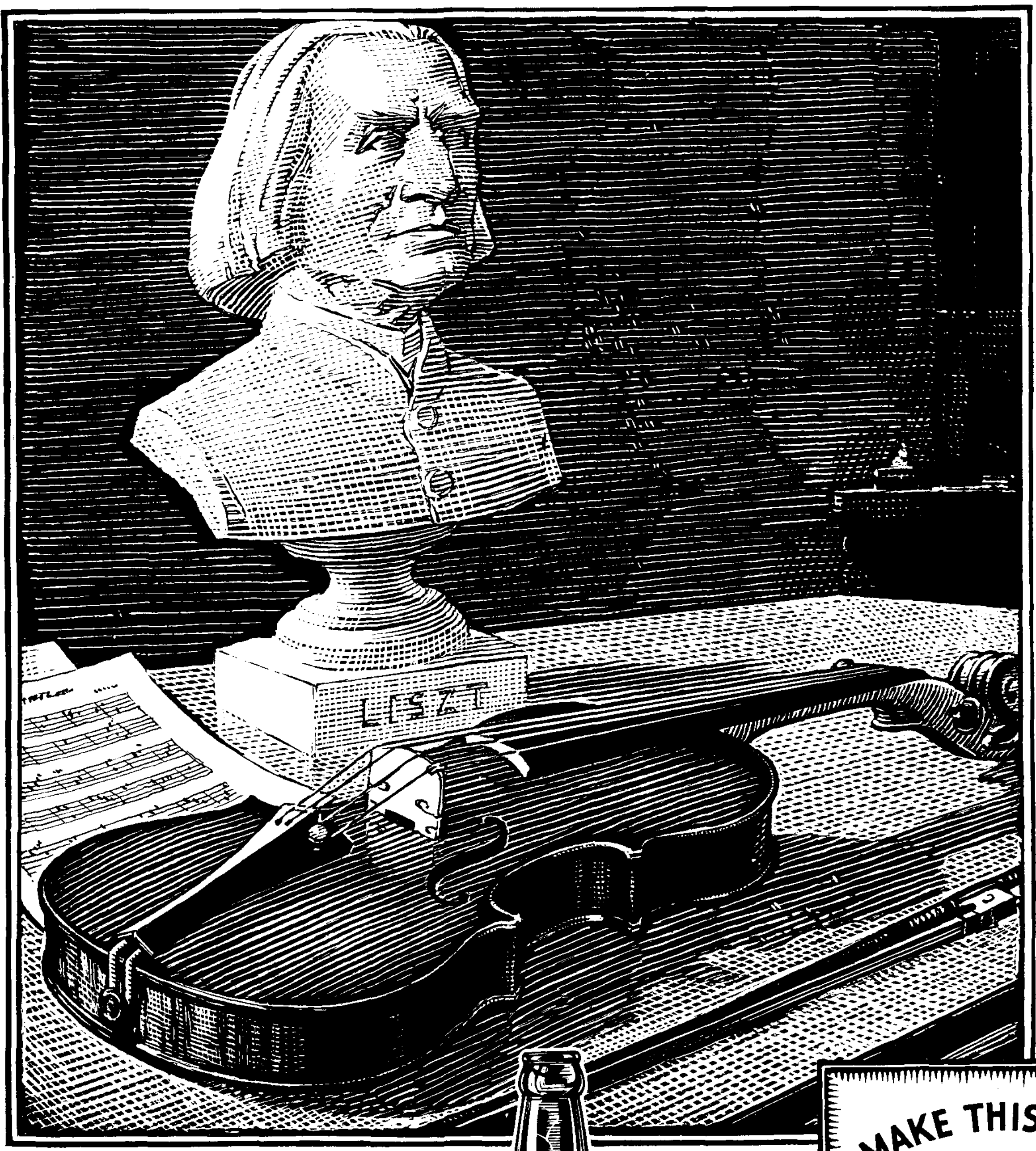

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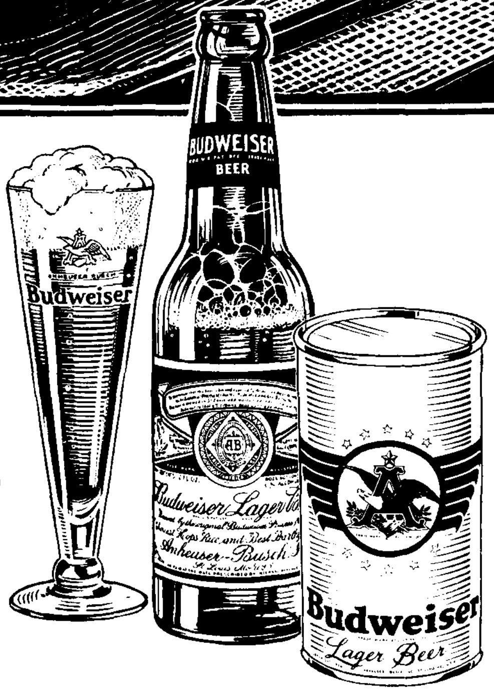

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The Sensible Thing in Treatment

How often have you seen it—a cold today and something worse tomorrow.

Almost every case of bronchitis, bronchial pneumonia and influenza has its start in the "common cold."

According to recently published figures, there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the "common cold."

A menace to life and health, the "common cold" is also a severe tax on the public pocketbook. Statistics prove that the average person loses ten days' work a year on account of colds.

Something to Watch

If there's anything you want to watch, it's the "common cold." Health authorities on every side urge it.

Don't take *any* cold lightly. Don't try to laugh it off. The cold that may be only a sneeze or a sniffle today may be a bed case tomorrow. Regard a cold seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection.*

As an internal infection, it is patent that a cold requires *internal treatment.* Mere surface measures—mere local treatments—may temporarily alleviate the symptoms, but to get at the real trouble, you must get at a cold from *within!*

An excellent thing to take for a cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Fourfold Effect

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well. It has only one purpose, the treatment of colds.

Secondly, it is internal in effect and does four definite things of vital importance in the relief of a cold:

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(2) It checks the fever in the system.

(3) It relieves the headache and fever.

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When you feel a cold coming on, do something about it right away. Don't dally, don't compromise. Go right to your druggist and get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Usually, if taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will check a cold in 24 hours—and that's the action you want for safety!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, insist upon getting what you ask for. The few pennies' cost may save you a lot of anxiety.

RADIO NOTE: *Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.*

(Continued from page 52)

represented the financial power without which I could not work. But Justin Lowry was now superimposed upon a part of the world of which he knew nothing. He was a man eight thousand miles from home—and he didn't know it. To me, Lowry was simply funny.

"At your orders, sir," I said gravely.

Lowry tilted back in my desk chair. "Certain steps are necessary, and they must be immediate." He eased into his executive manner, low-voiced and quick-speaking. "The body of Henry Shane," he directed, "must be kept available for inspection until we receive proper instructions from the authorities. Your radio is working?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get in touch with the proper authorities at once. Make a full and accurate report to them, and record their instructions. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Get at it."

"Yes, sir. What next, sir?"

"When you have taken care of those items, come back and report to me."

"Right." I sat down in the only remaining chair and crossed my knees.

"WELL, what are you waiting for? Do as I told you."

"I did," I said.

"Did? Did what?"

"I've talked to Jolo on the radio. A man from the Philippine constabulary will arrive by plane from Jolo tomorrow."

"You seem to have taken things pretty much into your own hands," Lowry commented.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I supposed it was my job to do whatever needed to be done."

"As it happens," Lowry told me, "the most important work of all remains undone. When this man from the Philippine army—"

"Philippine constabulary."

"Good Lord! Can't we get anybody here above the rank of a constable?"

"The constabulary is a well-trained and highly efficient service," I informed him. "Whoever is sent will have at his command as many jungle-trained scouts as he needs—if his problem calls for them. I'm sure you will be well satisfied with their way of handling things."

"I suppose," Lowry grunted, "I will have to be. In the meantime, however, my duty is clear. Much as this thing pains us all, it is obviously necessary that Mrs. Merriam be placed under the strictest restraint."

"Personally," I answered him, "I don't see why. We are on an island. Everyone who is here tonight will be here tomorrow, simply because there is no practicable way to leave. Not even a Moro vinta would risk these seas."

"I'm not speaking of escape," Lowry said impatiently. "I point out to you that we have no way of knowing what else is likely to happen here tonight. Simply because we have no clear view of what has happened already."

I realized I was upon gravely unsteady ground. I spoke slowly: "You have heard Mrs. Merriam's story?"

"Mrs. Holderness told me what she said. I know nothing at firsthand. Just before you came in I asked her a direct question and she refused to answer me."

"I suppose," I said, "you warned her that anything she said might be used against her?"

"I did. Her reply was that anything *I* said might be used against *me*. This," Justin Lowry pronounced heavily, "is a most recalcitrant young woman. In the absence of fuller explanations—much fuller explanations—I cannot judge her story to be anything but ridiculous."

"Just what was it, Justin," Mrs. Holderness demanded, "that you wanted Mrs. Merriam to tell you?"

"I want to know exactly what she did when Shane, as she tells it, was struck through the window."

I started to say, "She has a perfect right—"

The girl herself interrupted me. "I'll answer. I didn't do anything. I screamed my head off, and then I ran out of the room."

"I wouldn't describe it that way," Mrs. Holderness contributed. "Under the circumstances, I would consider it a very moderate little scream. Much the sort of scream one gives upon seeing a bug."

"I do not," Tonai Merriam informed her, "scream at bugs. That was just as much of a scream as I am good for."

"Not much of a screamer, evidently," was Mrs. Holderness' opinion.

"I see no necessity," Lowry declared with exasperation, "for probing the exact pitch and volume of this scream. I don't care a damn what horsepower the woman develops for her screams. The point here is that it was certainly the most highly retarded scream that was ever turned loose at a murder."

"Just how many have you attended?" Mrs. Holderness asked.

Lowry ignored her. "The man is jerked half out of a window, gets himself stabbed, collapses, revives himself, closes the window, latches it with some prolonged difficulty, collapses again, and finally dies. This woman then, at long last, emits a small outcry. I never heard such a story in my life!"

Tonai Merriam appeared shaken for the first time. She turned to me. "It wasn't like that," she told me, her voice low and unsteady. "He makes it sound as if it went on forever. But it didn't—though it seemed that way. It was all over in just a flash, from start to finish."

"Sure," I said. "I know."

"How long," Lowry fired at Mrs. Merriam, "have you known Henry Shane?"

"I never knew him at all. I never even heard his name until after this happened. I learned it just now from you, for the first time."

"Perhaps you'll be so kind as to tell us what name you *did* know him under?"

"I didn't know him at all," Tonai Merriam repeated. The nervous tension in her voice was becoming plainer.

"When did you last see him? I mean, before you saw him in this house?"

"I don't remember."

"Then you admit that you have seen him before?"

"I admit that he looked vaguely familiar. I suppose I saw him somewhere, some time. I've been trying as hard as I can to remember where. But I can't—I simply can't. I don't know where I ever saw him before, nor who he was."

"Don't you think," Justin Lowry bore down, "that you would be just as well off telling the truth?"

TONAI MERRIAM appeared to pale a little further, and her lips set. I snapped my pipe out of my mouth.

"Here, here, now!" I broke in. "I should think that's enough of that, isn't it?"

Lowry turned on me. "I don't understand you," he said shortly.

"I mean to say," I answered, "that I am not in sympathy with the line you're taking. I don't think Mrs. Merriam should be asked to stand for it."

Justin Lowry looked astonished.

"I should not think it necessary to get excited," he said.

"My point exactly. I do not mean to permit—"

Mrs. Holderness stood up. "Stop it! Both of you! You're acting like a bunch of children. I, for one, am perfectly convinced the girl is telling the truth."

Justin Lowry allowed a baffled silence to fall. Looking at Tonai Merriam, I saw that she had hidden her face in her hands, and was crying quietly. She looked so small, so pitiful, that I could not possibly have brought myself to tell them what only I knew—that this girl was also wanted for questioning concerning the disappearance of her husband. As yet I knew nothing as to what kind of jam she was in, or why she was here, or how she had turned up upon Tunganan. Yet I believed her. I believed her because I wanted to believe her.

"If you think it necessary for the girl to be taken into custody," Mrs. Holderness was saying, "I'll take her into custody myself, and nobody else. I'm going to take her to my own rooms, and keep her there. And I may as well tell you now that I intend to scalp any officious old grump that tries to bother her any more tonight. Come along here, child."

Justin Lowry's frankly scandalized stare followed them as they went out.

"For all we know," he rumbled, "we'll all have our throats cut before morning."

I STOOD up. "If you don't need me any further, I'm going to bed."

"Oh, by all means!" Justin Lowry shouted. "Go on and have a good peaceful, restful sleep. Damnation! I don't see how anybody in this house can expect to get a wink of sleep tonight!"

Neither did I, but I backed out of there, and went to my room. I took off my shoes and shirt, put out the light, and lay down on my bed inside my mosquito netting. Then for a while I lay staring upward into the dark.

There had been an effect of foolishness and absurdity about the whole scene that Justin Lowry had dominated—a crazy, loose-ended jarring of wills to no effectual purpose. Yet it seemed to me that there had been a touch of dark, unwholesome madness about it, too. Perhaps that had been my own fault. When you see four years of planning kicked out from under you by a bunch of senseless and irrelevant events, it's hard to look at things with coolness. Lowry's inference that I myself had been concealing Mrs. Merriam upon Tunganan, I regarded with contempt; for this angle would clear up of its own accord. Yet, from that beginning, Mrs. Merriam's presence here had dragged me into repeated open clashes with Justin Lowry, who, after all, was my sole backer. Also, there was the definite alienation of Marise. I never in my life had fallen into more evil luck than had been brought to me by this one girl.

Those were the things I was thinking when I abruptly stopped thinking altogether and became acutely aware of where I was, and just what was around me. For reasons which I cannot define, I suddenly knew that I was not alone in this room. Perhaps some subconscious perception of an odor may sometimes tell a man a thing like that. I turned rigid, making my breathing quiet as I tried to listen with every nerve I had.

I did not have long to wait. The mosquito netting at my elbow stirred a little, at first almost imperceptibly; then a second time very definitely. That movement could have been caused by some big bug, such as the three-inch cockroaches that Malangai has, or one of the big centipedes, which can be ten inches long. But now I caught the accurate odor of chewed betel, and knew that I had here something else.

I had put my .45 automatic on a chair, but there was another that I always kept under my mattress, next to the wall. Toward this my fingers began to creep; and I stretched my neck in such a way that I would be able to see against the window the outline of whatever was there if the lightning should flare again.

It seemed a long time before the flash, but it could not have been long, because I had not yet found my gun when it came. When it did come it was only a faint blue flicker from very far away—but it was enough.

It showed the silhouetted figure of a man close beside my bed. The left hand was upraised; I could see clearly the outstretched fingers, groping along the mosquito net for entrance.

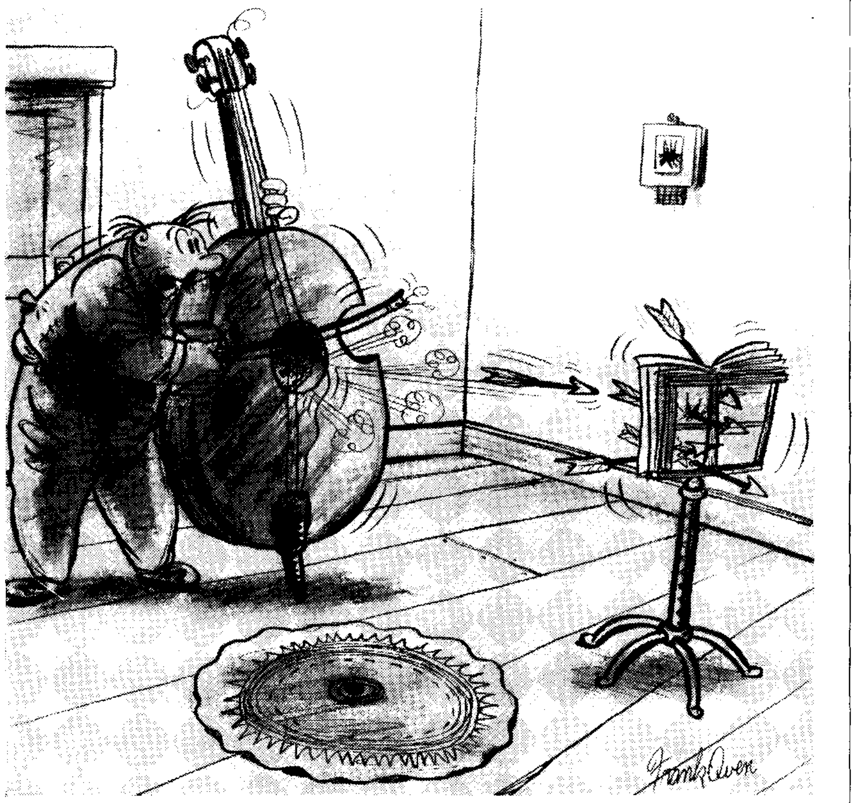
My fingers reached the edge of the mattress, and under it, to where my gun should have been. It was gone.

(To be continued next week)

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



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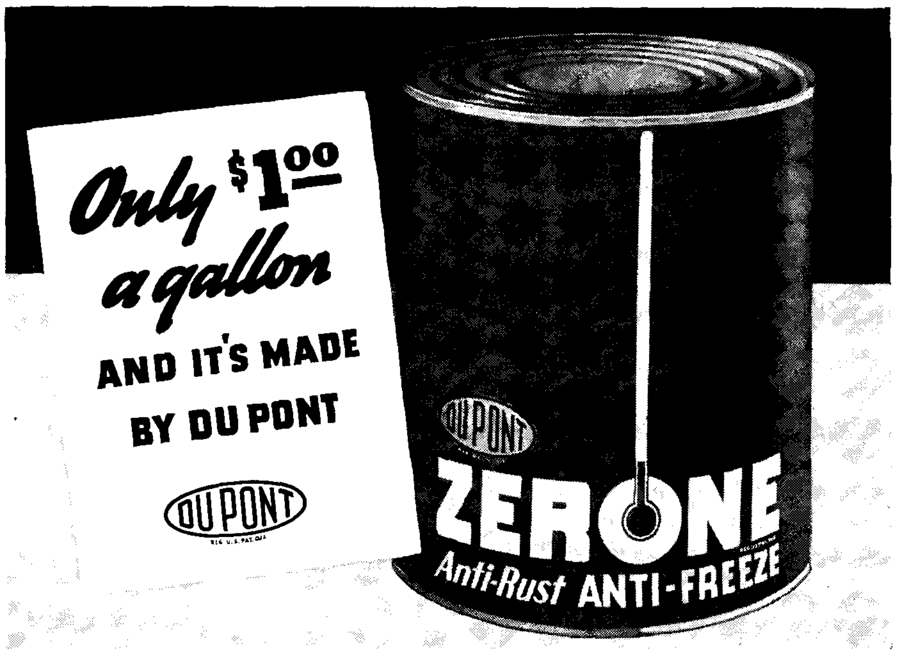

MONEY TALKS
By The Doctor of Family Finances

"Give your wife all the money and she'll fight like a panther to save as much as she can. Contrariwise, she'll practically throw it away to get even with you if you're stingy about dealing out dollars." Thus does a friend of mine analyze an age-old problem.

Money isn't everything—nothing at all to a pair of young lovers. Young folks in love could go barefooted and never notice it; but their babies can't and the landlord won't!

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Roots of Wealth

Continued from page 11

scientific vagabonds of American agriculture, are like that, as, of course, you expect them to be. If you want to know their adventures, you will have to dig through the reports, some most fragmentary, they mailed home; if you want to know the statistics of their achievements, you will have to look in the dry bulletins of the Department of Agriculture. But it is in the annals of your country's years of prosperity, the sum of its national wealth, that you will find their stories in true perspective.

In Praise of Plant Immigrants

The adventures of Westover and Whitehouse were only typical; so, too, were their accomplishments. More than one packet of seed has averted a national blight; and from solitary specimens, brought home by plant hunters, have grown farm projects worth millions of dollars. The alfalfa wilt took a licking; so, too, did the powdery mildew that attacked the melon industry of the Imperial Valley in California—one of the largest and most valuable fruit enterprises in the world. In 1926 the mildew appeared; despite counterattacks, it gained until by 1930 yields were reduced thirty per cent, while the quality of the remainder was inferior. But the plant hunters were in the field; from India, from elsewhere in Asia, mildew-free plants were obtained. Their fruits were poor, unpleasant; yet, crossed with the Imperial Valley's luscious varieties, they lent hardiness; strains were bred which took the mildew fear out of the Valley. The twelve-million-dollar, two-hundred-thousand-acre American watermelon industry, similarly, was saved from a wilt disease by the importation and crossbreeding of hardy types found in remote lands.

No one but vast tides of immigrants made possible the modern place among great nations held by the United States. Men came, but so did plants; one lacking the other would not have been adequate for successful development. There were but a few hundred thousand Indians here before the white men came; relatively there were even fewer of the crops that spell racial greatness on earth. Settlers from Europe found corn, tobacco, some wild berries and fruits which they quickly domesticated. But the majority of the field crops grown in the United States today, most of the economically important fruits, and virtually all the ornamentals that beautify our homes, were immigrants, even as your pop and mine. California, without a useful, edible native plant, entirely owes to plant immigrants her position as the most abundant fruit bowl and truck yard of the United States.

Yet there is widespread ignorance of the value of introduced plants and strains to our nation. For example, the potato industry of the United States is worth more than a quarter of a billion dollars; in our time it has been seriously attacked by virus and degenerative diseases and blights. Wild potato species, collected throughout the world but particularly in Mexico and South America, have enabled American farmers to make appreciable progress in the battle. When the 1930 economy wave crested in Washington, there was criticism of the Department of Agriculture's modest expenditures for plant explorers.

"Why," said Congressman Blanton of Texas, referring to the potato search led into Mexico by Doctor Reddick of Cornell, "they didn't bring home *a single potato!*"

Not alone the United States but every power and race and empire is indebted to plant immigrants; these expanded the habitable earth for men. Doctor David Fairchild, dean of our American plant explorers, has directed attention to the vital part these immigrants have taken in the history of civilization; and to the fact that rapid development of each land newly come into the stream of history has been due to success with introduced food plants, rather than to development of species found there. Plant introductions began with the first tribal stirrings that peopled the earth, and plant hunting is one of the oldest learned professions. It figures in mythology, and on Sumerian tablets, and nearly four thousand years ago Egyptian Queen Hatshepsut sent abroad an organized expedition to collect trees. Ancient Japs traveled through China and the Asiatic mainland, in search of citrus fruits. Eric, Columbus, Magellan, Drake, all came home with plants to corroborate their tales of wonders and riches afar.

It is about thirty years since the United States Department of Agriculture systematized plant immigration to the United States. Before that was a long and valuable, if haphazard, record. There could well be a Society of Mayflower Plant Descendants; and every later ship brought its quota. Benjamin Franklin's many talents and occupations included plant hunting; agent in England for the Colony of Pennsylvania, he collected and sent home seeds and cuttings. Thomas Jefferson, in France, sent back rice, grass and pepper seeds, and olive and other tree cuttings.

The personalities who today seek useful plants for use over the farthest horizons are as rich and varied as the tapestry of their experiences. Intellectual, fearless, bronzed, resourceful soldiers whose armament is the pruning knife, the clipping shears, the field glass. Enlow, Rock, Erlanson, MacMillan, Archer, Reddick, Dorsett, and the rest. Not many; their strength is not in numbers. But colorful, interesting men who have that rarest combination, deed and brain, and very often a little mystery to give them romantic glamour. There was Frank N. Meyer, for example.

Savior of Spinach

Meyer was a German botanist, who came here and took up citizenship and worked for the Department of Agriculture. He went to China; and the wildest and most dangerous stretches of that huge land and of Siberia became his beloved workshop. Meyer was the lone wolf of the agricultural explorers. His terse letter reports, now in the Department files, have the elements of melodrama. On foot, alone, he would leave Peiping; disappear from all contacts; but the Department never gave him up—they knew he would pack into Leningrad some day; or Delhi, Calcutta or Bokhara. And there would be rich hauls, presently, for botanists and horticulturists and the other specialists in his expressed boxes. "Meyer," they would say approvingly, "is a real explorer! If he hears there is a new or useful thing somewhere, and he wants to go for it, he will go regardless of floods, hunger, bandits or weather!"

Once in China a robber jumped upon him with a knife. But Meyer's scholarly appearance disguised a two-fisted scrapper.

The Siberian Elm was discovered and first sent to this country by Meyer. It has proved hardy in the arid Southwest and in the bleak winters of New England. It is handsome; the first to get its leaves, and the last to lose them. And it grows so quickly that you needn't rest on your spade when you have put in the whip, and say, "Well, my children will live to see this a big tree, even if I don't!"

Because of Meyer, your little May-Allis won't have to go to bed crying for her spinach. Once Virginia was the main spinach grower, although of late Texas has surpassed it. Years ago, the Virginia spinach industry—worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the farmers of the Old Dominion—began to languish under the attack of a blight. Meyer, from Manchuria, had sent home seeds of a wild strain of hardy spinach that caught his interest. Research workers crossed this with the threatened varieties and the durable and high quality Virginia Savoy and Old Dominion resulted. Once more the thrusts of plant enemies had been repelled by an agricultural explorer and geneticists.

They're Not Overpaid

Too often, Meyer had disappeared and no one had worried. There came a time when he did not turn up. Investigations at length got under way, and a Chinese bandit was seen wearing some of Meyer's clothing. Then his nude body was found in the Yangtze River. The circumstances were never cleared up. Even in death, however, his contributions went on; in his baggage were found seeds of a grass hitherto unknown here — "centipede" grass, it is called, because of its root characteristics. It is doing well in the humid South. But it is not yet an important factor in our generation's hardest battle of the Department of Agriculture —the search for resistant grasses. Many plant hunters have taken the wilderness trails, in this fight, which is still fierce, and inconclusive: thousands of seeds and plants have been received for experimentation.

Meyer's will, also found in his baggage, left his money to be divided among his associates of the Division. There was not much of it; plant explorers are not overpaid. His friends, however, ventured to change the bequest to perpetuate his name in the honors of his science. A medal was endowed. It is called the Meyer Medal; and it is the Victoria Cross, the Medal of Honor, of agriculture, given only to men who, in plant work, have done the equivalent of the deeds which marked renowned military heroes. Lately it was awarded to P. H. Dorsett, plant explorer, who has reached the age of retirement from a career that embraced the earth and enriched American farms. Dorsett, working alone, and later with Morse, the Department's soybean specialist, sent back more than 6,000 varieties of soybeans.

Not all the great plant explorers are professionals; indeed, few of them are on the regular pay rolls of the Department of Agriculture, being hired for each job as it is decided upon. The most renowned amateur plant explorer is Allison V. Armour—of Chicago. He is an outstanding archaeologist, as well; hobbies which jibe nicely. He bought a fine yacht, the Utowana, and fitted it with laboratory, library, and special facilities for collecting and transporting seeds and living plants; and with it he made eight voyages, in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture and its plant explorers. He is one of the holders of the Meyer Medal.

The plant-hunting records of the United States Department of Agriculture are as packed with triumphs, quite as noteworthy and perhaps more valu-

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able, if not so well publicized, as those commemorated in the neighboring War and Navy Departments. Since the Division has been organized, more than a hundred thousand plant immigrants have been introduced. The navel orange has represented more, in dollars, than Decatur's battle with the pirates of Algiers, while the soybean has meant to the nation, in every way, more than the slaughter at Shiloh. I think with paper and pencil and a little philosophy of sorts you might judge the shindy at Manila Bay of less importance to your daily life than the introduction by plant hunters of the hard, or durum, Russian wheat, from which has sprung a Northwest empire of five million acres, one hundred million bushels, and fifty million dollars a year income.

Another Columbus Discovery

Some of the major successes of the plant hunters have been spectacular. In 1870, Horticulturist William Saunders of the Department of Agriculture fussed over twelve little orange trees sent in from Brazil. Two died in the Department's greenhouses; shoots from the rest were tried out in Florida, but did not prosper. In 1873 a Mrs. Eliza Tibbetts took a pair of the trees to her new home in Riverside, California. One of those, now ancient and a bit knobby, is guarded behind iron railings in Riverside today; its old limbs supported by props, its well-being tenderly preserved. Well it might be; for it represents the beginnings of the navel orange industry, which covers upwards of a hundred thousand of California's acres with gold and brings perhaps fifty million dollars to its pockets.

The soybean, introduced in the United States from the Orient by plant explorers, is the base of a great industry; its crop value alone, in 1932, was nearly forty million dollars. Incidental values and uses are being discovered almost daily; Henry Ford has made it one of his chief interests. Soybean-oil mills have been put up; foods, made from the soybeans, are on the way to your table; paint, linoleum, house insulation, automobile steering wheels, ignition parts, the shiny enamel of your new sport roadster—these are some of the products which you would never guess, if left to yourself, come from the soybean.

Years ago David Fairchild met, in one of his ports of call, a nice British major on his way out to a station in Baluchistan, northwest India. "Send me anything interesting you find there," he asked, as usual. Today we have the "Quetta Nectarine," flourishing across the country, below the northernmost belt; shipping well to big market centers, bringing $50 a ton to the grower even in years of low fruit prices. Tomorrow it may be as common as plums and peaches. Date trees were brought from Persia and thereabouts by plant hunters; and now there is a prosperous area in California devoted to their culture, and on any corner stand you can buy the attractive fresh domestic brand instead of the gummy preserved variety from the Orient. Cotton—wheat—the list is as endless as yearbook statistics.

Wheat has been cultivated since prehistoric times and it is one of the most important human food cereals. Its origins coincided, probably, with those of man; lost in the dawn centuries, somewhere in Africa, or Asia, or southeastern Europe. It was introduced into the English colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts, soon after their settlement. Corn, however—the native Indian maize—was more suited to the East; and it was not until the great western prairies were opened up that wheat came into its own in North America; and now its production comes to almost a hundred million bushels a year. Our hardiest varieties were bred from Russian strains.

Cotton, on the other hand, was found here by Columbus and the earliest explorers. This most important of all vegetable fibers seems native to moderate climes throughout the world. Its cultivation and use by men spread into Europe from India, long ago. Its cultivation here, in the spacious days of the old South, after the introduction of Whitney's cotton gin, was enormously benefited by crossing with imported strains, from Egypt and India and elsewhere. The new cotton empire in the Southwest, producing $50,000,000 a year, is indebted to a strain the Department of Agriculture's plant explorers brought from Mexico.

Each of these plant immigrants has to survive a quarantine, a fitness test, far more rigorous than those applied to human stock at Ellis Island and other stations. Inspection by entomologists and pathologists, who look for diseases and insect pests: fumigated, all soil clinging to living plants burned, quarantined in houses protected with screens, oil cups, oil moats—and wholly isolated, as yet, from contact with the actual earth of the United States. Even when the newcomer has survived these precautions, and is taken to the plant introduction gardens of the Department for propagation—it is not placed near any commercial plantings, and it is watched and suspected for a long time before it is released to the farmers and other growers.

Three official expeditions of plant explorers are in the field today, so that tomorrow your breakfast table may have a new delicacy, or your supper be fortified with old reliables that have been saved from extinction. Doctor W. A. Archer is poking around Brazil. He is looking for peanut strains that will be helpful in breeding new varieties that will enable peanut farmers of our Southeast to grow crops that ripen uniformly. Now the peanuts on the plants do not ripen at the same time; and there is economic hardship in a dispersed season. Over in Turkey H. L. Westover and F. L. Wellman are on the old trail of resistant grasses and vegetables. India is being scoured by Doctor Walter Zoelz, for vegetables, fruits, and ornamentals.

An Old Russian Custom

Each of those expeditions has, thus, its definite mission; and the plant hunters expect some hardship, perhaps disease and hunger, and there are always the bandits and wild animals. These are workaday matters. Plant Explorer Westover, however, believes such hazards are quite enough; and hopes that he will not have to contend ever again with delicate social problems, such as the one that fell to him after he had separated from Dr. Whitehouse in their 1929 expedition.

Westover, suffering from dysentery, thought it might be a good idea to loiter in Crimea—which is Russia's lush and beautiful Riviera. There would be, of course, interesting plants to examine, also. While there, he made contact, as is customary, with the local botanists. One, a woman noted in Russia, was strolling with him on the shore of the Black Sea. It was a hot, sticky day; the water looked inviting. "We shall go for a swim, yes?" his Russian lady friend suggested.

"But," said Westover, "I did not bring my bathing suit!"

The Russian botanist just smiled a little. These Americans, with their inhibitions, are so quaint. She walked down to the water, took off her clothes, and went in swimming. That was all there was to that. It came to Westover that modesty at times might be ungallant, not to say ungracious; besides, as he looked around he saw other liberal swimmers. If this was an old Russian custom—well, he wanted to swim.

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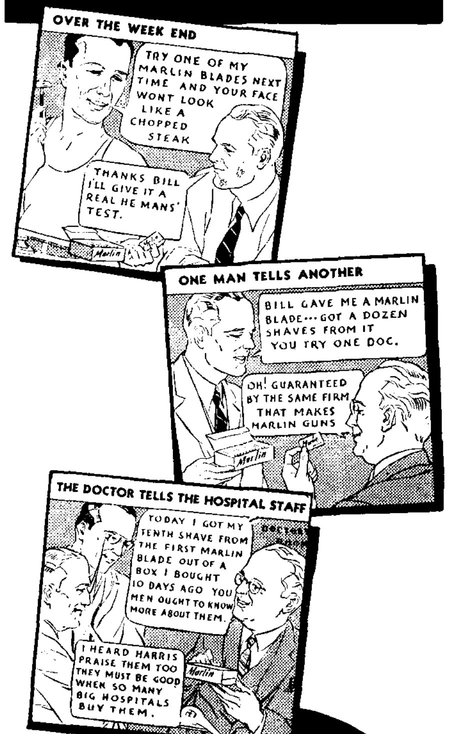
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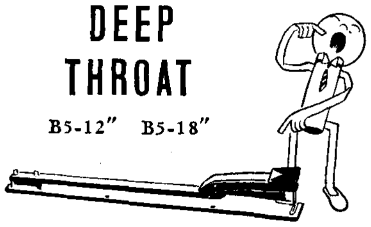

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The Champion Complex

Continued from page 9

1931, which they both assert was immensely good luck; and Tony ran into a spell of illness and a couple of operations, and the depression was in full blast, and jobs were not precisely easy to get or easy to hold, especially when a fellow was not always able to work and could play golf practically not at all, most of the time.

Then Tony's health came back, and his game. I remember I was down at Tampa early in 1932 at the Gasparilla Open, a match-play competition, when the little chap startled the gallery and the golf writers by knocking off Wiffy Cox and Sir Walter Hagen and darned near beating Paul Runyan, who won.

Next year Tony was at Sedgefield Country Club, and he and Agnes agree that there he started really working on that Open Championship thing, at a very good and very hilly inland course not unlike the upper course at Baltusrol, by the way. He played in the Open at North Shore, Chicago, 1933, and finished with a score of 304 on that extraordinarily long and narrow test—in a tie with Lighthorse Harry Cooper, incidentally. But they were far down the list and outside the money; and next year Tony wasn't in the show, and in 1935, on the amazing Oakmont layout, he was away down in fortieth position with a score of 318. And of course nobody in the world was giving him a tumble—except only Tony himself and Agnes.

So in the sectional qualifying rounds for the 1936 Open Championship, played by Tony's section at the Charlotte Country Club, Tony became involved in yet another tie and won his place in the Baltusrol field at the thirty-ninth green of yet another play-off.

"It sounds funny," said Tony seriously, "but right there I had a hunch. You know how it is. You don't play so well in the qualifying rounds, so that means you aren't using up your game. And yet you qualify in a play-off, so that means you're getting the breaks. And you need all your game—and some breaks—to win the Open."

And so the man who had no right to win won. Why? Why did he suddenly take unto himself that spark which had been missing all these years? It's just a guess, but I'd say it was because he suddenly developed a champion complex. Italians have that ability. How about Tony Canzoneri? How about Tony Lazzeri? How about a stocky little guy named Gene Sarazen, who won an Open at Fresh Meadow with a 66 and copped another at Skokie with a 68?

Champion complex—that means the flair for finishing off a great job like a true artist. There was once another Italian named Benvenuto Cellini and when someone who followed him seemed to have that divine spark they'd say "He has a Cellini complex."

Maybe Tony Manero suddenly there under the blistering sun at Baltusrol was touched with that spark. I asked Tony about it but he was only puzzled.

"I don't know what you're talking about." He shook his head. "All I know is that I went out and played my game and it just happened that at Baltusrol my game was going good."

Anyhow, that's Tony Manero—king for a year of the empire of greens and fairways.

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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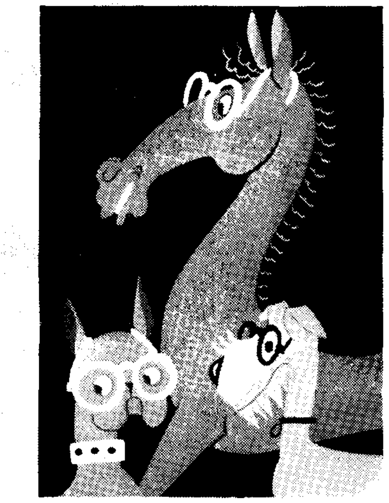


Several horses and dogs wear eyeglasses, like human beings, to correct some defect in their vision. One notable case is that of a race horse whose inability to see near-by objects has been overcome by a pair of spectacles with specially ground lenses.

The Battle of Jutland, between the British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet on May 31, 1916, was the most intense and destructive in naval history. Although the battle raged for several hours, two British battle cruisers—the *Indefatigable* and the *Queen Mary*—were sunk, with their 2,277 men, within 28 minutes after the firing had started.—*By Eli Roth, Annapolis, Maryland.*

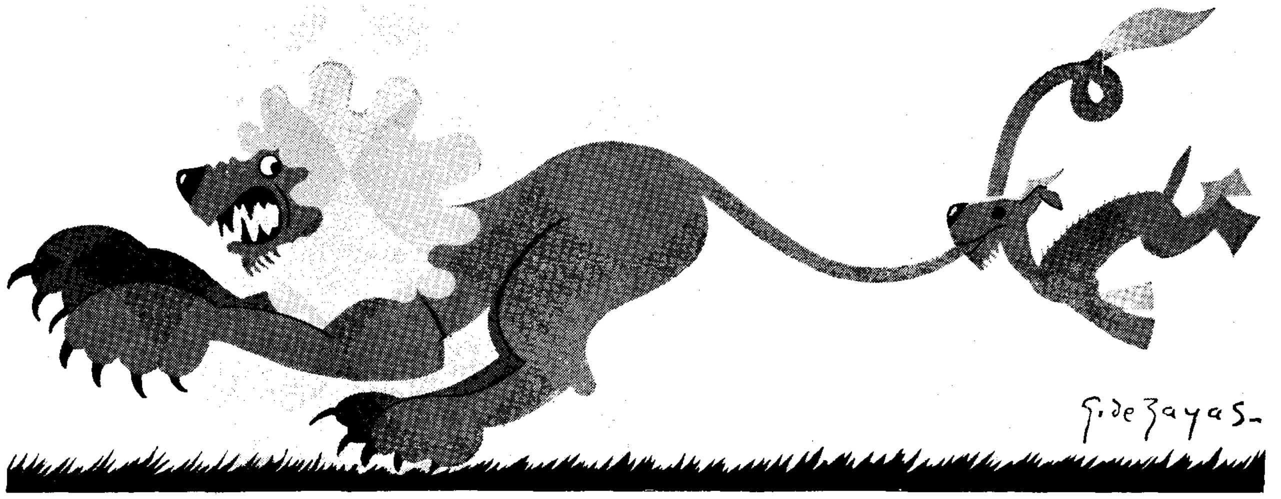
The most intricate and elaborate automatic organ in history, it is believed, was that which was built inside a huge fountain in the Villa d'Este in Tivoli, Italy, about 1560. One selected and played any of its many tunes by simply stepping on the proper stone in the surrounding pavement.—*By Claire Harrington, Scarsdale, New York.*

Although England has always been one of the leading whisky-drinking countries, it has never yet produced an "English" whisky.

Japan cremates nearly one half of its dead, a proportion unapproached by any other nation.

Today a church in Vik, Norway, furnishes each male member with a cuspidor; a restaurant in Split, Yugoslavia, prints its menu in Latin and a manufacturer in New York City makes glass eyes for living animals.—*By Vera Sulc, New York City.*

Mickey, an Irish terrier, lived up to the courageousness of his breed on a hunting expedition in Africa a few years ago. With several larger dogs, he was helping his master and friends dislodge a lion brought to bay in a dense tangle of bushes. After some time the lion suddenly bolted across the veldt, with little Mickey dangling on the end of his tail, in a death grip, several feet from the ground.



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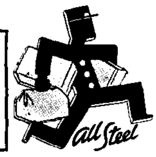

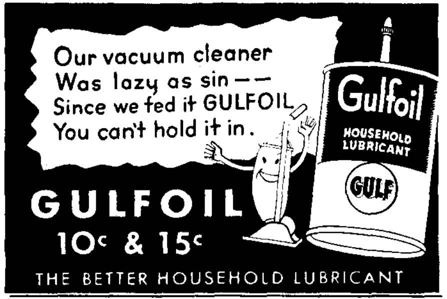

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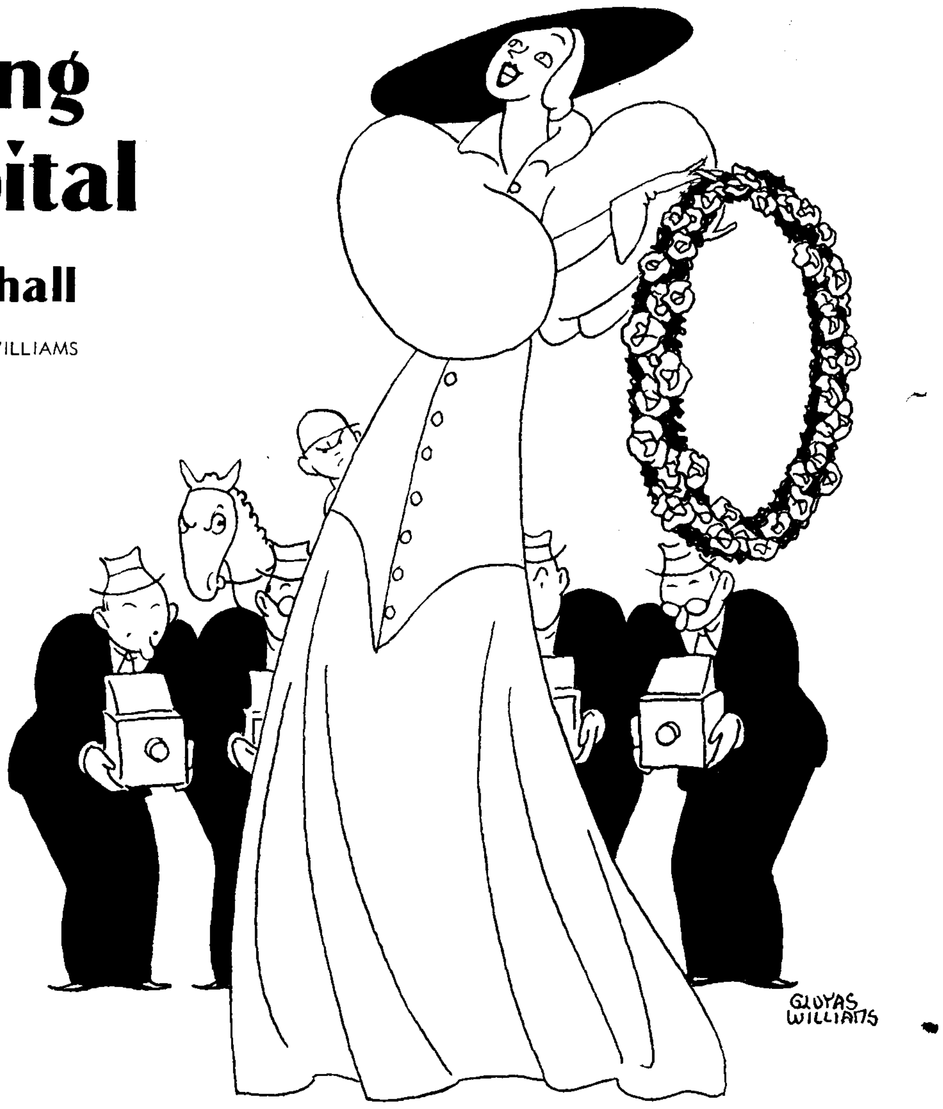
ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Lucy, in something pretty stunning, will hang a wreath around the neck of a winner at Empire City or Arlington

MILLIONS of fervent prayers have been going up for the victory or defeat of the Roosevelt Administration, but the most fervent by far are those arising from a small group of permanent citizens of the national capital. They all ask for defeat. Not that the prayer-raisers dislike the President or disagree with the New Deal. The prayers would be just as sincere were the President a Republican and the Administration policy a return to the Stone Age.

Every four years, a good many Washingtonians pray for a change of administration as a matter of business. Praying is about all they can do, having no votes. They are the people who operate capital society.

Society is Big Business in Washington; the turnover in dollars runs into a sum that can hold up its head even in these days of billions. The more often society changes its personnel, the more profits. An administration that lasts eight years becomes, in its second term, a lean period for the suave, energetic men and women who make excellent livelihoods out of the human desire to strut, for a little while, in the spotlight.

There are three main levels of society in the capital, but the central level is the only one yielding pay dirt. This level is managed and worked by three or four smart women, with photographers, modistes, milliners, hotels, restaurants and florists as their fellow enterprisers. The whole business is quite legitimate, fills a human need and does for the thousands of people who flock to Washington with every change of administration something they couldn't do for themselves—crash them into society.

The top crust in the capital is the old aristocracy, composed mainly of leftovers from former administrations—survivors and descendants of Presidents, Cabinet members, Army and Navy magnificoes of bygone days—who have stayed on and settled in the place. They live cloistered lives, mingle only with those of their own time-shaded eras of fame, don't want their names in the papers and are never heard of by the great mass of Washingtonians.

The bottom crust contains the hordes of clerks, minor officials, office secretaries, stenographers, file girls. They have a social system all their own and don't aspire to the society columns or fight for bids to glittering functions. They haven't, even if they wished, the money to pave their way into the ranks of the dancing debs and besought bachelors on the middle level.

The Leisured Working Class

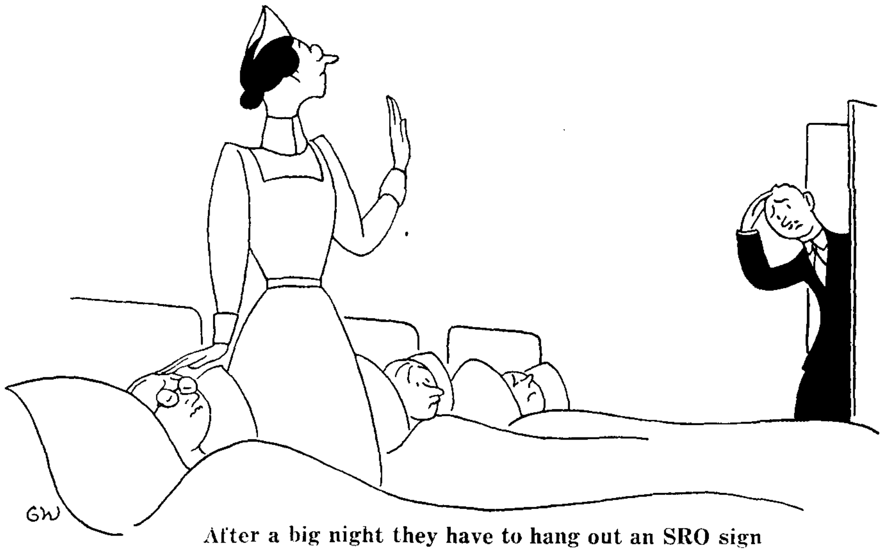
This great level is made up of the departmental secretaries, assistants, executives, directors and officials of a thousand and one bureaus, political appointees almost to a man—and their wives and growing children. They are all fairly well paid, uncontaminated by trade—and often by work of any description. A great majority of them were fairly large frogs in small puddles back home. In the capital, they soon find they're about as important as another hole in a Swiss cheese factory. For the bachelors, the capital is a paradise. There are ten eligible girls to every man, and many of them are smart and good-looking. So the bachelors, if they like, may attend two or three free parties every day, guzzle all the liquor they can hold and have a good time at almost no expense. Even the college lads in the universities around Washington are levied upon to provide male atmosphere at affairs.

Because of the heavy preponderance of girls Washington society is unique in America, and maybe in the world. The competition among girls for the few available men is terrific—and costly. Let's look at a typical case:

From out in the Midwest comes a politician to fill an appointive job his senator got him. With him comes his wife and growing daughter. The family holes up in a Washington apartment that costs twice as much as the same thing in the old home town and tries to stretch the new salary over living costs in an expensive city. Back home, where Father was a big shot and Mother ran a sort of rustic *salon*, they were in the papers every day or two. In Washington, nobody pays any attention to them.

After a few days of isolation, Mother begins to worry. It is hard to make friends. Besides, there's Lucy. Back home, she'd be making her debut, going around with the right crowd, picking herself out a good mate. Here, she's in competition with thousands of smart, city-wise girls.

Just as Mother is about to give up and hit out for home, her telephone rings and a cultivated feminine voice speaks her name.



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"I have been intending," throbs the voice, "to call you for days. But the whirl of society here . . . You know how it is, so much faster and more complicated than out West. We, in society . . ." Mother peps right up at that.

"Your daughter," the voice goes on. "I have heard about her—such a charming girl. We must arrange a little party for her, let her meet some of the other dear girls in the capital. . . ."

It's heavenly music to Mother. Before she knows it, the voice is chanting: "Well, then, say we invite eleven girls as Lucy's guests. A little luncheon at the Grand De Luxe Hotel—about $2 a plate, eh? And some cocktails, of course—you know how young people are these modern days. Flowers, naturally. I will arrange for a note in the society columns. They will want Lucy's picture. Shutta and Lenz, down on the avenue, make such attractive ones—only $25 a dozen, too. . . ."

Before she realizes it, Mother has agreed to spend about $250—including a new frock, hat and shoes at an "exclusive little place" where they'll treat Mother right if she just mentions the voice's name—and a bit of financial loss for the voice if she doesn't. The voice will also collect a modest fee from the hotel, the florist and the photographer.

The guests at Lucy's first party are girls who got their start in the whirl the same way Lucy now is getting hers. From the neophyte stage, they have graduated into "young and popular society women." They half realize they are being used as bait by the social secretary with whom their mothers deal, but they don't mind. They get plenty of parties as a reward.

Lucy herself will join the circle, but she doesn't know it yet. Neither does Mother, who is glad that the capital at last recognizes her social worth and provides a few newspaper clippings to send to the society editor of the home-town paper.

Lucy's first luncheon being a success—though the cocktails cost more than Mother thought necessary and there was only a one-column picture of Lucy in one paper and a short paragraph in another—the social secretary calls up a few days later to say that Dear Lucy made such a fine impression, and wouldn't it be nice if she could be hostess at a tea-dance at the Imperial Colossal one afternoon soon?

"The Best Young Men"

"But I don't know any young men here," sighs Mother, taking it hook, line and sinker. "Neither does Lucy."

The voice laughs softly. Yes, it is hard. So few men, so many girls. But the voice will find a way. Mother may rest assured that, at the dance, there will be three charming young men to every girl, in the best Washington tradition.

"Of course," explained the voice, "many of the best young men are from really good families, but they are students and have little money. This modern age, when parents make their children stand on their own feet! . . . So we older folks must come to the rescue. We usually give the boys a trifle, $5 or $10, for expenses—a dress suit, flowers, taxis, and so forth. I *know* you understand. . . ."

It is not long before Lucy is being referred to by the social secretary as "one of *my* girls." This proprietorship is more real than imaginary, because social secretaries are always trying to steal girls from each other, and occasionally succeeding.

A girl with well-to-do and ambitious parents may easily be worth from $250 to $500 a year, in commissions, from here and there.

But without the social secretary's services Lucy would languish like a prairie flower in a heat wave. Her chances of meeting anyone "worth while" in the capital would be small, and the process, in any case, slow and painful and filled with rebuffs.

Since publicity is the outward and visible sign of success for the social secretary, she works closely with the press agents for all sorts of regattas, flower shows, exhibitions, conventions and "events" that are going on all the time. In the course of a year, Lucy will doll up in a dainty silk sailor suit as a regatta hostess, in white organdy as a flower-show usher, in a smart new street frock to help greet delegates to the annual convention of the Amalgamated Horseshoers of the World, and in something pretty stunning to hang a wreath around the neck of a winner at Empire City, Arlington or Bowie.

After a year of this sort of thing Mother has spent a few thousand dollars, Father has sold part of his interest in the brickyard back home and Lucy is in society up to the crystal necklace—and maybe engaged.

And maybe not.

No Second Terms Wanted

The law of supply and demand, which makes things so expensive for girls and their parents, makes life simple and charming for the bachelors, widowers and husbands who have left their wives back home. These lucky fellows labor in bureaus, departments and alphabetical administrations from 9:30 to 4 each day, and all they need is a Tuxedo, a couple of good suits, a daily shave and a fair line of repartee to be the pampered pets of every social secretary in the capital.

Their social day starts in the afternoon when, after a shower in the private bathroom next to their offices, they hop into a cab and roll around to a de luxe hotel for a few cocktails, a couple of whirls and a bite at the hors d'oeuvres provided by the latest Lucy. After that, they have their choice of dinner invitations and can wind up the evening either at another dance or the theater. They can indulge in this sort of rounding six days a week if they like—and many of them do.

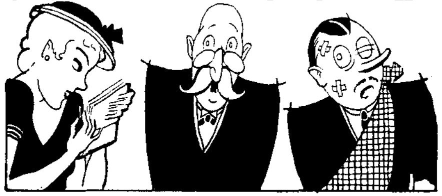
And if, during the evening, the cocktails and the juleps and the Tom Collinses flow too freely, every office in Washington has an infirmary and the victim can always spend the morning after on a cot, recovering. Some of the infirmaries, after a big party night, have to hang out the SRO sign.

The social season in the capital sets in along in the fall, when officials get back from summer "surveys of conditions" in Alaska, Colorado, the Sierra Nevada or the Adirondacks, and the smaller fry can again wear evening dress without melting down. Then it is that each social secretary arranges her grand balls, displays her bevies of beauty—and photographers, florists, beauty parlor operators, hotel proprietors and Mlle. Hannah of Ye Olde Chic Shoppe start pricing limousines.

So, during the four years of an administration, the great social game goes on. After the grand exit of a defeated party and its camp followers, and the tumultuous entrance of the winners, there is a mad scramble among the social secretaries for new clients. After the first rush there is always a steady stream of new customers from among the politicians arriving from the hinterlands to take over the jobs of the inevitable resigners. Toward the end of an administration the furor subsides. Mother will wait until she gets home to launch Lucy.

Most Americans aren't in favor of a third term for any administration. Washington's social industry isn't even in favor of a second.

NEW DEALS OLD DEALS RAW DEALS



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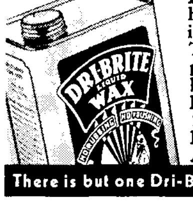

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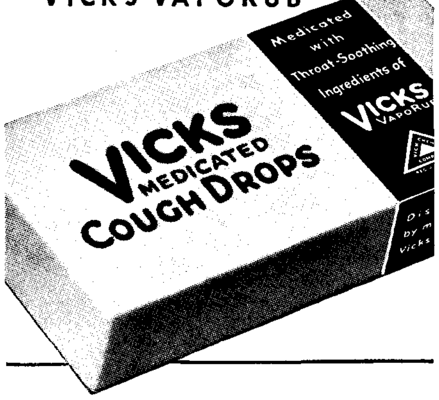

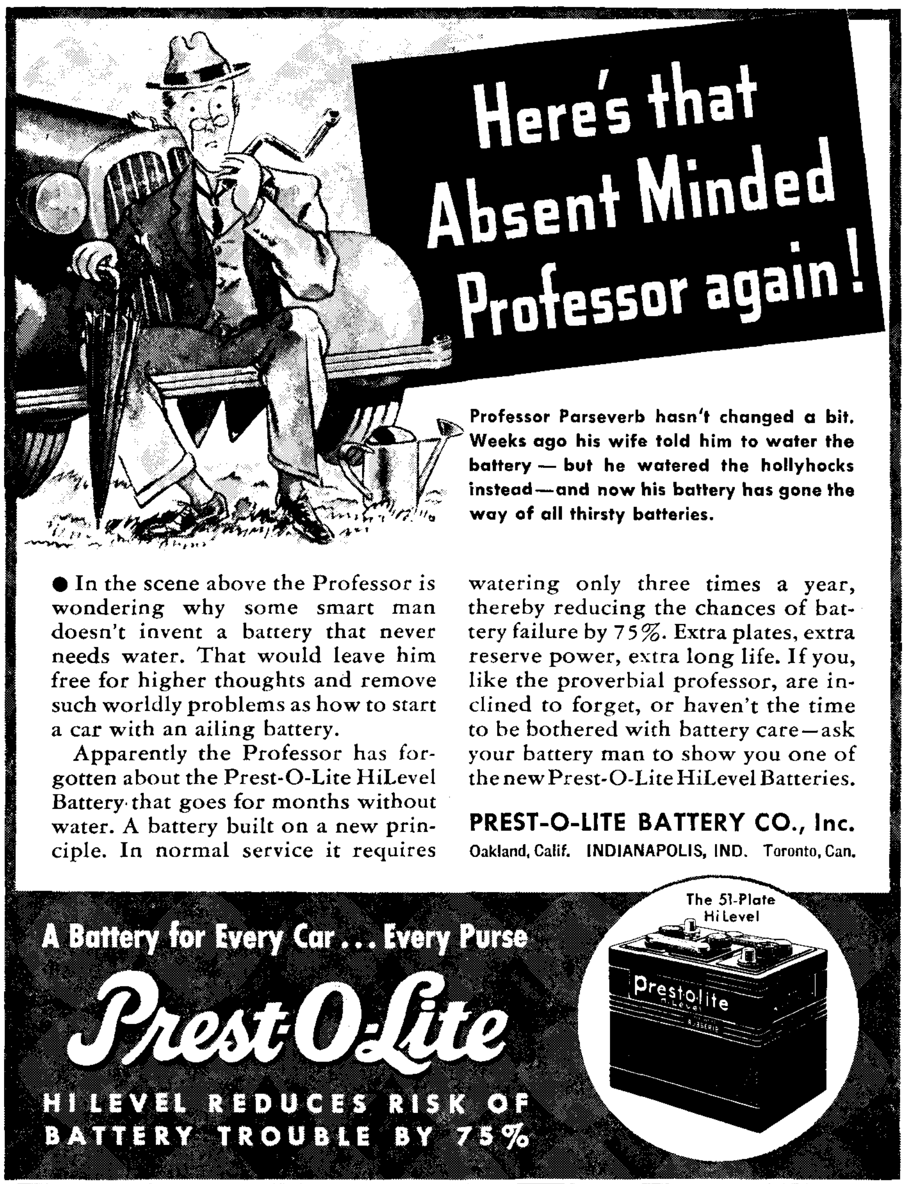

Here's that Absent Minded Professor again!
The 51-Plate HiLevel
Prestolite

Professor Parseverb hasn't changed a bit. Weeks ago his wife told him to water the battery — but he watered the hollyhocks instead—and now his battery has gone the way of all thirsty batteries.

● In the scene above the Professor is wondering why some smart man doesn't invent a battery that never needs water. That would leave him free for higher thoughts and remove such worldly problems as how to start a car with an ailing battery.

Apparently the Professor has forgotten about the Prest-O-Lite HiLevel Battery that goes for months without water. A battery built on a new principle. In normal service it requires watering only three times a year, thereby reducing the chances of battery failure by 75%. Extra plates, extra reserve power, extra long life. If you, like the proverbial professor, are inclined to forget, or haven't the time to be bothered with battery care—ask your battery man to show you one of the new Prest-O-Lite HiLevel Batteries.

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1936. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Hannum Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Jersey City, N. J.; Anne Payne Maxwell, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, Jersey City, N. J.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is——(This information is required from daily publications only.) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1936. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30th, 1937.)

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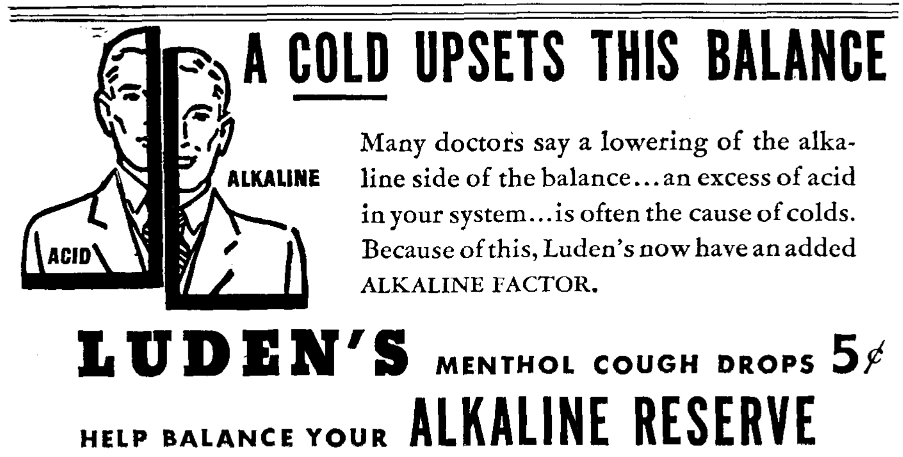

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Public Property

Continued from page 26

Tony crossed the room to his own locker in silence, stepped into his shorts, and glanced up in surprise at a small bald-headed man in a wrinkled suit who was leveling a miniature camera at him. "Wait a minute!" he yelled, pulling a towel around him.

"It's all right, Tony," the man said. "I'm Jake Ambers, the Ashton Globe. Just getting a candid camera shot, Tony. You know—informal."

"The hell you are," said Tony, his eyes blazing. He reached for his shirt.

"No," said Jake, grabbing his bare arm. "The way you was, please. Informal."

"Take your hand off me," said Tony in a shaky voice.

"But it's for the newspapers, Tony," Jake explained.

"Take your hand off," said Tony again, "or I'll sock you."

"Listen," Jake began, yanking his arm indignantly, "you can't talk like that to a newspaper—"

Tony hit him in the mouth, and split his upper lip wide open. Jake lay against the locker, looking up at Tony, the blood running from his lip down his mouth and chin and onto his shirt. Tony said to me, "Doc, here's a customer," and finished dressing and stepped over Jake and walked out of the locker room without a backward glance.

The papers did a job with it, of course. Jake saw to that. All the wires carried the story that afternoon from coast to coast, and the opposition press played it up with ill-concealed delight. "In a fit of uncontrolled temper today, Anthony Deering, Jr., son of the Liberal candidate for President and a sophomore at Southern Central . . . requiring several stitches. Ambers, who is about middle-aged and is considerably slighter in build than Governor Deering's son, was seeking a routine sports story when Tony swung at him without warning." The clippings all found their way to the bulletin board next day, with several added comments in pencil. "Primo Deering K. O.'s Singer Midget." Through the door of the rubbing room I saw Tony stop in front of the board, before practice that afternoon, and read the comments through without expression. Bill Ridder winked at me, swung his legs off the rubbing table where I had been strapping his ankles and sauntered past Tony.

"Reading your notices?" he inquired over his shoulder.

TONY looked at him without a word. He walked into the rubbing room and slid a thigh carelessly onto the edge of the rubbing table. He was still in his street clothes. I looked at him over my glasses. "No practice for you today, Tony?"

"I'm turning in my suit, Doc," he said slowly.

"So?" I said, winding adhesive tape back onto a spool.

"I don't do any good around here," said Tony after a moment. "I only make trouble. It gets everybody on edge, having the reporters around. No, I'd do more good away from here."

"Bo say anything?"

"No," said Tony. "Nobody said anything, exactly."

"Well, it's up to you," I said.

Tony flung his head back suddenly, like a horse. "No, it isn't, Doc. Not any more. It's not up to me now. It's up to the public. I'm a public figure, Doc. My father's running for President. I'm running for President's son—" His voice was rising and he halted abruptly and took out an envelope with an air-mail stamp, and skidded it along the table toward me. "Want to read a letter I just got?"

I adjusted my glasses. "Tony, dear," I read, "I know you'll forgive my writing you when I tell you that your father is so distressed . . ."

"It's from Aunt Jo," Tony was explaining, as I read. "She's not really my aunt. She's just lived with us ever since my mother—she's been like a mother herself, almost. She sort of looks after the kid brother, you know, and me and, of course, Dad. I don't know what Chuck would do without Aunt Jo. She's been swell." He hesitated a moment, studying his scraped knuckles. "And she's right, of course. Anyway," he said, "read what she says."

I READ, in the careful, cramped, old-fashioned hand: ". . . must think of that, Tony, and must see that it is up to you, and me, and even Chuck. We've all got to think of him now. This campaign means a lot to your dad, Tony. So we've got to stop and think when anything makes us angry— Oh, I know how you felt with that newspaperman popping up in front of you; I've had them pop at me, too, and sometimes I've wanted to thrash them all with my best silk umbrella—but we've got to ask ourselves first, 'Will it hurt the governor?' Because we're all in the public eye now, Tony. We're all running for President, too, in a way. We're on a pedestal. And a statue on a pedestal can't reach down and slap a mosquito. Not even when it stings him on what he fondly believed was a solid cast-iron ankle . . ."

I handed back the letter. "I guess there's nothing else to do."

"I guess not," said Tony, rising.

"I've got to get over to the field," I said after a little pause, and we walked to the door of the rubbing room together. Through the open door we could hear the distant, familiar sounds of afternoon practice: the shrill double blast of the coach's whistle, a far-off yell, the low hollow boomp of toe against leather. It was a perfect September afternoon, hazy, warm, silent.

"So long, Tony," I said.

Tony stopped in front of the bulletin board. His hand swept the clippings off the board in a single gesture. "At least," he smiled steadily, crumpling them in his hand, "they won't need these any more, now."

I saw him two weeks later at the Tech game. The campaign had been moving fast those two weeks. The first careful business of feinting and weaving was over, and both parties were toe to toe now in the center of the ring, ready to start slugging. They had weighed in fairly even, the Conservatives having it pretty well sewed up in the East and Central States, the Liberals in the South and West.

All of which was fun for the public, but not so much fun for Tony. Ashton was a wealthy manufacturing town, and the university had the reputation of being a rich man's college; and local sentiment was naturally on the side of the sound-money Conservatives. A campus poll showed less than twenty per cent of the student body in favor of Governor Deering; and in some way Tony seemed to take this as a measure of his own personal unpopularity at Central. His recent unexplained action in quitting the team, his simultaneous withdrawal from other campus activities, his shunning of his fraternity house, his abrupt break with all his former friends at Central, had created, in return, a mounting dislike and an accompanying ostracism. He preferred to be alone, his lowered eyes seemed to indicate; and they left him alone.

"Let him be," muttered one of the subs, huddled in his blankets on the side-line bench as our first string piled up an easy lead over Tech. "We seem to be getting along all right without him."

"He only stuck with the squad long enough to get his picture taken in a uniform—" The player beside him broke off abruptly as Bill Ridder got away on a lateral and thundered past the bench, his pounding cleats hurling chunks of mud behind him, the heel of his outstretched hand slamming into the face of Tech's safety man. He pranced over the line unhindered, and the single roar of the crowd shook the stands as Bo Larson called him out to save him for the fourth quarter.

The slope of the stands was cobbled solidly with faces; scarlet hats, scarlet pennants, derbies with scarlet-lettered "S. C." The spectators were sinking back slowly into their seats after the touchdown. There was a commotion near the top of the stands, and it spread outward and downward in rapidly widening ripples, like a stone dropped in water. Heads began to turn, looking upward curiously, and people in the lower stands rose again and craned their necks at a drunk in a fur coat who was brandishing an empty gin bottle and shouting. He shook it belligerently at the row above him: ". . . an' you tell y'r old man that we're gonna give him a worse shellacking than Tech in November!"

Tony Deering was looking in front of him fixedly, his face a little red, the brim of his hat yanked down over his eyes. Jean Ferriss sat beside him, her blond head lowered as she scanned her program intently. The drunk, fortified by the grinning crowd, wavered toward her and waggled the gin bottle: "Lemme give y' a tip, sweetheart"—someone propped him as he was falling, and he bowed gravely—"y're playing the wrong party if you want to crash th' White House."

I saw Tony murmur something to Jean, and they rose and forced their way past the knees of the spectators. The steady whisper followed them all the way down the steep stairs, as though their feet were scuffing through dry leaves. They reached the bottom of the stands, and a little figure in a wrinkled brown suit rose in front of them, his bald head glistening in the sun as he clicked a camera.

"Thanks, Tony," said Jake pleasantly. A patch of adhesive tape was still fastened to his upper lip.

NEXT day the national acounts of the game were brightened by a small informal picture, sent out from Ashton. The caption under it was innocent enough; but it had its effect. "Tony Enjoys Game with Cabaret Beauty," the papers said. "Governor Deering's Fist-Swinging Son Escorts Popular Torch Singer from Ashton Roadhouse. . . ."

Perhaps the effect would not have been quite the same at any other time; but the campaign had gone into its final stages and America was engaged once more in its quadrennial battle royal. All the rules of fair fighting had been forgotten, and when the opposition ran out of things to say about Governor Deering they began on his family.

"Why can't they leave me alone, Doc?" Tony asked me. He was perched on the rubbing table, his hands locked around his shins, his chin resting stubbornly on his knees. The squad had finished dressing after Monday's practice and the air of the room was still heavy with liniment and sweat and steam from the adjoining showers. "I'm not running for anything," Tony said. "I don't want anything, except just to be let alone. What business is it of anybody what I do?"

"You know as well as I do," I said, putting a roll of tape back on a shelf.

"Why can't I even take a girl around without its being wrong?" His eyes were hot. "Anybody else can take a girl to a game, and they don't say anything. Anybody else can take a drink, or maybe drive a car a little fast, or smack somebody, and they don't spread it all over the papers. Why have I got to be always so different?"

"You can't help it, Tony."

"What have I done?" he demanded. "I'm not a hero. I'm not a criminal, either. I'm not anybody. I don't want to be anybody."

"Your father is, though," I reminded him.

"But why should what I do affect my father? Why do they hold it against him if I do anything wrong? Why have I got to give up everything I want"—he fished out a letter from his pocket—"even the people I like?"

THE letter he handed me was crumpled, as though it had been crushed once in anger and then smoothed out and read again. I recognized Aunt Jo's old-fashioned hand: ". . . not pleasant to write you about this, Tony, but your father would never write you himself. I know you do not realize how some of the newspapers will seize on anything to make a story about your father, how careful we must be—even I am wearing an extra petticoat these days, and burning all my diaries—because we are as public as dummies in a department-store window, sitting up very straight while people press their noses flat against the glass and breathe at us and try to look underneath us and read our price tags . . ."

"Aunt Jo!" Tony scoffed. "What could they say about her?"

"It's funny sometimes how far the mud can spatter," I said slowly. My eye ran down to the bottom of the page: ". . . sure this girl that you took to the game is all right, dear, but after all there is a difference of class. The newspapers mentioned she sings in a public cabaret, and you know the kind of stories they might start about a thing like that, particularly with your father coming to speak in Ashton in a few days—"

"The hell with them," Tony interrupted. He grabbed the letter from my hand and ripped it into pieces. "The hell with what they might say." He stood up, his fists hard. "It's my life, isn't it? I've got a right to live it the way I want, haven't I? Let them say it. I'm going to see Jean tonight. I'm going to tell her. . . ."

He saw her that night at the Midway. She was singing when we arrived, a blur of white-gold and silver in the spotlight, the changing colors playing over her hair and her smooth white arms. Her eyes wavered just an instant as she noticed Tony, and she smiled at the audience but her smile was for him. She went to him quickly, as soon as the song was over, took his hand and led him into a dark alcove off the main grill. Her voice was concerned: "The way you look, honey. What is it?"

He blurted: "Do you love me?"

"Tony," she reproved him.

"And I love you, too," he said defiantly. "We love each other. Is that wrong? Is it a crime? Is it something to be ashamed of, and hide, and keep under cover as though we'd robbed a bank or something?"

"No, Tony," she said wonderingly.

"Well, then—" And he took her into his arms and pressed his lips against hers. There was a simultaneous flash of vivid blue-white, like lightning, and Jean recoiled with a little scream. Tony had the presence of mind to dive forward

(Continued on page 64)

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EBERHARD FABER

(Continued from page 63)

through the door and grab at the blackness. He hauled out a cringing figure in a wrinkled suit, holding a camera instinctively in front of his face and whining: "Look out, Tony! Don't hit me again, Tony! I was only—"

"Let's have that camera, Jake," said Tony. He yanked the black box from Jake's hand, took out the film, flung the camera contemptuously onto the hardwood floor. It bounced with a faint tinkle of glass, and Jake scurried after it, uttering a shrill moan of protest. He picked it up and looked back malevolently at Tony.

"That won't do you no good, Tony," he said.

Jean said to Tony in a frightened whisper: "If he prints anything in the papers tomorrow about you being here—"

"LET him," said Tony. "We're through being afraid of what they print in the papers. We're through trying to duck the spotlight, sneaking around the edges and keeping out of sight in the shadows. We're stepping right out into the middle of the spotlight." His arm was around Jean, and he said to Jake triumphantly: "If you want any pictures, come around Friday to the reception in town for my father. We'll both be there. We'll be right there together, right up in front of all the reporters and the cameras and the whole damned world!"

Jake did not print anything about Tony the following day in the papers. The Ashton Globe maintained a strange silence all that week about the affair at the Midway; and Tony, secretly puzzled as the days went by without a word, put his suspicions out of his mind. "He can't do anything, Doc." It was not until the end of the week, the day before the arrival of the governor, that he remembered abruptly what Jake had said.

He strode into the rubbing room that afternoon, hatless, his hair rumpled, his lips working silently. He tossed me a letter as he entered the room. "Aunt Jo," he said incoherently. "It's all so rotten, Doc. I never thought—I couldn't have believed—"

He sank on the rubbing table, his head in his hands, while I read the brief letter. The cramped handwriting was sprawled and hurried: "Dear Tony, I wanted you to know about this before anyone else, because it may help to explain what I meant in my last note to you. I am going away, Tony. It seems they've started a little story in the papers about my living in the state house, and I'm afraid it would hurt your father if I stayed here any longer. I heard today that a powerful church leader has threatened to denounce your father openly if I did not leave at once. You know how I hate to leave Chuck alone, but there is nothing else to do—"

THE wall telephone was ringing shrilly. I put down the letter and answered it. "Yes—he's here." I said to Tony, "It's for you. They've been trying the dorms and all over to find you."

He sat looking stupidly at the phone. I guess he had a hunch right then what it was.

"I think it's Jean," I said.

He nodded and took the receiver. "Hello?" His back was to me, but I saw him crouch forward suddenly over the phone. "Where? I can't hear—What? You're what? But when did it happen? But— No, you wait there. No, I'll be right there. I'll get you and drive you back. . . ."

He put the receiver back on the hook. When he turned, the shock had gone out of his face, and there was a dull, almost a resigned expression in his eyes. "I guess you were right, Doc."

I looked at him.

"About how far the mud can spatter sometimes." He said, "Now it's Jean." He said slowly: "She's down at police headquarters. They raided the Midway this noon. . . ."

She described it to him, as he drove her back to the Midway. "But it was the strangest thing, Tony. I don't understand it. I mean, they didn't seem to be after anything special. They said something about our not renewing our license to sell liquor, but when my uncle showed them later that his license was okay they didn't even seem interested. They just said they were sorry. They said it must have been a mistake."

"Yeah," said Tony, holding the wheel and staring ahead at the road.

"Just my uncle and I were there, and a couple of waiters. The first thing we knew, these three policemen rushed in, without warning, and they started tipping over tables and one or two chairs and piling them against the wall, just like a raid in the movies, and then they stood me up in front with a policeman on each side and took a picture—"

"Who took it?" Tony asked. But he knew what the answer would be.

"That's what was so funny about the whole thing," she said. "Because it was the same reporter with the cut on his lip—you know, the one with the camera the other night. I don't know what he wanted a picture of just me alone for—"

"I do," Tony nodded quietly. Oh, it was smart, all right. Jake was smart. Probably the whole raid had not cost him more than a hundred dollars, and that picture would be worth a couple of thousand, after the reception tomorrow. He saw Jean's picture spread all over tomorrow's late editions, with the overturned tables, and the policemen holding either arm, and the caption: "Tony Deering's Escort Nabbed in Roadhouse Liquor Raid." He saw her picture flaunted from coast to coast, her name joked about in the streets, her reputation smeared and spattered with mud. That was what Tony did to people, just by being with them and touching them. He got mud on everything that he touched. A line from Aunt Jo's letter was running over and over in his mind: ". . . there is nothing else to do." He halted the car in the gravel driveway before the Midway. "Listen, Jean," he began.

She looked at him questioningly, but his eyes were straight ahead.

"I was thinking about that reception tomorrow," he said. "Maybe it would be better if you didn't go to that reception."

"I don't mind about the reception, Tony," she said.

"It isn't exactly the reception." He was staring through the windshield at the first few drops of rain trickling down the glass. "I meant that it might be better if we didn't see so much of each other any more."

SHE did not answer, and he scowled at the irregular trails of the raindrops zigzagging before his eyes. "After all, you see, with my father running for President," he said harshly, "and with you singing in a public cabaret—well, there's a sort of difference of class. . . ."

He heard the door of the car open and shut again. The rain was falling harder now, in big pelting drops that streaked down the windshield. He sat alone, staring steadily at the rain. . . .

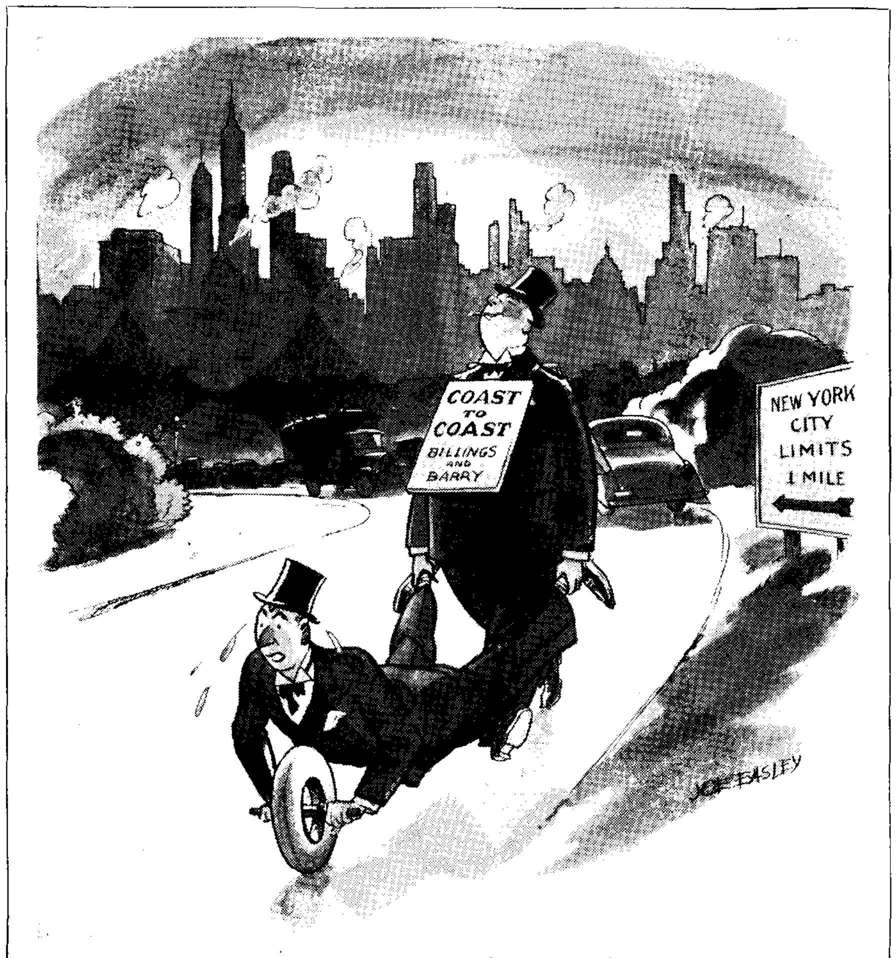
He sat up there that way today, beside his father, his chin lifted, his eyes straight ahead, staring in front of him sullenly without recognizing any of us in the crowd, looking at us without seeing us while his father pounded his fist once more on the speaker's table: ". . . a duty, my friends, that we have no choice but to face. . . ."

"Well, he's right up there where he belongs," said Bill Ridder, looking up at Tony.

Jean nodded slowly. "Right in the spotlight," she said. Her eyes were cold and empty as they turned away.

"The way he's sitting up there," said Bill, glancing back over his shoulder. "The way he's grinning . . ."

That was the first time that I noticed the way that Tony was grinning. The corners of his lips seemed to yank down, as though they were being worked with a string. His teeth were shut tight behind his lips.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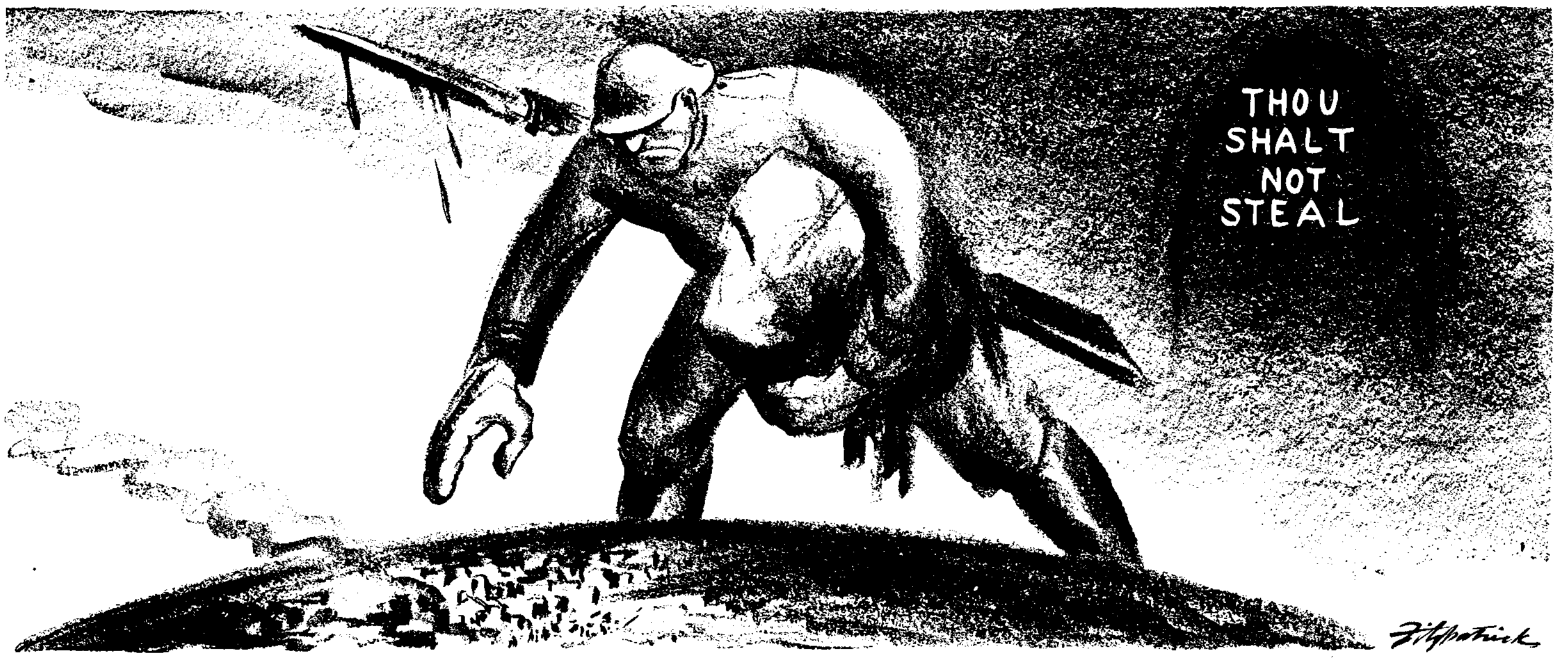

Other People's Land

IF a private person covets and takes another's possessions, generally he is condemned as a thief. Almost universally private thievery is disapproved and punished.

On the other hand, when Mussolini covets and takes Ethiopia, national needs or Fascist ambitions are offered in justification. What would be counted criminal in an individual is defended as aggressive statesmanship on the part of the government.

Somehow, even the most dictatorial governments seem to feel the need of moral justification. Mussolini is apparently very sensitive about Ethiopia. So we had a visit from Corrado Gini, a professor of the University of Rome. Professor Gini had the difficult job of explaining to Americans the moral justification of taking another people's lands and possessions.

At the meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia, Gini said:

"Willingly or not, one must recognize that, today as in the past, there does not seem to be any possibility of an equitable redistribution of population and raw materials if not through the use or at least the threat of force. Italy," he added, "justly claims the means of exploiting its endowments, not only for its own interests but also for that of mankind."

Not much evasion there! Professor Gini is almost as frank as that Italian of four hundred years ago whose name became a synonym for cynical, immoral expression. Machiavelli put the case in these words:

"And you are to understand that a prince, and most of all a new prince, cannot observe all those rules of conduct in respect whereof men are accounted good, being often forced, in order to preserve his princedom, to act in opposition to good faith, charity, humanity and religion. He must therefore keep his mind ready to shift as the winds and tide of fortune turn, and, as I have already said, he ought not to quit good courses if he can help it, but should know how to follow evil courses if he must."

Machiavelli took pride in the practical qualities of his advice. He was frank. Of course he has been denounced as a very devil incarnate during the last few centuries. At least, however, he was no hypocrite. He had the effrontery to put into plain words motives which most men try to conceal even from their own consciences.

Majority public sentiment in this country rejects as arrant nonsense any farfetched attempts to justify military conquest. Our own record is far from perfect but we have consistently condemned cruelty, treachery and land stealing even when we practiced such things upon the Indians.

During the last three or four decades American public opinion turned very definitely against the aggressive capture of other people's lands. In truth, from the very beginning we made money payments for the new territories we got. Mexico was perhaps not a willing seller of California and the adjacent lands but at least the formal transfer was sanctioned by a sale.

If we go far enough back, every surviving nation has the record of capturing other people's lands. There has, however, been a real shift in public opinion on this matter. When, as in our own experience, we went to war in Cuba we were honestly not seeking new territory.

Strive as they did, the shouters could not induce this country under Wilson or Harding to seize Mexican lands in spite of the provocation afforded. We simply do not want the bother and worry of more fighting and more colonies. How covetous we might be if we were poor in land and natural resources we can only guess.

One fact is plain: The liberal democratic peoples are now against aggressive wars of conquest. You don't now hear any talk in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, France, Britain or the United States about the morality of grabbing other people's possessions.

A Hitler speaks of what he might do with rich Russian lands. A Japanese army group takes possession of Chinese territory. Apologists for dictators spin devious arguments in favor of war, killing and conquests. Self-governing peoples have other ideas.

The suggestion that killing on a large scale in order to take the lands and resources of other people is an honorable and even noble policy on the part of a virile nation and a strong government is not progress. On the contrary, aggressive war for the purpose of obtaining the possessions of others is a step backward toward barbarism.

Civilization does not flourish on robbery, individual or national. Civilization is not enriched by murder or by the mass killing of large-scale war. Civilization develops as justice, honor and mutual consideration characterize the relationships between men and nations.

We are passing through a dark and difficult chapter in human history. Our generation has to struggle to preserve those principles of morality which were established and upheld by the best men and women of many nations. The pressing task of the great statesmen today is to escape the incalculable losses of another great war without surrendering the rules of conduct which lift men above beasts.

It is an ancient conflict. During two thousand years the teachings of Jesus have been opposed by the ambitions of Caesars.

We have never been able completely to do right but we have never been willing to abandon the ideal.

Right is still right despite Mussolini and Hitler and all the others who seem for the moment to have conquered.

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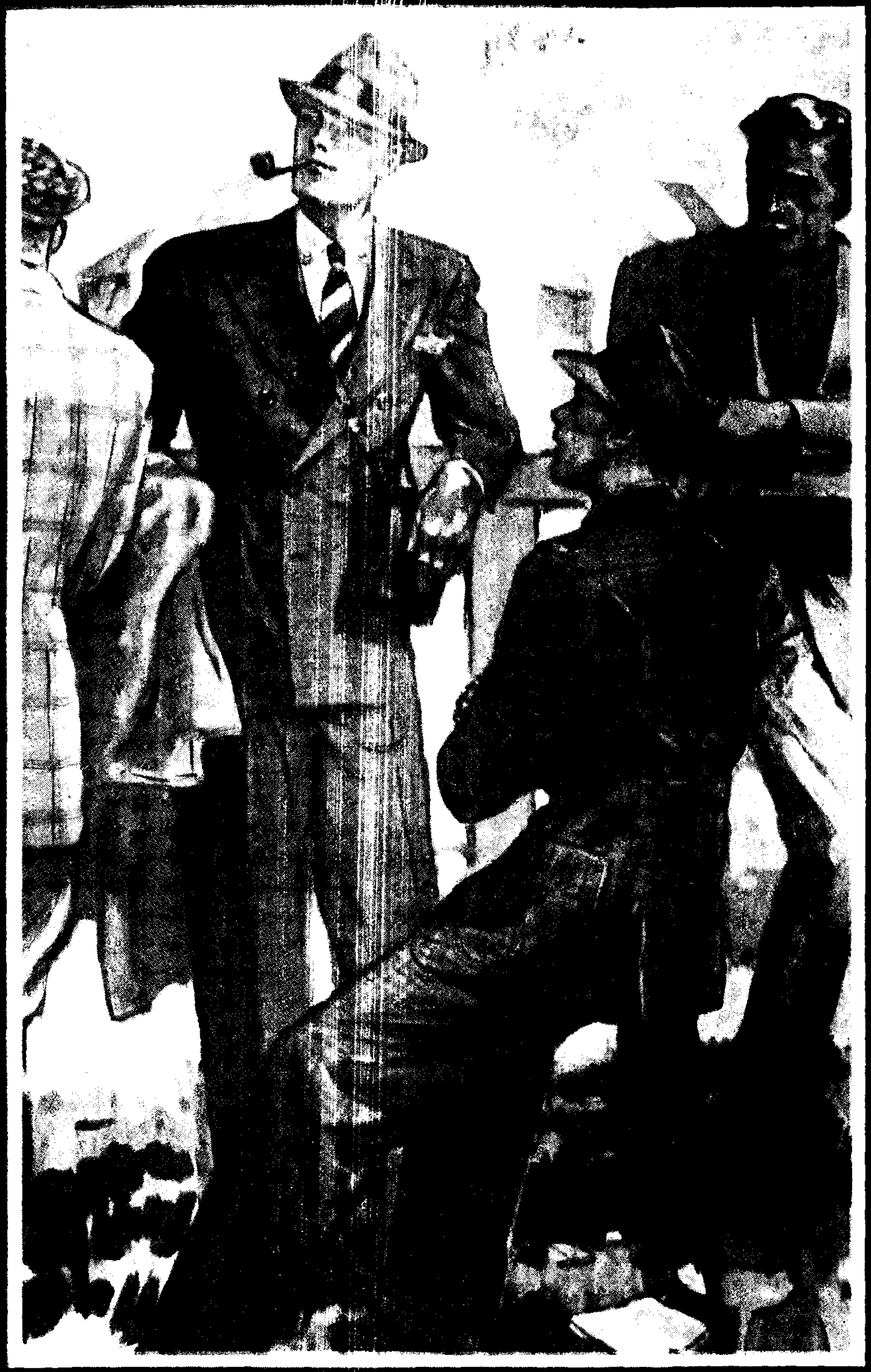

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